Newburgh - N.Y.
Monday - Sept.

[1874?]

Dear Folks.

Please write to me. I have not had any letters yet: either home letters or forwarded letters. I do hope you are all well! How is the baby? Bless his little wrny face! I would love to see him + all of you. I hope you are having a good rest. I love you all and think lots about you, though I am having a splendid time. Ally Tennyson is lovely. I think she is the handsomest woman I ever saw, + so little + girlish! We took lunch at a restaurant this evening then went out rowing on the river:- taking the smells of steamers + the ferry boats. No use trying to tell you how beautiful it is! And the pinky light on the mountains, and the red lights flashing across the water, + boats, ships. schooners,

steamers etc! We haven't gone to the city yet. I ain't ready. Not my clothes! I don't think much about them — but am going to alter story before I go. She wanted me to take "Old Gargoyle" out & send it to Atlantic Monthly. & not keep it in long story: so maybe I will. I'm writing with a quill now, as you observe. It is so much easier & plainer, & a change from steel & gold pens.

Went to church twice yesterday. She plays the organ & I love to hear her play it. Not rattley-bang like some of these organists. But you'd say I'm partial. The church is very handsome — dark — with Gothic arches etc.

I thought of Auntie Hat, rowing on the river this evening. Oh, I wish dear you could come & see the Hudson & these trees!

I wrote you on Saturday & hope you got it. Be sure to write: & tell us how you all. How are Aunt Sadie? hear from you all. How are Aunt Sadie?

They don't want me to come back, &

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Oh! I hate the thoughts of teaching. It looks as if I could make money enough writing – but I don't know. Everything is so cheap here. If weren't in debt would lend you to end of things! Never mind!

Do you go riding yet, Aunt Nelly? And who has been there lately? O. I love you all, and you mustn't forget me – not for one of you forget me! Have you named the baby? – This town is the prettiest place I ever was in. It is all up + down hills, great trees, streets paved + brick sidewalks passing by its feet. I'd love to live here forever while I live on earth, that is!

Auntie, have you heard from Lister? I think of her so much; yet I don't know how to write to her. – I could tell you a thousand things but must stop now.

Mr. Catherwood, you must'nt forget what I told you, if you'd be got into a scrape. I'll come!

—Your loyal + appreciative "Jack."

P. S. I'm going to send Aunt Harrie "Locke" with "Bikini" in it. Please keep it for me.

Newburgh N. Y.
Sept. 22nd 1874

Dear Aunt Harriet:

I have written to you. to Aunt Nellie, to Mr. C. & sent a book to Aunt Nellie & a Magazine to you: and I receive no acknowledgment, nor word nor message of any kind — not even a printed circular to say you were well.

I waited anxiously for a reply from Mr. C. concerning the school, for if it could not be satisfactorily arranged, I intended

starting back now to keep my promise with regard to it. But, of course, now I have given up all thought of coming into a family that can't give me a good word in a month: and even couldn't enclose a word in the one letter forwarded when time was taken to open it! I don't understand it at all, but I don't mean to fret any more. Have no business as hands yet: but keep writing. It is not all gaiety + fun as you may imagine.

But I wish you would do this one thing for me. I want to make a collection of certain 10 sketches. + leave no copies of "Perkins" + "Bays."

In my old trunk among the Magazines you will find two "Locke's Monthly's" with there two sketches — "Summer of H. B. Perkins" + "Man Who Hadn't Time." If you will just rip with them the last Locke I sent you with "Bilkins" in it, you will greatly oblige me. Please do this at once, if at all.

Hope you are well. Want to ask how the baby is, + its name. + any-thing I want to know! ——

Address Box 909 —

Truly + friendly —

Mary.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

to Mrs Harriet Hartwell De Vaulx

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

H. V. OSBORNE, Editor.

~~S. E. SHUTES~~, Publisher.

Newburgh, N. Y., Oct. 7th 1874

Dear Aunt Harris:

Your letter just recd. It is not necessary to say I was astonished — I was delighted! It is was a dear, nice letter, and showed me so much of what was going on there at "home!" — So Lillie is really going to Harpsters, after all? I am glad. Charge her not to forget to write to me. I don't think it will hurt her to write to that brave fellow. A girl must have a lover, and if she is frank and childlike as Lillie is naturally, the lover will be a good friend.

Tell my boys — bless them! — and Jute, to surely write to Cousin Mary. I love them all so!

It was nice of you not to fly up at my indignat, grieved letter.

Did Aunt Nellie tell you my "Woman's Honor" is going to be published as a serial in "Hearth & Home?" Wish you'd get up a club for the paper there, & be sure and let publisher know you want the paper as account of that story!!

I began another little book yesterday, but don't tell anybody! — Haven't had much encouragement as

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EDITORIAL ROOMS

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

H. V. OSBORNE, Editor.

S. E. SHUTES, Publisher.

Newburgh, N. Y., _____ 1874

short sketches since I came here. I'm wanting to get into active, editorial work - and so is Emma. She is very sweet & beautiful. I love her dearly.

She has a friend - correspondent of N.Y. ~~Tribune~~ Herald - in N.Y. City, who is trying to get work for us on papers or Mags. there. He put a long advertisement in the Herald today. Indeed, we've got to get into business soon. Our editors don't pay promptly for what they do use, and our resources are running low! I'd love to go to the city. We, the Hudsons & this place are exquisite. I can't spare the stamps, am going to send you a little pamphlet about the Hudson River. My new book-story is going to be partly located on the River. I'd like to send you Drake's "Culprit Fay" (remember the biographical sketch of him in September Harper?) — for it is description & correct, the mountains in sight of me as I write.

I sent a cheque of $22 to Mr. Catherwood last week - Oct. 1st. My $15 cheque hasn't arrived - our Lockies. — Be sure always to put Box 909 on letters & papers - otherwise I may not get them. - Nice note at once if any change — either of base or prospects, takes place. I am not making one of it you know I must do that. — Bless the baby! I dreamed of him last night. Do call him Karl — Please write soon. Love to all. Tell Kirt I haven't forgotten the dog.

Your affectionate — Mary.

P.S. Hi! good for corn! I wish I'd put my whole two hundred into it – don't tell! – will send the rest of my money for the $40 corn or fumble – I'll enclose a note to Mr. C. as corn matters.

Newburgh - N.Y.

Friday. April 23rd. 1875.

Dear Aunt Harrie:

Your letter enclosing Rob Kalo picture, received yesterday. He is a dear boy - he was much admired when I handed him around. I think he has grown to be a stylish looking boy. Thank Aunt Nellie for the photo many times, and not the less for putting Benjamin & Joseph's on it. That included me.

I feel in great trouble. I wrote to Mr. Catherwood this morning. Nay. I tell you this pulling up and moving every few months, is just killing me. And I've been interrupted at my writing (lately) during the day, and forced to write at night. And publishers don't pay, and my new story is retarded by my feeling distressed.

down to Haine, I have made up my mind this afternoon (it 'tis Friday.) I ain't going to be pulled around the world any longer, over the bottom women's capacities. Ingersoll is a woman — not a saint. She's very sweet & charming, but pretty soon she may marry, and then after growing there long enough to feel her way family, I'll be out with a crowd! You know how that is. This pulling up to start for Cincinnati has taught me a great deal.

I have a new plan in my head. Since you told me you don't want to marry, and don't mean to, I want you to think this over, and answer quick. If I go to Cincinnati I don't think I shall stay — I want my own home somewhere. I want to take a cheap flat or a small suite or even 3 or 4 pleasant rooms in New York; and let's you & I set house together. We could do it cheap if

we just learn the ropes: live within our incomes, and be perfectly independent. After I am an old wicked debo. I shall sail. — And, Auntie, I have a dear Boy down Connecticut. I haven't seen him yet — except his picture — and he's younger than I am, & I don't like him too well. But he's bowling over me — and he is a dear fellow — I think his first name is "Edwin Butterus." He says he loves me best. I don't believe him but I want to see him and I don't want to go away from New York.

Aunt Jane, say you will try to come and make a visit with me in the big city. The Cary sisters got out. I have a good mind to go the frolic — I can certainly get in, and you could teach me to be courageous. Think of it, and write at once. Please do. And we'll plan for it.

Love to all. Your May.

P.S. Don't forsake me!

Cincinnati O.

[1857]

Sunday evening -

At Keffler's Hotel,

Dear Aunt Harriet: I suppose you received my letter and did your usual amount of meditating with[illegible] profanity. So I'll "have at it you again!" I arrived here on Friday evening after a very pleasant journey. I had nice all the way & slept well both nights in the Pennsylvania Central - as well as I ever do - but the sleeping-berths always make me sore anyway. The great bustle & confusion here in the city is quite distracting & tiresome. I am staying at the house of Mr. Keffler, a brother of Mrs. Hunting's friend Mrs. Keffler, for a day or so. I left Mrs. Hunting sick & suffering much from the effects of her fever - and I pretty much of a nervous wreck myself. I never was in my life so tired as I was when I left Mrs. Hunting's. I did not sleep a wink the night before I left, but walked around all night. You remember the occasion, I made a fool of myself by writing a letter to you. Thank you kindly for your kind letter. Write me again soon, & I will write you a long letter in return. I left

you see I can't do it alone — you bring a friend and join the right "Come" to the establishment! You need financier, too, which I can't, I can make the money, I'd begin very modestly! — By the by, Mr. O'Loughlin — one of my Editors, says I ought to come to the city then! I should have my "every comfort" and so be interrupted at my work, He thinks I have a "very original genius" and it is "quite within my power to make a rich and brilliant reputation!" But I'd have Thursday mornings — and let such folks as wanted to "call" — call the rest of the week. I could write hard & fearlessly, for I am so left free — work and profits that way. I should probably lose that many hundreds because I had to find many fine extra expenses and lose time finishing my work. It does my head. But I hate to write letters

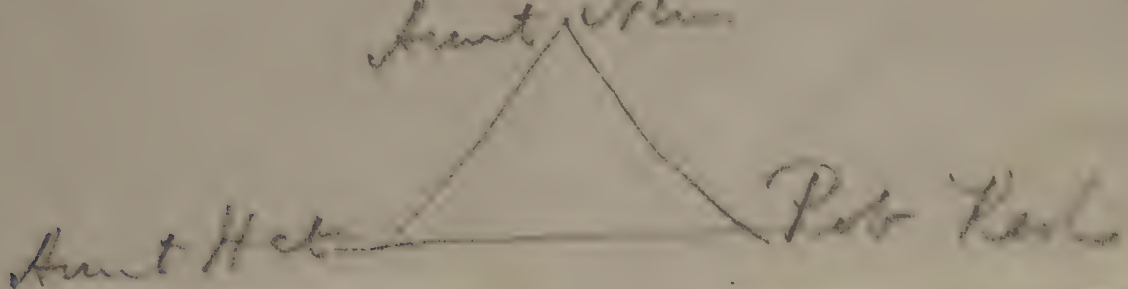
do my best and will manage accomplish it! However I know I could do more + better work in a home; my time & I might as well have stuck home in a literary center. You would like your work: it went off pendulum-like from home to nate. I know my first home would be city it would [illegible] and where immediately [illegible] while I scribbled. If my woman, in street cells [illegible], I can afford it now; but if it doesn't I shall have [illegible] harder and wait longer, [illegible] Lay Annie, would to you like it if you could have Nate - and she could go to the great Public Schools - then Sadie would let her go with you - wouldn't she? - I've never told me in my bed Silas - did you? I think you could manage, but

I don't mean to get married, but I want my home. - Oh, by the way, By I told you - I came up from Rhinebeck to see you at Florence Home in April last, but you were [illegible] and make him send me another. Don't show it [illegible] to

Rob Karl & mamma. I didn't look at him much when I saw him - I was so worried. He is ugly - but sweet as a stuffed-duck. He came after dinner & spent the office when Caille is absent. I will cut off a corner of one of his letters & let you see what a loving-hearted little cat he is. He thinks I am engaged to him - but I ain't, I won't be tied - and he's younger than I - but I do like his love & his letters. He writes me every day - and sometimes twice a day, and tells me every time he speaks to another girl.

He has given me the name of "Mary-Gold." I'm not fond of Marigolds, but I do like the name! He's going to send me Aldrich's poems pretty soon. I remember when I was in Cincinnati I thought he was just a country boy (or young man - he's three or four years older than I) but he was nicely dressed & carried himself in good style. He is just as fond of me, I guess, as I am of him. I don't like him - I do like him - and will be. But I do

more than the common girls in Danbury - though I can never of course - marry a man, probably higher up than myself, but I had get over it soon + perhaps if I had him around me every day he'd be a nuisance. But he does get up the nicest letters I ever read + he writes them with the triangle formula this



I needn't have gotten into that scrape about money if it hadn't been for getting up + dressing. Oh if someone would find an heir for me I have a regular salary of $25 per month — my board + room when that is settled — and miscellaneous [illegible] I make with the $40 or $45 and in 3 months for a shirt waist + then I can buy them. Oh, I am so happy, I tell you — in my new home!

Tomorrow is Betty's birthday
here. She begins work tomorrow at
"Golders Hyena" for Richard at 9 o'clock.
I can't begin work here as yet until I board,
We have to spend time hunting
This is a very expensive place

Some bad [illegible] writes me here
by Rural, Bath, address as care
of Grand Hotel. I'm sure Ken [illegible]
but has to [illegible] here — my [illegible]
[illegible] crowd, but [illegible] and
[illegible] me a word. I [illegible]
[illegible] to meditate, for I
can't [illegible] [illegible]
summer is over — and I want [illegible]
least to know if I [illegible] like
to [illegible] life in Bath.

Kisses for Pat, Kirk, Ted,
I am tired, I haven't written a
pretty letter, but I send love in
it. Your affectionate [illegible]

Mary.

125 John St. Cincinnati.
Saturday. Oct. 2nd "
[1875]

Dear Aunt Hannie:—

(Excuse this paper—I am rather "out of pocket" just now.) I wish we could have a good long talk. How is Robbie? I am so troubled about her. — I have often wondered what you thought about my New York plans. It was so nice. But alas! I can't go now. Bulteich can only pay me forty $ per month now for awhile. But I hope it things go successfully I shall have chic ones there by and by. My "vaudeville" was a nice success. — We have taken 2 rooms in a pleasant house on John St: parlor & bedroom. Both large and pleasantly furnished. Think we can live on about $6 pr. wk. each. Board at Hunt's restaurant. We pay $25 pr. month rent; nothing is done for us: don't build fires or anything. It's a fine. Locality splendid—just off Fourth St. I think I can work splendidly here this winter—and I shall have to! — Do you know—don't tell!—I've been sitting and busy and wondering how in earth I'm going to get—a cloak!—before cold weather comes for sure!! I can't without last winter, and it would be too cruel to freeze again!! I have just Bulteich for some now. The "miscellaneous charges" are too slow to count on. Minnie asked me "Wait"—or "how that seems to mean till times are brighter." Do you know it seems sometimes—and at the present for instance when I do want my cloak so bad—as if I was always wanting hard

and earning money — and never getting it!! — There's no use stewing about it, however — don't think I'm grumbling or discouraged! I ain't! I'm like a lark! jolly and cheerful and smiling all the time! Wrote two stories this week — but shan't get the money till December! — I don't care a cheek for money so I get anything I owed paid — it's only when the fiend comes that I think about it this way! And Auntie, Mr. Kerr did not sign over any Endowment Policy time. I asked him twice. And now he has softening of the brain, and is probably unable to attend to anything! I am so sorry for him! But I think it would only have been the thing if he had signed it over when he sent my receipt in full time. I had to pay the dues all the same. — Oh, dear! I get tired of such things! As Osborne says, Men are lazy and selfish — always excepting Mr. C. who ~~is~~ stood nobly, and you, dear boy, my best friend.

I will put in a leaf of Eddie's last letter. Poor little fellow! He's not written yet. You must return it, as I shall have to keep his letters intact for fear we have a clear-up, and return epistles &c &c. Besides, that will increase your writing!!!! He has awful hard luck. And I am a good friend as I can be, & back him cheerful.

time. Keep my "Gradatim" always 3 wks. ahead of publication, and have generally 3 stories in my head at once — (ahem! with a backward consideration in finances!!)

Then I feel "grander" as if I had sat down on the floor by you and told you that tumbled one! I'll have related away now, as "Gradatim."

But first: I want Bys and all Manly send. I dream about him. I can't get any letter from them, and it seems as if he were growing a man — changes time! — I'll certainly go this Fall or Christmas. Getting over of many troubles was all that kept me from going before. How are Aunt Lade & Mr. Hulett and my youngsters? Does Lute see Jersey in "Fred Stone?"

Do write & tell me all. If I do have a little home of my own you have got to come & live with me.

— Oh, say, Aunt Harriet! will you mind packing my picture — have I mentioned that little one — I forget, and sending it home? It's the frame lots, so it won't get scratched. Changes at this end the route. It's an "Keeping house," you know & want an outfit. I wonder if I have any Ends there? — I am making Christmas presents & sewing, when we girls get together. (Evil! This old lady is wearing her 28th — do you realize it!!! Yet that little blessed Boy calls me "Baby Goldie!!!")

Oh, you darling Aunt Het, if I get "fair handed" this winter, you shall come and make me a little visit. Wouldn't you?? And you should have a good time!

Don't forget the picture, please. I could talk to you folks all day if there wasn't work calling me!

With lots of love — arm loads of it —

Mary.

P.S. Maybe the little one had better be packed between thin boards or pasteboard. I will thank you so much if you can send it. Hope it will have to send it next time I write!

Monday June 27th 1870.

Dear Aunt Hannie;

Your good little note was
rec'd. & was so glad to hear about the baby,
and will be well see you all <u>so</u> soon.
I would have had something sent by Maud
the girl, but she found it a little. I
have made up my mind what to make
for her, and as soon as I have time &
some pieces change, she shall have it;
I am glad Aunt Nellie is getting
along nicely. I think the cool must be
nice & Mrs Mallett like so much your
going in as it is finished. Mrs Emmet has
gone to, or the children would be so
lonesome & sad if they were.

I'll just add your note on Sunday.
Good bye & love to every one.

Now about the figures you are kindly
doing, Aunt Hannie, I think by a good

letter and of the kind, comforting down in it than I can tell. I shall always remember and appreciate it; but I do not feel as if I could take the loan. I keep owing away, and times may look up a little. I wear my old clothes, and get my boots patched, and put on every thing black as well as I can. I have paid my help & the rent promptly, and with careful managing have got along so far, with all its ups and downs, it's better than teaching, and you'll see me come out all right yet. I do. But I tell you there'll be a revolution among authors before long. Publishers have skinned them about long enough.

No, dearie, I don't want to borrow any more, but I kiss many times the hand that offers. I suppose it thinks I'm dreadfully slow with that other, but I'm doing the best I can. All kinds of literary work is at a standstill now. Wm. F. Gill & Co of Boston (Chas Hamilton's last publisher) have failed. The Overland Monthly & Outing Office Hay are dead. Dear, I don't see where we are to look next for

want into Penn at the holidays. B. I suppose you know all these things.

Dr Wm Talmage lectured here one night. I had both a ticket given me, but declined going. The weather is lovely, but I am writing in a little dark room, a room, such as they look for lights, rooms over. Cincinnati is in a hollow. People on Mt. Auburn want us to come up there. Did you know the name Hartwell is well known here. One of the suburbs is named Hartwell, and named for a rich old fellow. They never ask me how to spell my name. Everybody knows it.

Did you get Ruby's letter I sent? I am so glad over it that it lightens any troubles of my own. I trust she has done very well. I'd like to see Ella & would give her a picture when she gets back. But it sounds silly to tell what I will do!

Tell the boys & the rest I can't write them now. The boy has not come nor have I been once notified. They like boys about it. Think I am home

you it, United States or American?

I have not heard from Marky or from Helma at all. As soon as I get my debts off I am going to see him.

Everyone is well. I send love. I want to see you all.

I have a little cold, but am not ill. Oh, if you could see the poor in this city it would make your heart ache. And we just stand such a mild winter. I have given away all the old clothes I had.

Love to all of you. This is all. I do not feel brilliant today. My head always feels as much as I can bear when it is packing it with stockings for my pantomime. I thank you again for your kindness, Aunt Minnie. I just can tell you.

Marie.

129 (W) Clark St.
Old Main, it
John St. Cincinnati
Feb. 28th 1876.

Dear Aunt Hattie:-

I want to have a good long talk with you. None of you write to me, and I am lonesome for letters! Won't you glad Rocky got married to a man who seems able to do well by her? I have not heard from her lately, nor from Athens at all.

How are all well? What you going to call the baby? I have thought a great deal about it. I think you could call it "Nellie" after its mother. How is Karlie? I suppose Aunt Hat won't let him have pet no. 5 yet.

If I were there I could sit down on the floor, lay my head against your knee and say, "Auntie Hat, I've been having it very hard and not quite making a full success, it would comfort, & you "Nothing that like one's kindred." This is my "Auntie" talk and you wouldn't mind it at all.

Allen

about a month ago a man came along and wanted me to edit a subscription book for him. He was going to have his publishing done by Hitchcock & Walden as I thought it was all right, and promised. He promised to pay $500 in installments and to send the finished material for his book in a week. That is the last I saw of him. He got specimen printed with my name conspicuous, and went to Cleveland, and hasn't paid his bills. He owes me nothing, but if he is a cheat and is going around with my name as his protector, he is doing me incalculable injury. However, I hope he isn't.

Chute, the Knickerbocker man, is down in Texas, flourishing, I believe, while I am trying to pay for my bread & butter from day to day. I got my rent paid, and my washing, and struggle hard with the restaurant bill which is as low as he can make it. But I don't get a new dudderino from month to month.

Last night a week ago when Harold Bean was here from New York, we were all invited up to Mr. Osborne's to Mrs. Whitehouse's tea. Mrs. Whitehouse is sick. I like her. She takes a great fancy to me. She is rich, has a carriage

lived in good style &c. Marion had just got her new real brown silk that her father gave her, made up, and it is very stylish. I hadn't anything new — just new a bit of lace. But thinks I, Frank, and, I don't Delorme's daughter can go well dressed and do him credit; Marcus Hartwell's daughter is just as good; and if he did marry, before he was able to lay up money and give his children advantages and good clothes, that wasn't his fault; so Marcus Hartwell's daughter will do him all the credit she can, anyway." And I hauled out my old black silk. The shape and cut didn't look very well, but the waist is simply horrid. I ripped my white shawl to cut it up, and made a waist and white sleeves. Had not a cent for buttons or even thread, and couldn't borrow; so managed. trimmed it with black velvet ribbon I had, and buttons with velvet, and put in my black silk sleeves. And it made a real stylish combination — black and soft yellow-white, that suit did, and I looked as well as anybody. I think a good deal about doing my father credit, and I expect the thought that maybe he has great hopes for me, helps one from doing many rash things in this prison.

I shall have a pretty good story in Christian Union next week or week after. I guess Helen will get married before Karl about June. I hope she will.

Aunt Hattie, you offered me $50, but I could not take it. I think about it as much and how kind you were. But I feel inspired to ask you both this for me: I think there may be a little opening in New York, but I have had such luck lately that it isn't best to count any eggs. But if things should turn out as I hope in a month or so could you have $40 or $60 at hand, so if I should be pressed with the call for the cash, I could count on it? I don't think I shall want it, but I want to have you all. I shan't go to New York, unless I can at once take a first paying position. — One second thought, I guess you'd need not do it, Auntie. I can't bear the thought of going in any deeper. I must manage some other way. Anyway think I do wonderfully, considering all drawbacks and the unaccountable misfortune that do really try me. But I am of a disposition the contrary, rather than heroic, and I enjoy my joys, that that long dream is not for long.

Will you keep & find I thank them again for the wings, which my lady admired. I

Wednesday evening. 3rd May
[1876]

Dear Aunt Hannie;

I wrote a little note to the Engraver immediately on receipt of that cheque, but could not say all I wanted – it seemed like thanking out loud. I think you are dear and good. I was so surprised when I saw it was fifty. but said bravely – "That is just like Aunt Hat!" [illegible] me – not by the loan, simply; but it was there and reached out when everything was against me. [illegible] and my [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] de Rochette, [illegible] all in chaos yet. I do not know just which way to turn, it shall be 5 or 6 for the best. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] time [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ACHILLES MARTIN,

Abstract and Real Estate Office,

LOANS SECURED ON REAL ESTATE.

OFFICE IN NEW COURT HOUSE.

Danville, Ill. [illegible] 187[illegible]

Dear Sir: —

I congratulate you! Sir on not being in jail, not being the [illegible], in, make the most of it! [illegible] such a pleasant couple in the weather. I was mad a long time. But called last evening to see me, set me in [illegible] with him. He said and did nice & square just what he always did when he was sent to jail. He doesn't know there is any "mortgage" on me, and his relations make really more of me than ever before!

I am down in Mr. Martin's office for the mail, to write it & take my letter out with him. Mrs. H. is better than she was, and very dependent. Poor girl. "Hospitality — No. 1" is to be published & illustrated in the Boston "College Hearth." The editor is mad because he didn't get a sight of that letter the [illegible] sent back home. He [illegible] to send me a copy of his M.S. for a year. I told Mr. Martin what was in the wind & invited a lecture and [illegible] from him, & took me in the arm & took me out

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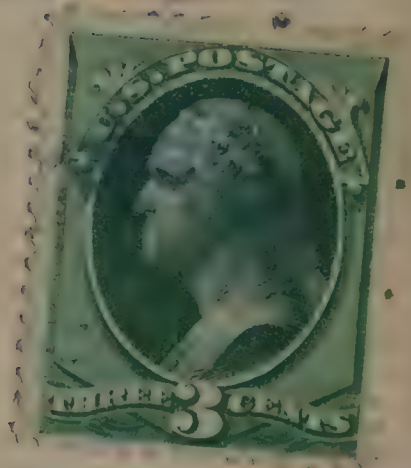
Oakford. Howard Co. Ind.
8 Jan. 1878

A. H. Doyle:—

Dear Sir:—

Your postal card rec'd. Also your [illegible] which I like, and hope you will continue to send me. Glad you approve of our work. Always like to make friends among journalists. Hope I data [illegible] I hardly know how to comply with your request. I have a juvenile serial [illegible] in the Boston Weekly Star, and shall have no [illegible] related articles on the Modoc [illegible] in the Weekly St. Nicholas. To have [illegible] for [illegible] a great deal of the matter published, and I am [illegible] to [illegible] complete history [illegible] from great [illegible] people. [illegible] can [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

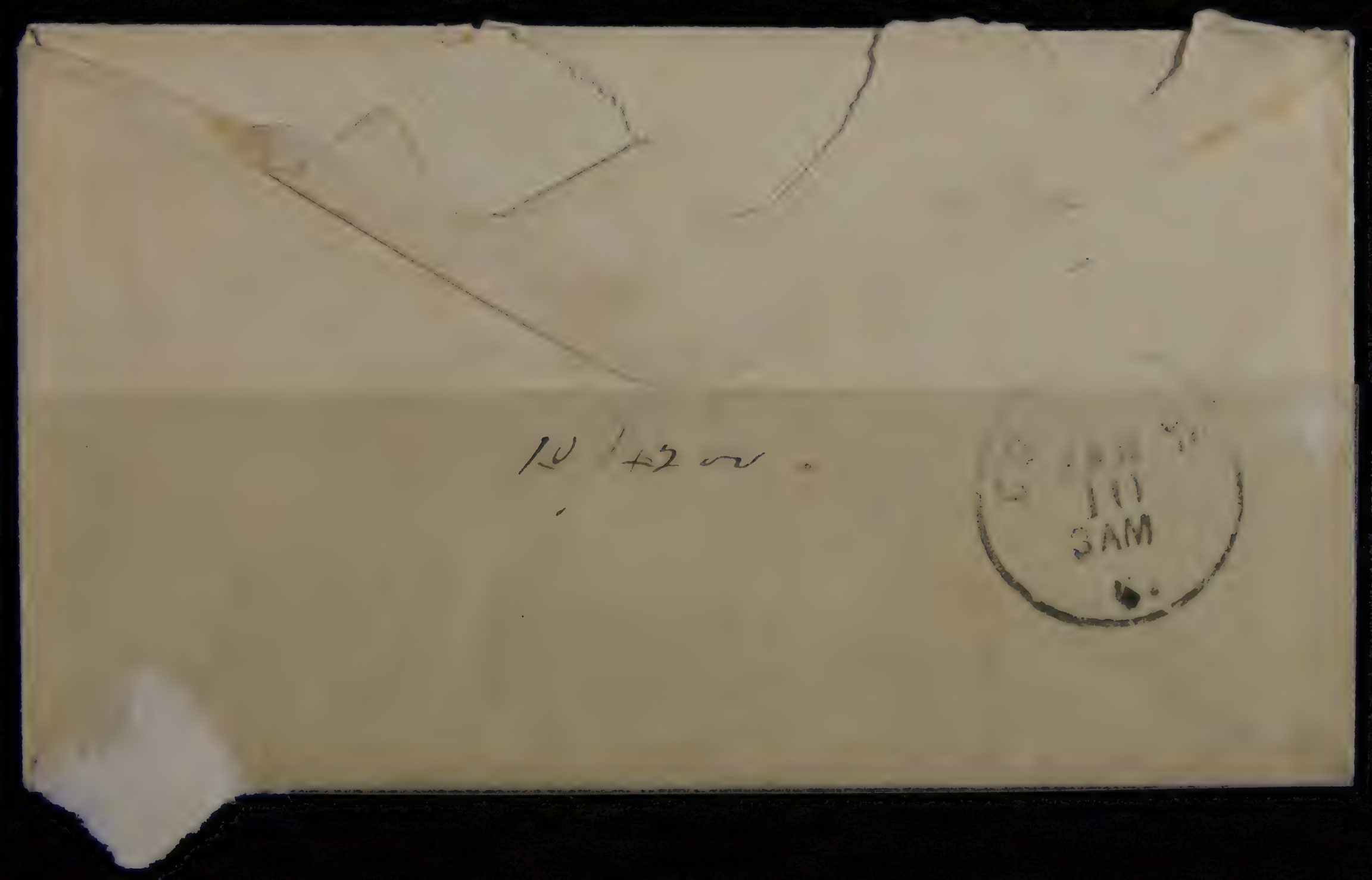


Mary Hartwell
Catherwood

JAN
9
1877

Mrs. T. Dowd
Box 1481
Columbus
O

Mrs. R. Catherwood



Lockhart, Smart Co. Ltd.

28 to. 1911

My Dear Sirs, -

Enclosed please find B/E for Forty three and Fifty dollars Cost and to them please - Credit to account of Messrs Cox Wilson & Co. and oblige yours. Thanking you for same and hoping to hear from you at any rate I remain Sincerely yours

[illegible] Lockhart

[illegible]

20-

A Yellow Rose.

I drink your breath with a mute ecstasy,
Gold rose, my yellow rose!
I could crush you to me in this fashion,
Then sink below your kiss, our sweet, true love,
Ages of ages!

All other roses are cold blood and sweetness,
Gold rose, my yellow rose!
But only in you is the completeness —
The tingling rare fragrance, our sweet love
And heart rules it gloss.

Give me — give out your life with full surrender,
Gold rose, my yellow rose;
Infuse my flesh with all your fragrant splendor,
Then let us die in ecstacia a last one
Kiss!

CATHERWOOD, MARY HARTWELL
AIS Indianapolis, Ind., 31 December
1879

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[1897]

Saturday
July 17

Dear Slats:-

Am sending this letter to Taylorville in the hope that you will get it at the office there before Judgment Day! Had letters from Hazel and you both this morning. Will write Lucy Wallace. Hope you will have a good time at Ends, as I know you will. Give my love to all of them. I would love to be there. But it is so cool and sweet here. The woods are so lovely: the water is so delicious. I

never enjoyed them more.

Mrs. Parkinson has made a study for me in the circular wm. like clumps of birches and pines south of the cottage. A rustic table and chair remain there for me. I use pebbles for paper weights. I got good work done at the first chapter yesterday. It is the dearest place for writing you ever saw. If I don't get two chapters done at least, while I am here, I ought to be dropped off the dock. The first chapter is always the hardest, except the last.

It is so clean, so clean here, after the city! The air is so pure, the woods are so fragrant!

You will manage the crop sales all right, I am sure. We ought to be thankful for such crop prospects, when

anoble age it looked as if we should have no income at all! If we manage with economy this summer, and pay off a big piece of the debt in August, the Landlord's prospects of sufficient inheritance to keep her out of the poor-house, ought to be good:— if her own extravagance can be curbed. Explain things to her. She is sensible. Don't let her pull your leg too hard. But at the same time, this is your occasion to get the best kind of a hold on your daughter.

There is a gentle rain here today.

The family send regards. The "Link wash-lady" is just as dear as she can be. I think I enjoy it here almost better than ever before! All care is dropped. I have only to attend with my work. Hard and fun are looking after each other. And don't forget to look after Verne.

With love — Mary

Hoopeston Ills.
Sept. 29. 1890.

My Dear Mr. McClure:-

When I get through the stress of my "Lady" I will go down at Jackville Mass a short day ready for Jan.

Sincerely Jules —

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

[Summer 1891]

Thursday afternoon.

O Aunt Het! Stull's telegram has just come! It is so. I was afraid it would be: you refuse to ~~to~~ falter in the matter. I felt that I must urge you up to this point; but now I can't say anything more, but it breaks my heart. You shall not lose a cent. He will pay it back whether we ever collect anything of Mc Cullock or not.

When that letter came from Red this morning, it was the

worst blow I had had. To think that fellow put one of the best men our Country ever owned and you had already paid in them.

I shall follow him up and discharge him if it takes my last cent. I have documents all together to meet him with.

I feel as if I were a thousand years older.

Hard is falling as well. Even almost fine! She is weak, and is just kept on milk and beef juice but good as an angel. Waked me only once last night, at 3 o'clock.

O, what that! I feel as if I could never face one again, after having trusted Dick Dunyans and

chagrin upon you. If you could do so — but I must urge you a word more. If we had been in the Boston party it would never have happened.

Forgive me for ever having urged you to this journey. I was so anxious to have you enjoy. You shall make the trip yet, if we both live, and have one for Escott; and I hope I am neither a thief nor a lunatic.

Mame cannot get over you, though I told her when Ned's letter came that I knew that would so prejudice you that you would not write again.

You will attend to your trunk. Love to all. Think kind for me that I may get ahead of that man.

Your distressed niece, Mary.

Before trip of 91.
Letters to her aunt
Mrs. Harriet De Vaulx
who died 90, after all.
Miss Mary Emma Catherwood
niece, was 4th in party, at the
H. L. C.

July 1911

3rd day out, for Cape Town.
Friday A.M.

Dear Stella;-

I wish you could see what the sea is doing for Hazel. She was carried on board the first day & put her on deck and kept her there in steamer chair all day. She ate very from the start, being [illegible] with me when I waked her suddenly for lunch. The second morning she got up, helped dress herself & had her hair curled. This morning she carried her own coat & [illegible] would up to the deck,

I've got to be going, here's Ida a few deck, crocheting. She is making me a wonderful mat of 12 colors. I'm afraid I won't learn enough of her doing. Have kept her to the Frankfurts orders, but the fair lasts for [illegible] Portland [illegible] one decent [illegible] on it. I can't keep her to [illegible] time any longer. She sleeps like a log all night and ... stronger every day.

Aunt Hat has been very sick. Mame a little so, so that she takes her meals on deck instead of in the dining-room. I had one quaking time at the first evening dinner, but got over it in a hurry, and have [illegible] all right since. So I could wait on the others. The deck stewards are very attentive, though

and bring their meals for me. Hazel & I go down to the dining-room every meal.

We are all saturated with the delicious salt air. It was rolling heavily last night. This morning lots of white caps, but comparatively calm. Our staterooms very hot last night, for rolled so yesterday the portholes were screwed up tight. I am enjoying every minute of this voyage, and I think it is filling Hazel with health. There is a young ruffed under our awning on deck, and she evinces herself in it. She looks still a little pale, but quite like herself.

We sat on deck without wraps this morning. The air is soft and warm. The Gulf Stream makes that. The first night & day out were very cool. We can taste the salt air on our fingernails. I am going to join Hazel & leave myself a salt bathed twilight. With love always

Mary.

"I. I."

Sunday 1 P. M. July 11 1891.

Dear Steele:-

Last night we were blown before a gale which followed us all night, and is not settled down yet. The vessel rolled so that the decks seemed to stand up like walls. We staggered at until we could not get along the deck alone. Some men helped us. People were rolling around in heaps. I got Hazel and Aunt Het in the dining-room, and then started to look for Mame

she was around with some young people. But the floor tipped and dashed me against some furniture until I was glad to grab a seat and hold on. When we went below a steward carried Hazel. Mame had left to our stateroom, drenched with spray. My trunk slid down the floor and all our things tumbled all night long. It was glorious. Hazel made no fuss at all. Everybody says she is the best child they ever saw. She is so sweet and obedient. She enjoys everything, and sits watching the salt air with silent delight, saying once in a while that the sea likes her; it has cured her. Her appetite is hard to restrain,

though she fires up at me about anything I do not want her to eat. She runs all around me, so full of play, mood and imp. I never think of her as a sick child: and this is only our 5th day on the water! Her favorite joke is that Aunt Hattie carried her on the steamer and she will have to carry Aunt Hattie off!

Thane is a good sailor, enjoys everything, was jolly in the rolling about last night. But I never saw anyone more seasick than Aunt. She can hardly sit up. Neither claret nor champagne help her for any length of time. Every hope I have of the ship

sickens her. I don't think she will get over it now until we land. The sea is the very roughest we have had this fine, but it fixed her. She has scarcely eaten anything since we sailed. But I think it will do her a world of good. Her skin is clearing, and the whites of her eyes, as I never saw them do before.

I found after writing you my first letter on board that we couldn't mail anything until we reach Queenstown on the coast of Ireland. So I will mail the

batch all together. I never did I enjoy anything as I enjoy this voyage. It is like a revelation to Hazel. She sits in her steamer chair wrapped in all the rugs until late in the evening, sleeping or crocheting, or watching the waves. Then we glen for up and walk the decks, and she can walk as long and as well as I can.

We had two really hot days in the Gulf Stream; but had left it when this fair began. It is cool and delightful now.

Some of the passengers were frightened last night, but there was really no danger. Aunt Hat

for fetched against the piano, and bumped her cheek.
I hope you can read this. The boat is rolling finely.
Love to all. Take care of yourself. We are having a
grand time. I don't believe months on land would
ever do Straffie and Hazel out. She dressed herself
this morning: and can hardly wait from one meal
to another, the sea air so strengthens and increases
digestion. With love always,

Mary.

Tyn Scotland.
Feb 16. 1891.

Dear Friends:-

I'll come up here today
with the fact, since I am sure
you will say. Visited Edinburgh
Castle, and old Holyrood Abbey, where
the witches danced, Mary like Queen
of Scots played tennis & Darnley shot.
Hotel found entirely to its old uses,
& carried up the steep hill
Stairs.

I have been in Tam O'Shanter
Town, "Auld Ayr" (your home)
Glasgow twice and the Highlands
Stirling twice built in the 12th cen-
tury

Lucy.

Was sweet & kind as a dream,
Dir steht Himmel Blaukissen
Eyes Sternenglanz. Wie bei Frau
in Wadewerda, wohin I hope to hear
from you I hope for an early
decision.
Hoping to hear from you,
Yours Ever Sincerely,
Mary.

The Plymouth Travel Club
in Europe.

DIRECT ALL LETTERS IN CARE OF H. GAZE & SON,
142 STRAND, LONDON, AND THEY
WILL BE FORWARDED.

Central Station Hotel.
Glasgow. Scotland.
Thursday. July 16. 1891.

Dear Sluts:

I meant to send you a note from Liverpool. But we were rushed to so many places about the baggage. Aunt and Ellen found their trunks, opened them and got out what they wanted, and sent them on with mine to Antwerp. Two pieces of my hand baggage got lost in the custom house, but we hunted them down this morning all right.

We met the McCulloch party here tonight. Mr. McCulloch delighted to see us. I appointed a time to meet

him after dinner, and talked anything
we plainly without the least anger.
He and his wife both declared before
Mary that our Statesman was bought
and occupied (on the Continent) by a Mrs.
Lizzie Marston of Cambridge. The steam-
ship company probably owned them, &
Gazis agent did not know it.
He shall probably go on with his
party tomorrow. About the money sent
the Statesman, bought by Mrs. Marston
sent, he says he does not know; but
thinks it will all be straightened out.
I talked simple straight facts, and think
it was best.
Hazel is well, and happy as a linnet.
I take great care of her. She sings and
croons, and kisses, and takes a nap
every day. I let her with fear and
trembling learn some fruit from Mrs. Mar-
burn's hand as a baby's diet. She
loves fruit of all kinds I ever saw.

The scenery is simply sublime. The mountains hills crowned with mist.

I must hurry to bed. Take care of yourself. Trust it will. Mame is almost wild with enjoyment. She doesn't look like the same girl.

With love - Mary.

THE GORDON HOTELS, LIMITED.

THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE AND THE WHITEHALL ROOMS, LONDON.
THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
THE FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE AND THE CLARENCE ROOMS, BRIGHTON
THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.
THE BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE
THE ROYAL PIER HÔTEL, RYDE, I. of W.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS,
"MÉTROPOLE," LONDON.
TELEPHONE Nº 3203.

LONDON, W.C. Wednesday Jul. 22 1891.

Hotel Metropole.
London.

Dear Stute:-

Jr came to London from Oxford this afternoon. Jr has been a wonderful week. I wrote you on Sunday at Leamington. From there we went on Monday to Warwick Castle and the ruins of Kenilworth. I am bringing some photographs which will give you a little idea of them. They are both in their way magnificent. From there we went to Stratford-on-Avon, then Shakespeare

was born and is buried. I saw the very old slab and inscription under which he lies. am bringing you a view of that. Then we went on to Oxford, the old University town where there are 23 colleges, some grand pictures and stained glass. One of the most interesting towns in the world. All these years we were there, and Hazel has enjoyed them. She eats like a bear, and has got back her flesh. I still have her drink 5 glasses of milk a day. She eats breakfast, then lunch, then I buy her oatcakes or rolls to munch in afternoon, and in the evening she eats straight through an eight or ten course table d'hote dinner.

I probably did a foolish thing today!

I found a quaint old ring with nine perfect pearls in it, and had it cut down for her, paying $4 for it. It is a beautiful thing, and the size value when she is a grown lady: for I did not have it cut to fit her finger (and, but very loosely. She is enormously proud of it. She is getting about on her feet, but is not as springy as she was: I take great care of her. She does enjoy everything so much.

She has taken a great fancy to Mr. McCulloch, and he is very kind to her. He smile a little at it. Though I may say she now believes he will do his best and intends all right. I have not yet turned the balance of the money over to him but will do it tomorrow. It seems to try to save us money though we pay our own omnibus and street car fares and lunches. It is so funny to hear some of the women greet and try to borrow money of each other. One missionary in to see the tomb of Jane Seaton became she had lost twopence. I gave her tuppence, but she was mad then, and would not go in at all.

We hope to find letters at Gare's tomorrow. We were too late to get them when we arrived here this p.m.

I hope you are well. Hard has felt of being homesick for you, and prays long and loud for you every night and never ceases wishing that you had come with us. I do wish it so much myself. It is great experience, seeing all these sights of Old World treasures. And it is so much better for families to travel together than to be scattered. With much love always,

Mary.

THE GORDON HOTELS, LIMITED.

THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE AND THE WHITEHALL ROOMS, LONDON.
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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS,
"MÉTROPOLE," LONDON.
TELEPHONE Nº 3203.

LONDON, W.C. 24 July 1891

Hotel Metropole.

Dear Stella:-

We are having fun with Mr. McCulloch yet. When I went to turn over the money to him he said he wanted $275 more from me, $275 more from Count Hat, and $125 each more from Mary & Hazel.

I told him plainly he would not get it, and bottomed all

the money up in my dress again. He hasn't seen the color of our cash at all. He went to Gaze's to arrange a tour for ourselves. Gaze said he was the responsible man about our outward passage. We may get our money back before we leave London. In the evening Mrs McCulloch sent me a note and we all had another conference. It was wants us to go in with the party, figured things up and made it appear if Gaze returns our money and we turn over to him what more I had

back + the $157 in the fund, we could make our trip, see right. He said our leaving the party would make him lose $150. It struck me that him losing it might be our losing it. Still, I would rather make the trip with him (if we kept him muzzled) than ourselves. The slippery old thing seems to know, but he really has not much sense. If we get our outward passage refunded and do go on with him, I intend to have a written agreement with him.

2

THE GORDON HOTELS, LIMITED.

THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE AND THE WHITEHALL ROOMS, LONDON.
THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS,
"MÉTROPOLE," LONDON.
TELEPHONE No 3203.

LONDON, W.C. 139

Hz and most of the party went to Windsor today, and stood around hours: and finally found out the Palace would not be opened. That's the way he "conducted." We four started out by ourselves, spent part the day in St. Paul's Cathedral, took omnibus to South Kensington Museum, stayed the afternoon amid wonders untellable, and came home by the underground R.R. in about 10 minutes. We had

a delightful day: saw Temple Bar, a glimpse of Newgate, the Strand, Regent St &c &c. Yesterday we went by ourselves to Westminster Abbey; and in the evening to Madame Tussaud's Waxwork. Hazel was so delighted with the waxwork. She has just had her bath and gone to sleep, after a day which tired us all but her. She eats so much, and enjoys all the sights with ceaseless interest. Yesterday we received your first letter since leaving home. She tears down her face because there was none directed to her. She said she had written you so

money. But when I read the letter aloud to her, and she found it was nearly all about Hazel or to Hazel; she stood and laughed and chuckled. I had to read it 3 times to her.

I am glad you are comfortable. We were afraid we were going to be kept in Europe a week longer than the date set for coming home. Our return berths were all taken on account of Hazel. But of course they have to send us back as our passage is paid, and it is likely we can get some berths after all on the steamer the party come home on. That will have to be settled before we leave London.

THE GORDON HOTELS, LIMITED.

THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE AND THE WHITEHALL ROOMS,	LONDON.	THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE AND THE CLARENCE ROOMS,	BRIGHTON
THE GRAND HOTEL,	LONDON.	THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE,	CANNES.
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THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE LONDON

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS,
"MÉTROPOLE," LONDON.

TELEPHONE Nº 3203.

3

LONDON, W.C. 189

I hope I shall hear again from you tomorrow. I have sent back letters every two or three days, and you must be getting them already.

I sent the Mss. to Scribner's in haste: and my impression is that I late them I would call at their office on my return; but I think I also gave them my Hoosier address.

I have bought you a lovely

cigar holder – the handsomest I ever saw, and hope I can get it through without duty. May have to ask someone to smoke it once. Or cost $4.00. I got it in Oxford. I got Thoreau a pipe, too, a dandy one, but not so expensive. He will certainly have to be smoked.

Quite all our arrangements about the meeting with Mr Cullock, the trip has been grand even so far. If you rode along, and we were free from any party, it would be like one continuous.

Hazel seems now in normal condition, and replies as a clock. I do not get alone her to eat

fruit freely; fish here very little, but lots of milk and bread and butter. She is getting freckles on her nose and has some color.

It is 10.30; I must go upstairs. This is an elegant hotel, McCul. takes us to good hotels, whatever his shortcomings. We are going to see Henry Irving & Ellen Terry tomorrow evening. One of the girls of the party who is not going, volunteered to stay with Hazel, and Hazel is rolling. Love to all. Tell Rob that Aunt Hat climbed to the top of St. Paul's dome today.

With Love. Mary.

Hotel Metropole, London.
Thursday 4 P.M., July 29, 1891.

Dear Stude:-

We are in a box now. Clark has arrived from New York. We waited long this morning while men came and went, and finally got at Gaze & him. They only repudiate any responsibility about those outward bertths, won't pay a cent, say they don't know who sold them and McCulloch is to blame. If any settlement with anybody is made it will not be until we reach New York again.

We steamboated and stopped at an independent town and intend to eat here from McCulloch tomorrow morning.

You wanted me to buy a nice dress

or two. I have bought two lovely ones, and one almost wish I hadn't, for we shall need the money. A silk velvet — dark wine brown, and a black lace. The velvet is made V shaped neck, no sleeves but long flows. It is the grandest frock I ever had. The black Chantilly lace is long sleeved. It can only be more than that Chicago dressmaker charged me for making one dress, and it is an a silk foundation, beautifully made. The two cost me $108. I might not to have bought both, though I will not regret it when I get them home. But am afraid (now that we are disappointed in this expected money) that I should run short.

We have just settled with McCulloch per. I will tell you the result before closing this letter. We had a charge of about $30 against Hazel and one last Wednesday — a frock go.

We shall make the plunge alone to Paris tomorrow. We get tonight

tickets and hotel coupons, and the trip by Paris, Switzerland, the Rhine and Antwerp, is estimated at $77, our money. I can get half fare for Hazel as far as Paris. After that, may have to pay full fare for her at all hotels and on all roads. She is well, and really getting plump, and enjoying everything.

Please send me the moment you get this, $50. When we get round to Antwerp we may not have enough for hotel and sleeping berths home from New York City. As to getting that steamer money in New York, I don't expect anything more of those Dutch Krauts. Dump them they intend to let us hold the bag. Send it in foreign exchange if possible: and send it to me, Care of

Messrs. Von der Beck & Marsily,
Red Star Line,
Kammenstrasse,
Antwerp.

I cancel this. You will see why as you read on.

I may not need it at all, and we may be in straits ~~if~~ I don't get it. It takes 26 days for a letter to reach you and bring a reply, so there is no time to lose.

I have had only two letters from you. Our letters back are not certain yet. We may have to come a week sooner or a week later than Aug. 29. We may have to separate, two going on one steamer, two on another. We are at the mercy, you see, of Gaze & Son; though Mr. Gaze declares he is doing all he can to arrange for us.

With love, Mary.

Thursday morning.

Mr. McCulloch was so mad at me last night that he trembled. He said we had been doing an unbearable thing to snap out a separate trip. I asked him what folks could do when they hadn't so much money as he demanded. And as he had known all the time what we were doing at Gaze's, how was it speaking?

It ended by our all going there without any settlement.

This morning we settled. It all came to this:- we had to go on - following the tour we booked for ourselves which leaves at a few thirty and — and pay him. Or we have to try to go home — and pay him. We can't get a steamer now.

Gaze is in Antwerp today, trying

to get our berths for the 29 Aug.
If he gets them there would be com-
plication again. And I intend to
go what I pay for. We shall go
on around the Swiss tour. But I
had to cable to you for $75 more.
The truth is, as you know, I have
had to take the bag for Mame
and Aunt. Of the pool money left
($157, which I turned over to him
this morning) nearly all is really
mine. But I took only my half
(that is, Hazel's and mine.) If I had
taken it, all Mame and Aunt would be
unable to go on. Mame has had to
cable for some money, too. Besides,
I have paid lots of small expenses
for Aunt. She is so close and so
scared at the expense, and so sorry
she came (as I knew she would be,

though you all blamed me for tel-
egraphing her before she started) that
I have loaded up with anything I
could, and not told her. Consequently,
I who brought the most money, am the
one who cannot make the trip with-
out sending for more. In the long run
it will pay me. But never again
will I act first to any journey with
anybody but Hazel, you and myself.
I expected such a fine rest, and the
complication has been a torment. Don't
think, though, that I am not enjoying
the trip in spite of all; for I am.
Nothing shall spoil it for me. I
may come home from New York with
a pile; and I may come home with
next to nothing. Anyhow, Hazel shall
not want anything she needs while
she is over here.

She looks so well, and is so proud

of Getting her strength.

I got receipt from McCulloch this morning for all money turned over to him. I paid him altogether 60 £, and sent for him her balance less her share of the food. M has to pay our own cab hire, our own lunches (and how Hazel does eat! You know I don't care for any lunch.) — and all the little expenses which he pretended were covered in his estimate. But he knows for all that he says I owe him yet. I make it hard as pulling teeth.

I woke early this morning and thought and figured a long time before I would decide to collect for that $75 more. Then I made up my mind I would not be charged full directors fees ($100) and everything else in proportion, without getting something for my money. M has led him a dance, so far.

With love — Hazel sends kisses —

Mary.

HOTEL BURGUNDY
8, rue Duphot, 8
PARIS

TÉLÉPHONE

Aug. 5. 1891.

Dear Lina: Your 4th letter just rec'd this evening. I am glad everything is going on so well with you.

Have a letter beside one mine a letter from Mrs. We have passed the day in the country, visiting at Versailles and Malmaison. I was so tired I felt half dead; & now I think she is the most tired of the party. Tomorrow we go to Versailles. Saturday we start to Switzerland. As I told you in our letter, we sail from Antwerp at the 2nd & this month — about 15 days from this. When I got that $100 you cabled me, I thought I would have money to buy home, besides enough everything I wanted. Then Jos Cullen Bryant in a bill from his store & it was the only bill in London I had - & $40 instead of $30 as

he said it would be. He figures look as white. But we were to see for ourselves according to calls, meetings, entrance fees to examples. & once I was in San Diego, city was and meals are paid by others. Hotels are out. I was then all to go, and I have about $70. He figures me. I am not buying a ticket in Paris for less I have one first. After ending home was for money this seems an awful time. But I shall manage the best I can and try to do anything else be to advantage. If I had not bought dresses, or evening, I had me am money back, I should have abundance.

Mary has had no answer to cable from yet. She is very critical. Don't the Everett for it. I believe it will break her sick.

The L McCulloch seem to deem themselves natives. Jim has come when it is an Extra, Express, calls and on. He does first me as to stick in the pen, for carting such impulses around. He

does not seem to have an idea of the invariable answer to all questions is, "I don't know." Instead of this Flemish method which "Jimmy would not even admire," one has simply to say nothing. I have engaged two models, and paid enormously for his dearly costly. I am registered in a dump under his name, without any trouble, as quickly came to see me. It was also a fortune that I was cleared from that traitor Pater. I mean a Mr Constantly, and the Frozen Human seems to be a splendid Conductor.

Hazel selected one doll, and is delighted with it. Dick has sent us an oath Dog dressed to Antwerp. We has some magnificent pictures taken: several Rembrandts which Hazel dotted at; and the Vermeer of Delft, and many fine Reynolds, Rembrandts, Titians, &c. The whole Picture idea is quite wonderful.

We will come here together sometime, and not hurry. Then we can enjoy things. I want to thank my precious — you and Hazel and St. Leo ever so. I have spent almost entirely these months all this time; and it rather dips me, when I think I might be here, finding out things and helping and so; and I have this old nightmare of a dinner-cheque to cash around instead.

I am sorry you did not hear from me before the 22nd or 23rd. I sent off a big letter at Dieppe, the day before we sailed. You must have received it some time during the 4th before yours. I have written many letters since, sending them at intervals of time or two days.

I do wish you were here this evening.

With much love,

Yours.

HOTEL BURGUNDY
8, rue Duphot, 8
PARIS

TÉLÉPHONE

Friday evening Aug. 7, 1891.

Dear Steele:-

Aunt bought her sheet today - an India sheet for $23. It made me deathly sick because I couldn't buy mine.

If I get a note to Antwerp with the money I have I shall do well. We leave Paris at 8 in the morning, making a long 15 hours run to Switzerland. I dread it for Hare, as there is no closet service. I shall attend to her early in morning and the last thing, and manage the best I can. She is well and boisterous.

I wish you would send to my address 14 East 16th St, N.Y. City, a letter with $10 in it - unless I have to cable for it. If I have to cable, it will be on Antwerp. If I have to cable, it will be on the 2 or 3 of this month. If I don't cable then, you will know I have got it on the ship and right. We shall be about 8 days

crazier. I ask for the $10 as a precaution against having nothing for sleeping car & meals when I land.

I wish you were here, and we had plenty of money and no care. We could enjoy things so. I will never undertake another long journey unless you are along to see to things, and I shall never try to keep anybody else around with me again.

Will bye — I am very tired and must be up early. We went to the Luxembourg today and saw beautiful modern paintings.

With much love,

Mary.

Hotel des Boulangeres.
Berne, Switzerland.
Monday, Aug. 11. 1891.

Dear Uncle: We left Geneva this morning and arrived at this quaint old town at 4.30, this afternoon; after stopping long enough for lunch at Lausanne. We are now by ourselves. Mrs. McCulloch has written out our itinerary, and written ahead to all the hotels. He has done the best in his power, I think, and I believe we shall fetch on all right.

Hazel is in bed, sending her dear love to papa. She is getting so boisterous I often feel impatient with her, but you would rejoice to see her plump cheeks and good color.

I took her the first thing to the bear pit. Everything in Berne is bears. There is a clock tower, on which automatic bears march around every time the clock strikes. Then there is a very old fountain so old that no one can give any account of its origin or meaning, yet it looks fresh in color. There are bears around the pedestal, and on top the pedestal is a figure called the Kindlifresser or child-eater. It is a man with his pockets stuffed with babies, and babies hung on his back, while he is devouring one. Hazel thought it was very funny. Then we went through the arcades — the covered sidewalks where the shops are. There is to be a fete here shortly, and the city is fairly decorating itself, and that is pretty to see. But Hazel was most delighted with the live bears in the bear pit. They act so comically. I fed her a two-penny bunch of carrots, and

She tossed them into the bears' mouths one by one. They would sit up and beg like dogs, and would rock themselves, holding their feet in their hands. I could hardly get her away from them.

She is not a bit sore from her mountain climbing, sleeps well, and eats like a hopper! She is never full longer than a few minutes at a time.

Put the description part of this letter away for me as I want them to write it in my notes.

We have had no letters since leaving Paris. I do hope we shall find some at Antwerp if not before.

With love always,

Mary.

We go to Interlaken tomorrow, then on to Lucerne.

At Lausanne we began to have very light down sacks like little feather beds, for coverlets. They have them here, and stone floors upstairs, or big patterned hard wood floors; and long brass door handles. Europe is delightful. The weather just suits me: so cool.

Geneva, Switzerland.
August 11. 1871.

Dear Fleet:-

Only 10 more days in Europe. For here we turn and start for Antwerp, stopping along the Way, going down the Rhine &c. Here we leave the McCulloch party. He has written down an itinerary, and really bumped himself a little to arrange for us. We came down Lake Geneva by boat from Lausanne, and it was the heaviest ride.

Sunday afternoon we (Mr & us) started, led by him, to climb Mt. Salève. It steamed Hazel after not to try it. But she was wild to: so I started with her, intending to turn back if she tired too much.

It was a zig-zag climb of more than four thousand feet up the face of the mountain, narrow, but not dangerous, protected by trees and bushes along the edge. Hazel went up like a cat. I made her sit down and rest every few minutes. At the top she was not even flushed, when the others sat panting, red as boiled lobsters. Aunt Hat and two others came last, a long way behind. It did up Aunt, but she'd have the worse for it, and thinks she would not feel it had it not been for the long walk afterward.

We got refreshments at a little auberge, and crossed the plateau, to see the sun set on Mt. Blanc. Mt. Blanc is lovely and ever changing. The view of vast spreading mountains was grand.

We went down the mountain on the other side by a plain road, to take the train back to Geneva. Hazel & I lagged, because I had promised if she would gather moss & ferns and load them on

me jump up; she might fall on all
the rocks down.
At last she said she was tired, and
that scared me directly. I made Aunt
and Mary go on with the others while I
stopped at a turn. I had to parley with
a donkey man. At first Hazel in the
saddle, but the donkey balked, and she
was afraid of it. So I got her down, and
thought I would wait for a cart, at the
risk of losing the train. But a lady came
out of her summer cottage, and took me
in. I took that turn of road it was only
a few minutes to the R.R. station. So I
put all the nuts &c in my umbrella,
put an around Hazel, and we went
easily on down to the station. None of
the party were there. But I got my
tickets. The train was due in 15 minutes.
None of them came. I inquired, and
found they would have to take that
train from that station or go home
on foot (an foot.) Hazel and I took

the train, and I did think right then I got to hotel that they must have reached it before me. But they hadn't. I was eating dinner (Hazel & I) – it was after 8 o'clock, and then the party came in. They had got separated from the rest. Then I was afraid the others had stopped to hunt for us. But they hadn't. They had walked with the "director" clear around the foot of the mountain to the terminus of the railway. Mary says she thinks it was 16 miles. Of course it wasn't. Aunt was so used up she could not eat anything. Everybody is sore today except Hazel & I. We're not tired a bit. They say now that Hazel is the toughest child they ever saw. She did that tramp better than anyone in the party. And how she does eat! Her knickers are crumbling my little pile awfully.

I have not had any letter since leaving Paris. Only 4 letters from you, in all.

Hope to hear from you before leaving Geneva, as this is the last chance until Antwerp.

Hazel laments for you every time she particularly enjoys anything. She wishes Papa were here, and she would stay always in Europe.

With love,

Mary.

The Plymouth Travel Club
in Europe.

DIRECT ALL LETTERS IN CARE OF H. GAZE & SON,
142 STRAND, LONDON, AND THEY
WILL BE FORWARDED.

Lucerne, Switzerland.
Aug. 14, 1911

Dear Alice:

We arrived here yesterday from Interlaken (where we left the Jungfrau peak, and Hazel rented a Piano and Mountain) and went straight to Gaze's office to get our tickets changed for remainder of journey. We each received our four letters from Alice from Interlaken. Mother's letter was the second one from that place we received from Interlaken. We got the one from Alice the day after we left Interlaken. Mother's letter was the first one we received from Interlaken. Mother's letter was the first one we received from Interlaken. Mother's letter was the first one we received from

her expenses are fine thought to last me
me, except the cab and lunches.
I shall get it cashed and send it
over to her today. The says she will
only use $50, and I must carry the other
$50 in my chamois bag in my bosom
for her. But I don't see that $50
ever does the American alone.

I have greatly enjoyed this trip thro'
the Scotch Lakes and Mountains, Yesterday
as the train was crossing the Summit, I
you could see from thirty to forty or fifty
waterfalls at once. The scenery is grand
beyond anything I ever saw in Switzerland.

Inverness is a queer old city, not
the Switzerland capitals, founded on a Rock,
two little streets and a wide open square.
As I told you before, we expect to
sail on the S.S. from Leith, on the
Steamer Friesland. Our steamer tickets
had not arrive when we left the Rocks-
bank party, I take my information about
it to Mrs. Mc Culloch, and he said he

would telegraph — he would do anything — he would command, the post-office to do it in time.

I do confess that I hate to leave Europe. If you had been abroad, and we had been about with Howe, and had been travelling all this bother, it would be the happiest time of my life. The old civilization suits me, the old cities, the mild existence which is never dry; the ease of getting about in Europe. I had no trouble whatever in my travel. They threw the doors open at stations, and called dogs or two minutes waits, and I breathed Howe rights with me of the little "cabinets."

She is plump, and in better health than ever before. She waits to see you, and is very glad she is going home but she has enjoyed it.

Mamma says tell you that you are the best man in the world, and she is going to write & thank you.

This may be my last letter, or later you will hear myself reach you should there I am Dear Dick Love,

Mary.

her call from. She called to see me
to Mrs. Mary Calhoun, and two from
Chicago. She said her uncle never sent
anything from Chicago. He both Christ-
mas and mine. I meant to help her have
$25 for it, but as you know, Mr. Calhoun
brought in a bill for $60 directly.
I had had to wait until now for my
draft it might have been as well, I
for I should not have paid the bills
he brought and run myself short
for the home journey. I should have
kept him in debt, and let somebody
else do a little help-holding. I do it,
I think I shall have plenty to get
home on. Here is not costing so much
as I feared she would, and I have
about $45 yet.

Mama refused gracefully my offer
hundred dollars. She actually did not
need it, but wanted it again to buy
Lucy presents with. She had $10 and

Hoopeston, Ills. Nov. 15. 1894.

Dear Miss Ruthrauff:-

It came home to us end of funerals (not my own family) - a house full of people (just for rid of the last) - and I have not yet sifted my bushel of mail. Part of it will have to wait until this manuscript is done. I work constantly. The first week my neighbors come in shoals - they are so fond to me. Now I am companion-

is undisturbed – except by distant cranks, one of whom has just written from Massachusetts that if he had the money he would come to visit me. "Had seen my picture in a book", and propose on the strength of it! I never heard of the creature before. What queer human beings there are.

It is just about the hour for me and I always went to Jane's room for our talk. I shall go up with Hazel and sit on the side of her bed. We always make love, the baby and I. She is so well now.

I want to hear from you – and to see you. I put your first book in the plans. Hope you have been very well since I came away.

We had a good voyage; really very warm the first three days. Only one day of rough weather. We went south of the Canaries. Reached quarantine Friday night, were boarded next morning in the bay, and didn't land until 11 o'clock. All this is stale news perhaps.

I wonder what that procession is like, in November weather. Is the sun warm? And is dear Mademoiselle La Belle there? And does Madame Ballot continue to make the table level? I feel that I did not half thank her for her kindness to me, and the many services she did for me at the very last. And Mademoiselle Lili — I should like to

ac[illegible]. But perhaps all the people I know are fine.

I am getting down to work with satisfaction. It is comfortable to be shut in down here when one doesn't want to be interrupted.

You have probably had a thousand adventures since I came away. Relate them to me. There were lots of nice people on the Fontaine, among them two really beautiful blonde women. But I didn't find anybody that I really would care for afterwards. — Do you know, I think your mountains New York woman crossed: her name was Ellay — a strawberry face, white hair, and perfect dresses.

Goodnight, with love, yours,

Henry H. Catherwood.

Hooperton, Ills. Feb. 7. 1895.

Dear Miss Rutherford:-

Your letter was such a pleasure. I know I shall be a little jealous of Miss Flint, when she goes over in April. But you must not forget me or keep me out: for I am very fond of you. How set up my tea table in Chinese & am very popular generally as I can afford the time to be. But the tea room seems so interesting.

I am so sorry to hear about the operation Miss Walker is to undergo, and how she is well enough to stand time, and very comfortable: Please give him my very kindest regards and Hazel's love for himself and her brother. Her cheerful face is home sick. It is such a pleasure she has for to comfort her.

"Jeanne" is on the home circuit. I have refused invitations, been into the city but once (and see outs a interesting people are coming and going, I hear. Miss Hearn was here: I - and I have visited a never been in my life; I am running till midnight. Sometimes I think I should hesitate at it, but I love it as my life, and work

forward to mournful loneliness when it is done. One night I fainted and tumbled out of my chair. Mrs. Calhoun was fortunately near, but had never seen me faint before, and was frightened. She fixed me up a hot drink and put me to bed. Since then when dead exhaustion comes on I lie down and rest a bit.

We have piercing cold weather, ice and snow: Zero weather. Then has been much sleighing. I take my morning walks every day to keep my health, and enjoy the cold. But a furnace heated house every warm one is a comfort when one comes back from the cold fierce air. We are hurrying over the finishing of the book. We

not the North German Lloyd been called the safest line of all? - and it has now furnished the most horrid shipwreck on record. I shall never feel quite safe on water again. The iron compartments used to be our abiding trust; but it seems they smash like pasteboard. I hope none of your friends were on that vessel. Ed Fox, I see no names I recognize.

You must take me two for your dear little singer, Miss Todd, [illegible]

As for the old Baronne, I take she will live to be a hundred, so we can come back to Madame Ballot's when next we cross. Give my warm regards to Madame and the family, and to Mademoiselle Lili, and dear Mademoiselle Adèle, and Madame la Fusi - all of them. Sanctus - S.

were not so busy, I should be desperately homesick in Paris. How is it in the winter? It does seem that one could be very happy there - one I should want for my neighbor, and I should want to have Celia to see the interesting things. Did you ever meet Madame Juliet Adam? I wish you would tell me about her if you ever see her; and the salon life - the literary life of Paris if you see much of it. My opinion is that you will see something interesting, and in American slang, "keep up with the procession."

Hazel is pretty busy with her school and music practice. I still read Shakespeare an hour a day - she is in bed, and am under the thumb in every way: but am learning such a truth-speaking [illegible]

ruled darling: I wouldn't have been different & she is
typewritten.
I to special Communication next that I know of. I will plan
at the papers in the evening.
Your picture stands on the piano where I can see
it many times a day.
Do write me when you can.
With much love,
Mary H. Calkins.

April 10.

Dear Miss Ruthrauff:-

Your letter was greatly enjoyed, but it found me in my last struggles with "Joanne." I am now out of the strain, thus I expect than to go to New York & knock it into the heads of some men that I will have it begin in September. I can do more with them in half an hour's talk than in a dozen letters. Mr. Filder told me the story round them again.

Oh, how hard I have worked! Have great big gray hairs. Was in Memphis. Seven from Monday until Thursday, meeting lots & very proud charming southern women at their own request. One woman sent me a bushel & flowers. Oh, how beautiful the trees and magnolias are there now!

Wish I could see you - very much. Poor Miss Clara! I hope she is better. What you told me astonished me. I could not have dreamed it. But how few people in time by mere superficial acquaintance. Everyone has his burden, but it does seem a pity that any girl should have to bear such unkindness with affliction.

Hazel rides like the wind on her new bicycle. She is growing remarkably.

When I am in Europe this I shall visit you

is going remarkably.

When I am in New York I shall visit you more than, for then I know I should see you.

At a function in Chicago next Tuesday evening I am to "say something." Picture me trying to say something! I'd rather sit down and have a cup of tea and hear some stories about Miss Homer or some other interesting person.

This is merely a note to let you know I am alive. Will write later. Meantime, write me. Regards to Madame Bellot and all the dear Parisian folks. I am so glad you have my own corner for me. Remember it is mine. I shall be very jealous of it and will not share it for anybody.

With dear love to you, Mary St. Callenwood.

Hoopeston, Ills. Oct. 14. 1895.

Dear Miss Ruthvaug:-

Some day soon I am going to send you a letter in answer to the nice delicious long one received from you this summer while I was at Mackinac island. It was such a heavenly summer. I did nothing but rest, row, sail, walk in the pine woods, bathe beach parties &c. But the 24th of August was telegraphed home

to Mr. Cathcart. His thumb
bone thro' him at a light car-
riage and broke his leg - kicked
it, making bones protrude. The
horses I have been through since
have almost dared me: up at
5.30 in morning to relieve the
night nurse, and with help
getting him through day after
day in agony. But at last
he is convalescent. Our man
wheels him out in rolling
chair, and he can spend some
hours in his office.

My letters have accumulated
without being answered.
Write me. Don't wait. I will
write later. Here is mail.
With kindest remembrances
all and dear love to Jimmy,

Mary H. Cathcart.

they say it is hot and dry in Paris now.
But O! sweetie I luv the letters with you!

[1896?]

Feb. 6.

Dear Miss Ruthrauff:-

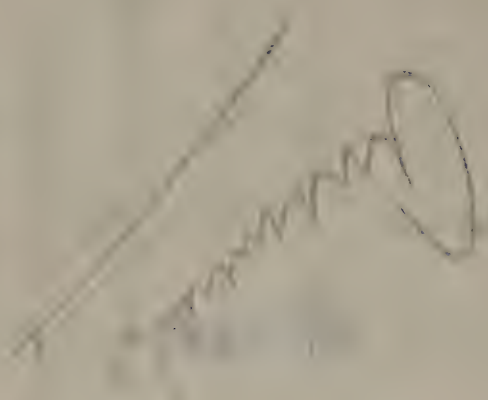
Your letter just reached me, and I have at once written the note of introduction. Mr. Kuhl is a hard worker, exceedingly busy, and as much in demand as a government official. I hope you can catch him right a little because. But you will have exactly

has to do.

I am so sorry you have trouble, and hope it will come out in sunshine. It is like you to interest yourself in this young fellow. I will certainly try to hear him in Chicago. Mr. Kimball can almost make or unmake him in New York. But Mr. Kimball is sincere as daylight. He will deal fairly. Your friend need have no fears concerning himself with

I am correcting proofs for "Days of Jeanne d'Arc" in

the Century, also for little book with Hopkins
Hopkins's, going on with my Mackinac devil for
Harper, and up to my eyes in other things.
Yet is the hardest work I've had. One
week I went into the city, about expect up
at hotel with Lina Coppenrath, and worked literally
day and night finishing an important piece of
work. Two weeks of the proposition made me
I am obliged to reject. There is really nothing
else so pressing as this work as achievement.
If I can do see I want to begin I die — c'est
assez. Did I tell you a lady lunch was made
for Sidney Russell and me (!) in January?
With love as always yours M. H. R.



The Mission House,
FRANKS BROS., PROPS.
THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.....

Mackinac Island, Mich., ~~31 Aug~~ 1896.

Dear Miss Ruthrauff:

In my migration your last letter and address were lost. But I am going to chance it as I remember it, though you may be anywhere else this summer.

We came to the island the 7th of July, and shall go home next Sunday - the 6th of September. The summer has been almost the hottest ever known in the United States. But here in the sweet blue straits it is always cool - always heavenly. I have had to work, but enjoyed the social season. An island dinner at a small cottage with great natural epicures and clever bright women, is something to remember.

How I should love to see you. I hope sometime we shall pass a day together. The country waits to

again before me. I hope I shall be kept in as I was last winter: shall be able to be sure in Chicago. A great deal of work is before me. But Mr. Catherwood is much better.

Do give me news of Jennie. I am always doing something interesting. I expect to hear of adventures when I hear from Jan.

Hazel is a late child nearly twelve now. She revels in this island. And as there are children here from every part of the country she has playmates enough! A little steamer, a sailboat and an iceboat here, are all named the "White Islander" for my story which you may remember.

My "Joanne d'Arc" will be published this year.

You will hear about the presidential contest. We were in Chicago when Hon. Bryan was nominated, and he [illegible] me of his badges. He is a relation of our intimate friends. But we are not silver democrats.

Do not forget me. With love

Your friend,

Mary H. Catherwood.

Hopedene. Ills.
3 December. 1896.

Dear Miss Ruthrauff:-

I have certainly thought of you many a day and dreamed of you unanswered letter by night, since receiving it. I was so sad you are in this country, but I left to attempt writing you until I had planned a letter. My dear, I shall

never have plenty of time.
The work is piled ahead of
me as never before, and I
shall soon have proofs to
read for two books. "Jeanne"
is coming out in the Century
soon — may be spring any
month.

I want to say this — on
in Chicago every other week
this winter, Mr. Calkins's health
being so much better, and Hazel
needing less attention as the
[illegible] older. If you come to
Chicago you must also room
down here [illegible] on me. The
one servant menage — and
that a raw young Swede —

may humify you. But if I can stand it nine months in the year you ought to stand it while you can stay. We can pour service here.

I have not been to any social affair lately. Have to send reports for Saturday for meeting at the Palmers. I am working with all steam on, and keeping directly to the main track.

Write me when you can.

With love always

Mary H. Catherwood.

Answered

20 May, 1893.

Dear Miss Ruthrauff:-

How sweet you are, to think of me when I am so driven with work that I stand almost helpless in the avalanche of the mails! and how fine your brain is!

I expect to spend the summer either at the Old Mission on Mackinac Island, or on the Atlantic coast, perhaps at Little Boars Head, N. Hamp-

olin (written two times & Boston) — to be near libraries, in the latter case. I have to work, and if I make a contract for another book — the fifth on hand — I must be within easy reach of historical authorities. Have always free with me. Mr. Catherwood, after his two or three weeks' fishing at Brunot Lake and in the Straits, comes back to his office work. Men always agree if they are not of their office chairs a month at a time.

At Little Boar's Head the two of us can have board for from $16 to $20 per week. It would be cheaper, of course, for a single person. I do wish

I could see for this summer. Have you any
good place in view? I prefer being where regular
people are but I cannot go in for a fashionable
place. The Old Mission at Mackinac — O dear
Mackinac! I love it as the White Islander did! —
is a happy go lucky old dear, not fussy kept. But
I love every timber in it: and the people who
keep it so and live down to every thing I
esteem. I have been there four summers.

Write, and let us plan for a quiet if possible.

Write ever always. M. H. C.

Board at the Old Mission is
$14 per week for one person.

The Mission House,
FRANKS BROS., PROPS.
THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.

Answered July 10 97

Mackinac Island, Mich., June 28 1897.

Dear Miss Ruthvan:-

I had to pick up the family and rush here from the East which was enormous. There be been all summer, except my loan to be a week in New York on business. But will if I can arrange otherwise. I have so much work. Shipped my typewriting machine here and shall turn out steadily.

If I come east, want so much to see you somewhere, if only for a few between stations on the train! Shall probably come and go via Michigan Central R.R.

The Mission House,
FRANKS BROS., PROPS.
THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.

2

Mackinac Island, Mich., _____ 1897.

Write me when you can.
Write much love always,
Mary H. Catherwood.

It was nice of Mrs. Collyer and kind of Miss Kuldrant to call me.
Do tell me about Mrs. Lenhardt. I don't understand.

The Mission House,
FRANKS BROS., PROPS.
THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.

Mackinac Island, Mich. July 13 1897.

Dear Miss Ruttenauff:-

I am sorry you are feeling the heat; but since you have been in that little town you have written me often, and I cannot help being glad you are where you remember me.

But I do like the picture, and was so glad to have it. It is on the mantel in my room. You are certainly very handsome, and it is a great pleasure to me to see your kind brown eyes watching me. Thank you very much for sending it. I had such a muddle time packing in the heat, the day before I

The Mission House,
FRANKS BROS, PROPS.
THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.

2

Mackinac Island, Mich. _____ 1897.

last June, that I forgot to put in photographs and many little things which I always bring to adorn my room.

We have been delightfully comfortable here, all through the dreadful heat reported south of us. I am very glad I did not go to Boar's Head! The tropic heat of our American summers kills me. This is the only place where I am sure of being cool. O but I love this shaggy island! The soldiers are now back at the fort, and the small yachts are coming.

Mr. Calhoun is at Bryant Lake fishing with a club, and will return home on Friday.

The Mission House,
FRANKS BROS., PROPS.
THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.

3

Mackinac Island, Mich. _____ 1897.

I have anything in train for a hard summer's work. A gentleman whom I have never seen — a literary man of New York City — is coming on the first lake steamer North West, Toronto — (via Buffalo) — to collaborate with me for two weeks. I dread this, as I know nothing about him except the commendations of other people, and that he is a gentleman. This fact reassures me, however, and I hope we shall do well together.

Hazel is very happy, is grown tall, and really pretty. She has a remarkably good figure.

I wish for me then. Whenever I come east I must see you. With much love yours —

M. A. C.

The Mission House,
FRANKS BROS., PROPS.
THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.

Mackinac Island, Mich., Aug. 23 1897.

Dear Miss Ruttenauff:-

Your letter just at hand. I wish I could make a date in New York. But there is no urgent errand just now in business matters, and I am full-handed with matters at this side of the county.

We expect to start home about Sept. 1, stopping at Petoskey and Cross Village. Horse is to be fat and ready for branding - about by Sept. 22! and I do not know at this date whether our homestead is sold or not. I am all done to pieces. Mr. Catherwood had his picture taken. He wrote me to have them

The Mission House,
FRANKS BROS., PROPS.
THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.

2

Mackinac Island, Mich., _____ 1897.

I objected. We have long foreseen we must make a change, and our Home is going to Chicago to school it seemed best for me to go visit her; either take a flat or board. But to give up the home seems too terrible. When you have owned your home-dear so many years it is like tearing the heart out. I did not vote. But am beginning to have serious chills.

I don't know but it will turn out. Either way, it will be hard. I have so much work calculated it seems impossible to run a home. We shall have the shelter with much pleasure.

With much love,

M. H. C.

Hoopeston, Ills. October 12. 1898.

Dear Sir:--

I noticed the two l's in the Joliet autograph years ago; yet as Parkman and many other authorities wrote the name with one l, I simply continued the custom. On thinking the matter over I believe it would be really best to make the name tally with the autograph throughout the book. This will necessitate putting another l in the proofs which have already gone through my hands. I hope you will see that it is done exactly, as any omission would show like a misprint.

"Ste.", as you know ,is the feminine of "St." , universally used by the French. I have no objection, however, to its being Englished, though it has meaning to my eye. The Century used the masculine prefix to all my saints.

Sincerely Yours,

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

CATHERWOOD, MARY HARTWELL

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[187 –]

Dear Madam,

I have read very carefully the pages of MSS which you have been so kind to entrust to me for perusal. Certainly, they are promising, & I cannot see in them any reason for the fears which seem to embarrass you. This fragment is the only record of a failure. I am glad you see the advisability of shortening as much as possible. Some

Jean afs I followed my own advice in writing Tales of Laundaff, & think I succeeded.

I shall read your book with much pleasure, & hope my friends will do the same: I shall see that my bookseller here has plenty of copies for sale.

In the meantime finish the work courageously, & let it float on the current in full confidence that it will be borne on safely & reach that destination which we all aim at - the harbour of success.

Yours sincerely,
Jno. Geo. Bourinot

[Sir] John George Bourinot
(1837-1902)

466 Fullerton Avenue.

Eugene Field cordially invites Mrs. Catherwood to be present at a luncheon at the Union League club, Feby. 21, one o'clock, p. m.. To meet the Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale.

R.S.V.P.

Dear Mrs. Catherwood: It is so pleasant to have met you. I hope, and I am sure, that we shall always be famous friends. If you have not read all the little books I have published, please let me send you those which you have not. And as a guarantee of good faith I am forwarding to you by this mail two or three of your charming stories which I want you to autograph for me, please. I regard your Tonty as one of the most poetical tales I have ever read. The passage telling of the appearance of La Salle's ghost and the prophetic words uttered by the fleeting spirit are particularly fine. But it is too hot to tell even complimentary truths. Let me reserve to another time a recital of the many pretty things I have in store for you. I am, dear madam, yours most cordially,

Eugene Field.

Record office, Chicago, July 14, 1893.

I agree with you that the Congress was dreadfully chaotic! There were two features in the Exposition.

FORM 185.

THE CHICAGO RECORD.

VICTOR F. LAWSON, PUBLISHER.
181 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

Chicago, July the 24th 1893

Dear Mrs. Catherwood: With a gleam of reason - for I do have lucid spells - comes the humiliating realization that I did not inclose stamps for the return of the books which I sent to your last week. I now hasten to make amends for that characteristic oversight upon my part. Moreover, for the purpose of letting you know that I know what a shameless demand I have made upon your amiability and your time, I inclose a bit that appears in my column today. Dear madam, with the eloquent remark of the immortal Plato to the effect that

"it is Dam 'ot"

I am always yours most regardfully and amicably, Eugene Field.

Dear Mrs. Catherwood: Thank you very much for the reply to Garland. It will evoke a roar from him, I am sure. I wish we could stir up Miss Francis into taking her pen in hand. I hate fighting, myself, but I like to see other people at it. I am sending you large paper copies of books of mine that are getting scarce. One I have autographed hastily freely and otherwise marred. Three books are now due – I owe them to you for your courtesy in writing in the volumes I sent to Woodstock. I am still your debtor for letting you fight that anti Christ, Hamlin Garland, single handed and alone, when, as all know, I am the champion Greco-Roman gladiator in this neck of the woods. When you come to Chicago again, please break with Mrs. Field and me at the club. With every cordial re-gard, dear madam, I am yours sincerely. Eugene Field.

Chicago, July 31, 1893.

Dear Mrs. Catherwood: I thank you for your very cordial letter. Your visit to Mackinac will do you good. I have never been there, but I associate the place with wide bald-heads, and cool-looking, and tremendous expanses of clear water and clear sky; temperature away below zero. I am a survival of the prehistoric age, my blood is cold and thin, and I am very shivery. I pine for the tropics. I want to live upon a red star when my life ends on this planet. It is pleasant to know that you like the books. Have you my Little Book of Profitable Tales? I am sorry that Garland made me appear so angry in the August number of the McClure magazine. That is hardly fair; but I cannot expostulate, for Garland meant to do me a good turn. When I read that alleged interview, I recalled the immortal words of La Salle to his beloved frontiço. "Tonty," said he - I quote the free translation made by a linguistical neighbor for me; "Tonty, there is no fool like a - fool!"

We shall have that luncheon yet - you, Mrs. Field and I. this as for being good friends, notes aside! —

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two"!

Always cordially yours,

Eugene Field.

Chicago. August 14, 1893.

Dear Mrs. Catherwood: I thank you for your very cordial letter. Your visit to Mackinac will do you good. I have never been there, but I associate the place with trade half-breeds, and coon-skins, and tremendous expanses of clear water and clear sky: temperature away below zero. I am a survival of the prehistoric age, my blood is cold and thin, and I am very shivery. I pine for the tropics. I want to live upon a red star when my life ends on this planet. It is pleasant to know that you like the books. Have you my Little Book of Profitable Tales? I am sorry that Garland made me appear so clangy in the August number of the McClure magazine. That is hardly fair; but I cannot expostulate, for Garland meant to do me a good turn. When I read that alleged interview, I recalled the immortal words of La Salle to his beloved favtego. "Tonty," said he - I quote the free translation made by a linguistical neighbor for me; "Tonty, there is no fool like a - fool!"

We shall have that luncheon yet - you, Mrs. Field and I. And as for being good friends, we are alive! —

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two"!

Always cordially yours,

Eugene Field.

Chicago. August 14, 1893.

Dear Mrs. Catherwood: Suppose you come to the Union League club on Wednesday and lunch quite informally with Mrs. Field. One o'clock would seem to be the best hour. I shall try to be there, but for ten days past I have been down with bronchitis and it's a question whether I shall be able to frisk around very much this week. Are you really at a Dormitory? It must be very dreadful: the very sound of the name fills me with dread unspeakable.

Cordially yours,

Eugene Field.

Buena Park, Oct. 15th, 1893.

Tomorrow Mrs. Field and I will have been married twenty years.

Dear Mrs. Catherwood: I have been flat on my back with pneumonia ever since the party at Mrs. Conley's. Today I sat up for four minutes and cried to be put back to bed again. I had no idea I could get so weak. That bed quilt did me a heap of good. I had it spread over a screen at the foot of my bed for 24 hours and it made the whole room bright. I thank you ever so much for the beautiful gift. And little Hazel D. — I am delighted with her portraits and shall send her mine as soon as I get well and handsome again. No more platform business for me this season. As soon as I am able to travel, I am to go south for four months. Presumably I shall go to California. I have written to Brother Cable, cancelling my eastern engagements with him and I have called off all my dates in the west.

I shall send you my new book of tales in a week or two.

Cordially yours,

Eugene Field.

Buena Park, Ill., Nov. 12, 1893.

Irvingfield, Ind. Sept. 16 '79.

Dear Friends:

Seems like ages since I wrote you a letter - but its ages I've been engrossed with a thousand things that pertained. Everything about me is tangled - tangled - tangled. I'm all right myself, but my younger brother has been scandalously drunk for a square week, and I've been following him about the country for four days. He's anchored at last, thank God! - with a black eye variegated with green, cherry-color, and purple shades, and a face on him like a spoiled sponge. My other brother is growing well, I think, but is yet quite feeble and unfortunately discouraged over his slow recovery. The old promises for my brilliant future are still promising - they never let up on that, and I'm still believing as of old that I'm goin' to make it. — Things just now in circ-

siderably muddled with a complication of projects. Of course I don't want to go on a newspaper if the lecture business will pan out, but would like to reserve even that in case the lecture circulation pan out as I am hoping. It's big work I'm doing now just playing straight, but you can bet your bottom dollar I'll do that though all things else go to pieces. — but I've got to work on the immediate topic of the day and must bury it right here and now!

By the ending of this week I hope to have ready for presentation the lecture. Then somebody's got to suffer, and they shant dodge it. The probabilities are that should I read at Indianapolis it will be at the new Park Theater, which I understand will be the classiest, but its a venture, you know, fifty dollars for hall — to say nothing of advertising. Fra-la-la-la-late

(2)

Just got a letter from Charley that is saddest thing a sorrowful crown of sorrow! I haven't written him for a century, and the poor boy's troubled about the dear old Home beside. I can't send a whimper, and it seems no one else can. God help us every one!

Whoop!

My attention has just been called to a "Journal" in the Journal, complimentary mentioning the Ruby at Grand Opera House in the near future. And now this letter must be put aside for business. The cold chills and hot flushes are creeping over me as I write. It seems a great undertaking to me. "Where shall we thrive? Land?" I just take time to quote this poem for the Sentinel, by Hester A. Benedict. There are some delectable touches in it, I think, and a dear old

For My Sake.

Mother mine, across the mountains, if you sleep or if you wake,
Turn your face this way, I pray you, just a moment, for my sake;
For the winds are going eastward, led by spirits sweet and fair,
And I've given them my kisses for the silver of your hair.

I have told them what to whisper in your ear and to your heart,
Of the smile my life has learned to since we journeyed far apart;
Of the storm and of the sunshine, hating hers and blinding theirs;
Of the years and the miss; of the passion and the prayers.

But I think if I could find you by the lifting of my hand,
All the burden I am bearing you would better understand;
And it may be you could tell me, as none other talks me true,
Why to-night my arms are empty—why my life is empty too.

So I'm calling, calling to you! And the night is calm and still;
Can't you hear me crying, Mother; hear and heed it if you will!
I'm tired of this fever of life—the social mask I wear—
Of the pomp of the rabble that can never only care.

And I want your arms to fold me as they held me long ago,
For my head and heart were handled by the fingers of the snow;
Want to lie and watch the sunrise, with the lilies of my face
Changed to roses in the heaven of my long-lost resting place.

Ah, my life would learn to laughter from such recompense divine,
For its mocking of mamma—for its mockery of mine!
But I cannot find your bosom, and you cannot hear my call;
And another day is dawning in the old way: that is all.

—Heaton A. Benedict.

If ever I hope that my influential friends of mine in the city are awakened to the true nature of their obligations (?) to your long-suffering, but still hopeful

—Comrade.

Photostatic copy of
Letter from J. W. Riley

WIDE AWAKE.

VOL. 19. AUGUST, 1884. NO. 3.

THE LITTLE PIXY PEOPLE.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

IT was just a very
Merry fairy dream!
All the woods were airy
With the gloom and gleam;
Crickets in the clover
Clattered clear and strong,
And the bees droned over
Their old honey-song.

In the mossy passes,
Saucy grasshoppers
Leapt about the grasses
And the thistle-burrs;
And the whispered chuckle
Of the Katydid
Shook the honeysuckle
Blossoms where he hid.

Through the breezy mazes
Of the lazy June,
Drowsy with the hazes
Of the dreamy noon,
Little Pixy people
Winged above the walk,
Pouring from the steeple
Of a mullein stalk.

One — a gallant fellow —
Evidently King, —
Wore a plume of yellow
In a jewelled ring
On a pansy bonnet,
Gold and white and blue,
With the dew still on it,
And the fragrance, too.

One — a dainty lady —
Evidently Queen —
Wore a gown of shady
Moonshine and green,
With a lace of gleaming
Starlight that sent
All the dewdrops dreaming
Everywhere she went.

One wore a waistcoat
Of roseleaves, out and in,
And one wore a faced-coat
Of tiger-lily-skin;
And one wore a neat coat
Of palest galingale;
And one a tiny street-coat.
And one a swallow-tail.

And Ho! sang the king of them,
  And Hey! sang the queen;
And round and round the ring of them
  Went dancing o'er the green,
And Hey! sang the queen of them,
  And Ho! sang the king—
And all that I had seen of them
  —Wasn't anything!

It was just a very
  Merry fairy dream!—
All the woods were airy
  With the glow and gleam;
Crickets in the clover
  Clattered clear and strong,
And the bees droned over
  Their old honey-song!

A MODERN KATE BARLASS.

By Frances A. Humphrey.

TO my mind Kate Douglas was an interesting girl. And her home was specially interesting too, and perhaps had something to do with Kate's qualities. It was an old gambrel-roofed house, a pre-Revolutionary house, an old tavern before which once swung the sign of the *Goat and Compasses* — a sign which, according to Max Müller, had its origin in a legend above the door of an ancient hostelry: *God encompasseth us.* Having been transmitted from mouth to mouth by an illiterate people for generations, by a sort of "Russian scandal" game this legend had been changed into *Goat and Compasses* — and thence the sign. In Kate's own room a British officer was shot by a deserter three days before the battle of Lexington; and down stairs was the old bar, now converted into a creamery, with the trap still in the floor, where the wine had been kept.

This house had been in the Douglas family for generations, ever since its erection in fact, and every inch of its weather-beaten shingles and ceiled walls was dear to the heart of the young daughter of the house, Katherine Douglas. And to go into her own room was like stepping into a period of early colonial history. The walls and floor were pine of a rich dark brown, true, the result of age and of the endless rubbings and polishings by generations of thrifty housewives. The bedstead was a high four-poster, the bars at the top draped with blue and white linen, the counterpane and window curtains of the same material, all spun and woven by Kate's great-great-grandmother on the loom and wheel up in the garret. A triangular washstand was in one corner, and there was a dressing-table with two tiers of drawers, supported by very slender legs, above which hung a looking-glass in a scroll frame of oak. There was too, a carved oaken chest of drawers in one corner, and the chairs were low, of carved oak also, with rush bottoms, excepting a comfortable Wakefield rocker trimmed with cardinal satin ribbon, which usually stood by the window that was shaded by the blossoming apple-tree — this chair looking like a nineteenth century impertinence interjected into the otherwise wholly antique atmosphere.

The fireplace was closed with a screen which was none other than the sign above mentioned, the paint weather-beaten and faded, but the head of the goat still distinct; and around the fireplace was a row of the old blue and white biblical Dutch tiles, the clouds looking like feather-beds, and the angels before Abraham's tent, like very solid human folk with duck's wings. Above the mantel hung a small portrait in oil, the treasure of the room to Kate, for it was none other than the portrait of her ancestor, Colonel Wilcox, who was one of Washington's aides-de-camp; and in the secret drawer of that oaken chest was a small book in manuscript, a portion of his diary, the paper yellow and ink faded, but possessing an indescribable attraction for his fair descendant. There was one entry in it over which she often lingered with a pleased and

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

CHICAGO.

HARRY L. HAMLIN, Manager.
FREDERICK R. HAMLIN, Business Manager.

CHICAGO, Aug 20-02

My dear Mrs Catherwood:

I have your letter here this morning. I fear you haven't received my last letter sent to your town address over a week ago enclosing a number of "Lazara" photographs and informing you of the change in our opening date. It has been decided by the Hamlins that they will keep "The Wizard of Oz" on for another fortnight so

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

CHICAGO.

HARRY L. HAMLIN, Manager.
FREDERICK R. HAMLIN, Business Manager.

CHICAGO,.....

the Gran Bay opening and the Chicago date will be Sept 8th and 22nd respectively. I hope that the change will not materially interfere with your plans. It would not be an event unless you are there - and the new moon will send its blessing just the same! I begin to re-hearse on Saturday & this week

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

CHICAGO.

HARRY L. HAMLIN, Manager.
FREDERICK R. HAMLIN, Business Manager.

CHICAGO, ...

and shall take the company up to Green Bay about the 4th or 5th. The scenery is complete now - and it's beautiful.

With much affectionate regard in which you will always find mrs Skinners

I am

Faithfully
Otis Skinner

My letter with the photos. of opera has gone astray as it was addressed to 1st. You should have sent it to your address.

Manners, Customs and Dress during the Middle Ages. By Paul Lacroix. (Curator of the Imperial Library of the Arsenal, Paris.)

The costume of men consisted of a tunic reaching to the knees, short hose open in front with gaiters, shoes and a cloak (when rank could afford) Peasants wore leathern caps like those worn by hats like flat soft felts.

"Strange as it may seem, it must be acknowledged that a fear of capture resulting from the progress of learning, is not to be despised even at the present day. It is in the great type maintained in the country districts far removed from the capitals and large towns: we see a race of men faithfully represented at the time of the revolution of 1789.

"We gather from this picture that the manner of dwelling of the nobles comprised three distinct buildings, the first for the cows, the second for the hay and straw, and the third for the horses and hens. In this latter abode a fire of wood branches and faggots

Plan of [illegible] (Paul Jacoby)

Sparkes in a large Room furnished with an iron pot-hanger, a tripod, a shovel, large fire-irons, a Cauldron and a meat-hook, next to the fireplace was the oven, and in close proximity to this, an enormous bedstead on which the villain his wife and children, and even the dog, for the whole family, could all be easily accommodated; a Dresser, trophy, a table, a bench, a Cheese Cupboard, a jug and a few baskets made up the rest of the furniture. The villain also provided other utensils, as a bedstead, a frying-pan, a hand-mill — for every one was then obliged to grind his own corn; a mallet, some pails, some funnels, fishing-tackle & lines &c."

Dress, Weapons &c.

"His dress consisted of a blouse of cloth or skin fastened by a leathern belt round the waist, an overcoat or mantle of thick woollen stuff, which fell from his shoulders half way down his legs of Hares or large lambs, skins woollen trowsers and from his belt hung his wallet and a sheath for his knife. He generally went bareheaded, but in cold weather wore a cap made of a piece of hair of Deer skin, the hair to the out-

Final Exam

or one gifted with a broad brain. He overcame some difficulties or puddles floored by Cafe when engaged in Judging."

Small Kodak fiends — attached to College. Watch-dog. Phil-for Cause — "and on the Thatcher way of this one the College the Girls cats bachelor rats & mice."

Family news the "crops in bad weeds."

"The wakes or dying parties which are also the custom in Ireland prove injurious — by excessive crying. — There is a Thatcher saying take Thatcher. — Whatever you put ___ keep all down Secrets for cause marvelous happiness in Country sick. — Witchcraft.

A woman kept off with broken duty Saturday night — might be done Thanksgiving following would have produce bad Luck — could not be bleached. Some Germans marry dark colored Christ-others Women Dowie unbinded dishes

Should a Woman enter Court-house without Dying Head and it, Bridget blow Jim" — run take a Cow sick, broke Tuesday-pan — softly made.

Good Story

Yeast ... was prepared for parties and it was only at the end of Peter Conley's that the bakers of Paris were often heard of.

Foster & Miller & baker carried on by Dame Nature — later, foolish bakers.

"Bread made with barley, oats or millet was always ranked as coarse bread to which the poor and low necessarily had recourse." Bad

Bakers had a kind of punishment, namely the hot committee stones.

Rye bread of little value, really a remedy used among country people in former days as Spaniard, Tartar & Arabian.

Black ... heart or Red Heart ... in Europe & Asia, Turkey, Greece, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Italy, Sicily, Malta, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France & Great Britain, Wales.

The Mission House,
S. R. Franks, Prop.

Electric Lights. Hot and Cold Baths.
New Sanitary Arrangements. . . .

THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT
OF THE NORTHWEST.

8

Mackinac Island, Mich., _____ 190__

He raises his arms over his head, brandishing a paddle as he chants. And he turns to the Ojibways; and to the heretofore that draws him.

Still his people circle. They ~~[illegible]~~ the shore and diminish; chant, and the ~~[illegible]~~ canoe sliding with its upright figure into, and out of, view behind the hill. He hurries away and kept it just as it will always remain in memory.

Dona 7 Micmac visitor
Describe Pan-puk-te-jis

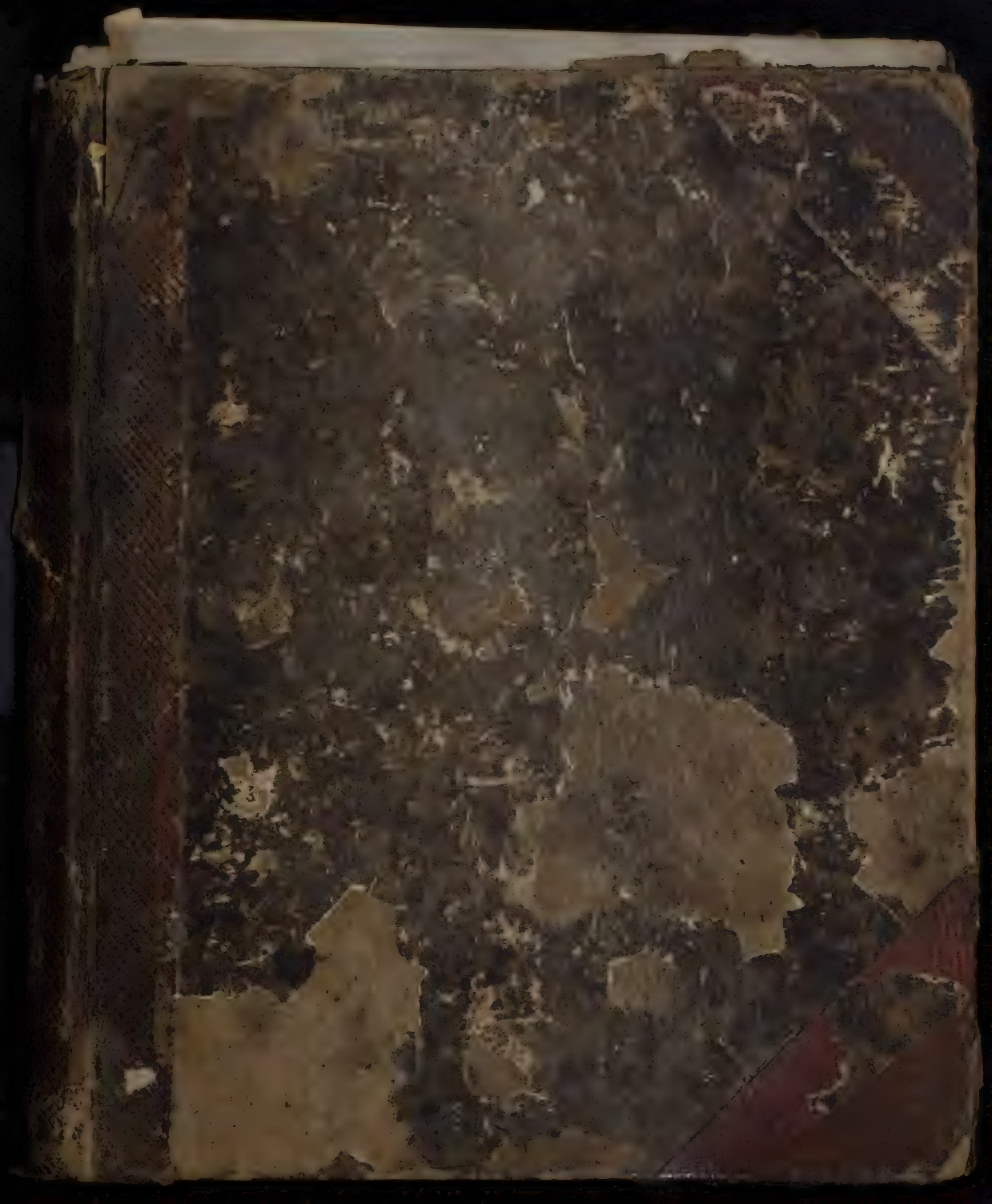
3 W

he submits. But the young Repentigny further suspected Vergor as an incompetent officer.

Pierre felt strong need to slap La Hire's red face where the unshaven hairs bristled with general aggressiveness.But taking up the glove for the La Tremouille family against his friend was such madness that he put himself beyond another word by spurring off suddenly for St. Denis. Charles had appointed a council to consider an attack upon Paris. The king was not slack in holding councils.

"It is time I took horse myself," said La Hire in a flurry of haste."Come out, minion, drink your wine and be gone

The demand of Jesus in the
1) Sabbath "beautiful pleasure" Pirqe
this law - Christ - attempt to find Messiah



THIN-SKINNED PEOPLE.—In every-day life, thin-skinned people are as difficult to deal with as soft-shell crabs. You cannot joke with them without touching a vital part; the nearer and dearer you are to them, the readier are they to take offense, or to be "hurt," for they declare *they* never were angry in their lives. When you part from them, you know that they will brood over every chance word, to torture out of it some injury to their feelings. They keep watch and ward over these "feelings," put a chip on them, so to speak and wait for somebody to knock it off. They delight in letters, or explanations, brimming over with tears, or rapturous reconciliations. They ponder incessantly over their sensibility, which is nothing but aggressive selfishness. When a half-dozen or so of these skinless people are joined in one family, and that family has more taste and culture than money, they constitute, according to themselves, an Arab community, against which the whole world is at enmity. Good common-place people, who never look at books or bric-a-brac, are the objects of their supreme disgust and satire; and people who do care for books and bric-a-brac, and are able to buy them, they hate with undying hatred, as having personally wronged them. In a word, the man who possesses one of these willing martyrs as friend, wife, or, worst of all, poor relation, gains heaven through great tribulation. —*Tribune.*

Things to do while East.

Send catalogue to Chicago Times.

Historic, racy, interesting to Chicago Journal 159 + 161 Dearborn St.

Chicago Inquirer to Blade.

11

The bowl with sheep following them across the prairie slowly, like a centimeter marker, leading the girl into school - inside first - pushing her

Lands, &c. of P. Luby "[redacted]"

If you are a man, you can put your brushes and extra linen in a valise, and go from Dan to Beersheba; using that same little bag for a pillow by night, and a weapon of defence (if needful) by day. But if you are a woman you can do better. You can stock a Noah's ark with all created things, take your travelling-bag, your lunch, all the shawls you have fallen heir to, your furs, your entire bank check, and whatever else you can beg or steal, and ~~start~~ begin a heavy, imperial progress across the continent.

Yet be not discouraged, O woman, at first journey so numbered. The ~~roads~~ are nicely adjusted. Man has free baggage only that he may look after yours. He has no hands for you any where. He is ever at leisure to buy your tickets. He is a willing waiter of your shawls and foldervols.

He is ~~a~~ getter a remarkable, contradictory, lovable being, though all his phases. Here at the beginning of your journey, you see him enter the car & place a woman and three unruly children in comfortable seats. Remember about your check when you get to Jay's Peak," he says, putting his check down to be "punched" kissed, kissing ~~all~~ the babies, ladies, "and now, goodbye Martha." Then you see him dawdling on a platform talking to one of his kind, spitting like Hannibal Chadbourne. I hate him. He is an skillful a marksman as the man who hit the apple. But if he knows

thirsty
you are ~~dripping~~ ~~for a drink~~, or hungry after the last magazine, behold the corruptible at once puts on incorruptible; he turns to you the knight and the gentleman; would go to Evil Dis for what you want. — And again he approaches you as a travelled and polished gentleman; in short, from the beginning of the alphabet to the end of things, man is a good, convenient, helpful animal. Does anybody know that between Demerara & Deceitful there is a society calling themselves Dunlands? who have the best farm buildings in the landscape, mostly in a great barn-like place with windows apparently from the ground to the roof; and who look down on the world's people, marrying and Valentines like the ancient Lowlies.

We ended the Missisippi at St. L. when the moon was shining; and saw the three strong, beautiful rivers, which we so much admire, mixed in the riverbed, and are now to take the rest of life on their shoulders. But who wouldn't prefer a ferry-boat to a bridge?

The earlier part of St. Louis, with its narrow streets and decayed buildings, might remind an European traveller of some mouldering burgh town. But the undersigned, not being an European traveller thought it ugly and unwholesome. The central city was in its splendour, as my city is by gas light, like a belle in evening dress. &c. ~~and~~ corrupted mine eyes to see.

the handsome issue, an account of the dimensions of the pile. This is an edifices [illegible] the [illegible] material, and general effect of which are points of intense interest.

We were transferred to the Iron Mountain Road, and sped along some miles in the wake of the Latter of Valentine just near enough to hear his mighty siphon. He was much choked with ice, and wallowed like a victim of the epizootic. So did another man not many yards away. [illegible] the influence either of the river stopping or the travellers until a gentle, but big light, to sleep away the time until his arrival at a midnight station, was so rare and that he quoted Coleridge poetry for several hours. He finally woke the sleeper, and drew to him the attention to the adventures of Smith.

"I should like to see you where Smith would be, sir. You hear me Smith?"

"Smith, what Smith?" [illegible] "Smith, sir, is an ice-eater and he went on the ice before it broke up to gather blocks of hardened liquid with which to cool his constitution next summer—for a consideration. While he was out the river began to break up. All the other men got off. We went sailing down in a cake that threatened every minute to go to pieces. Fellow under there were

than a thousand on the backs watching him. Some tall bets were made. I bet a man a new ~~hat~~ fur-lined he would be fetched off before they could reach him the block pretty nearly shattered. I trembled. Thought my hat was gone. Just as he ~~was~~ hoisted up, block went to pieces. Never came so near losing a hat in my life. If you were not in such I care now! sir. I ~~would~~ assure you I wouldn't risk an expensive hat on you."

We were detained on the Iron Mountain Road several hours by a freight-wreck. This road runs through the center of Missouri, passing in sight of many flourishing villages. All the soil is red with oxide of iron. Ten Allen-tunnel towns three quarters of a mile through a hilly gap in a rolling sense for several minutes. What is meant by the blackness of darkness? This road is very mighty, although from Allen Allen to the Pacific it lies through a swamp, and sitting in the engine cab you can see the track tapering to a needle point a mile or so ahead of you.

Did you never ride on an engine? All engines, we ~~see~~ in the metal hood have a little funnel to which we looked and sighed in secret for the opportunity offers. It is daylight; a huge blaze from the ~~river~~ that I am approaching. You are ~~placed~~ erected on the ivory

palanquin with which the iron horse is prided. You watch all the wonderful bits and curbs with which he is prided: the great furnace which ~~runs~~ feeds ~~coal~~ wood into sheets of royal purple. The iron heart is put to his mettle! Hear he sweeps! His master gives him a little rein. Thirty-five, forty, fifty miles an hour! Behold as you fly around the curve, some miles promenading on the track just ahead: children and blind ~~people~~ [illegible] their walk in quite the manner of [illegible] There is a trestle not half a mile beyond. The engine is reversed, ~~at~~ points the nimble wheels swiftly but firmly.

Mem. of Sketches —
Not including work on "Golden Horns."
beginning Feb. 20th 1897.

— J. L. Workley

"A Lover for Mary"
Over the Mountains" (poem)

Cottage Hearth.

"Hopfield-flop." (single.)

Cash Received
in Jr. 4.2. 1895

Jan. 8th	"Yale & Harvard" H+H	$ 8 —
"	From Dr. L.A.L.	$ 5 —
Jan 29th	"Won in Str." H+H	$ 23 —
Feb. 1st	" " "	$ 20
Feb. 5th	R. S. O'L—	$ 6
" 8th	H+H	$ 20
" 14th	Insurance	$ 10
" 16th	H+H	$ 6
March 2nd	H+H	$ 6
11th	Cain	$ 5.17
6th	Locke's	$ 8
9th	H+H	$ 16
16th	H+H	$ 21
18"	R. S. O'L	$ 10
23		$ 16
30	H+H	$ 15
	Locke	
May 1st	Chas. Lenny	$ 7
April 25	R.S. O'L for McK	$ 23 —
May	Chas. Lenny	$ 7
R. S. O'L. for April		$ 5 —
" " " May		$ 20 —
		3[illegible]

H + H, für Judy 7 Tu
Ford Installation
3 Ind "
für 13 " für Locke
15

für Locke
" H + H
" Bulbrick

$ 25
$ 25
$ 25
$ 10
$ 20
$ 15
$ 15
$ 25
$ 30

255
327

582

Danville Ohio 20th 1830.

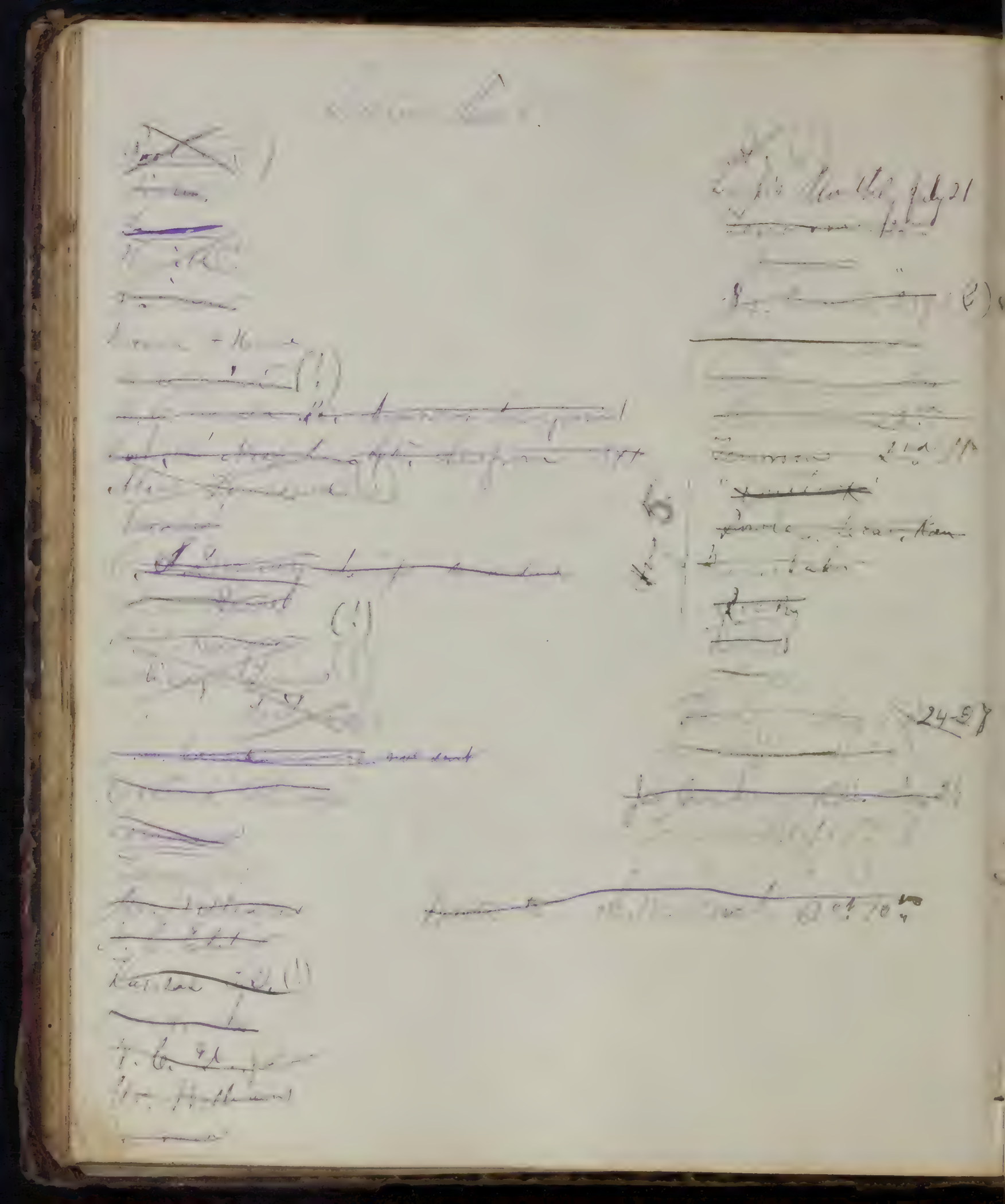
Paid Mrs. Lezeure $24 for board [illegible]
Nov. 2nd pd. Mr. Lezeure $18 for board up to [illegible]
Pd. Shorts $10 on account of $28.
December 3rd Paid Mrs. Lezeure $18 for board to Dec. 3rd
Paid Mrs. Lezeure board $9 to 1st [illegible] Dec. 10th

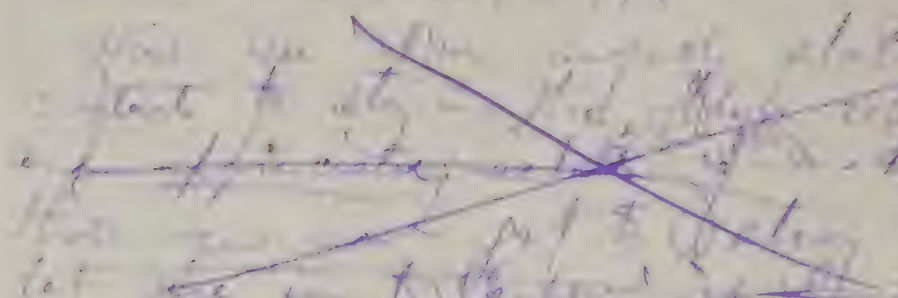
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

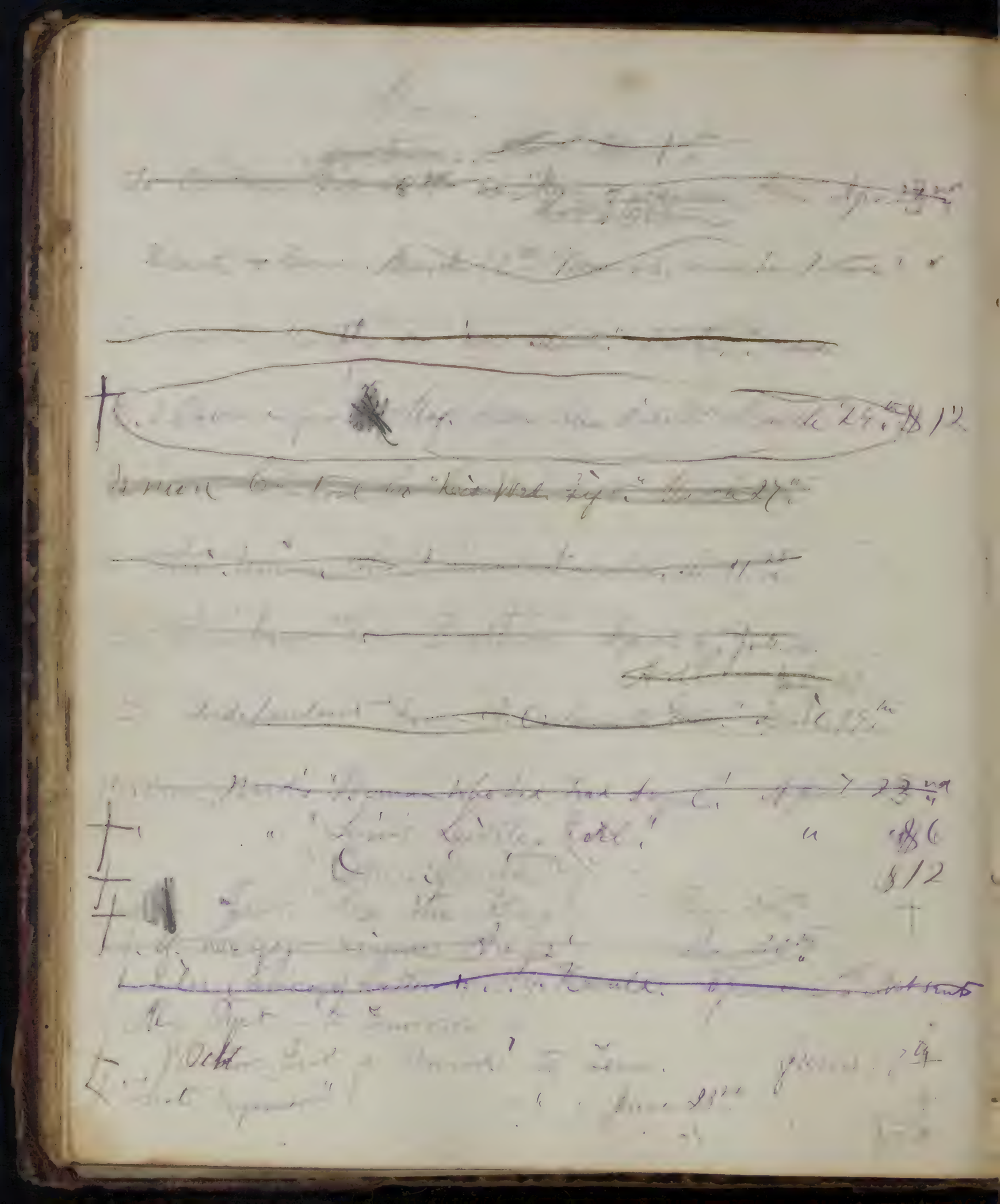
his book in his carriage and [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

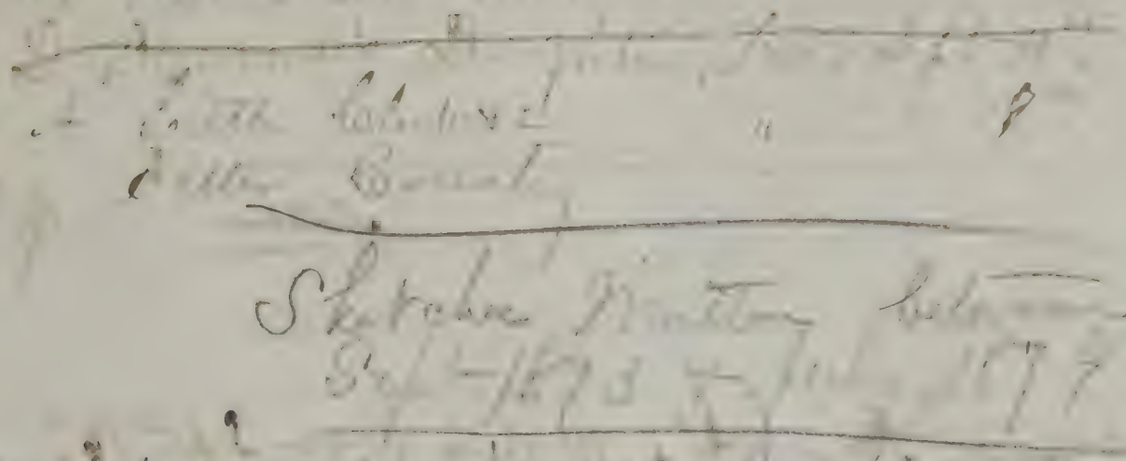


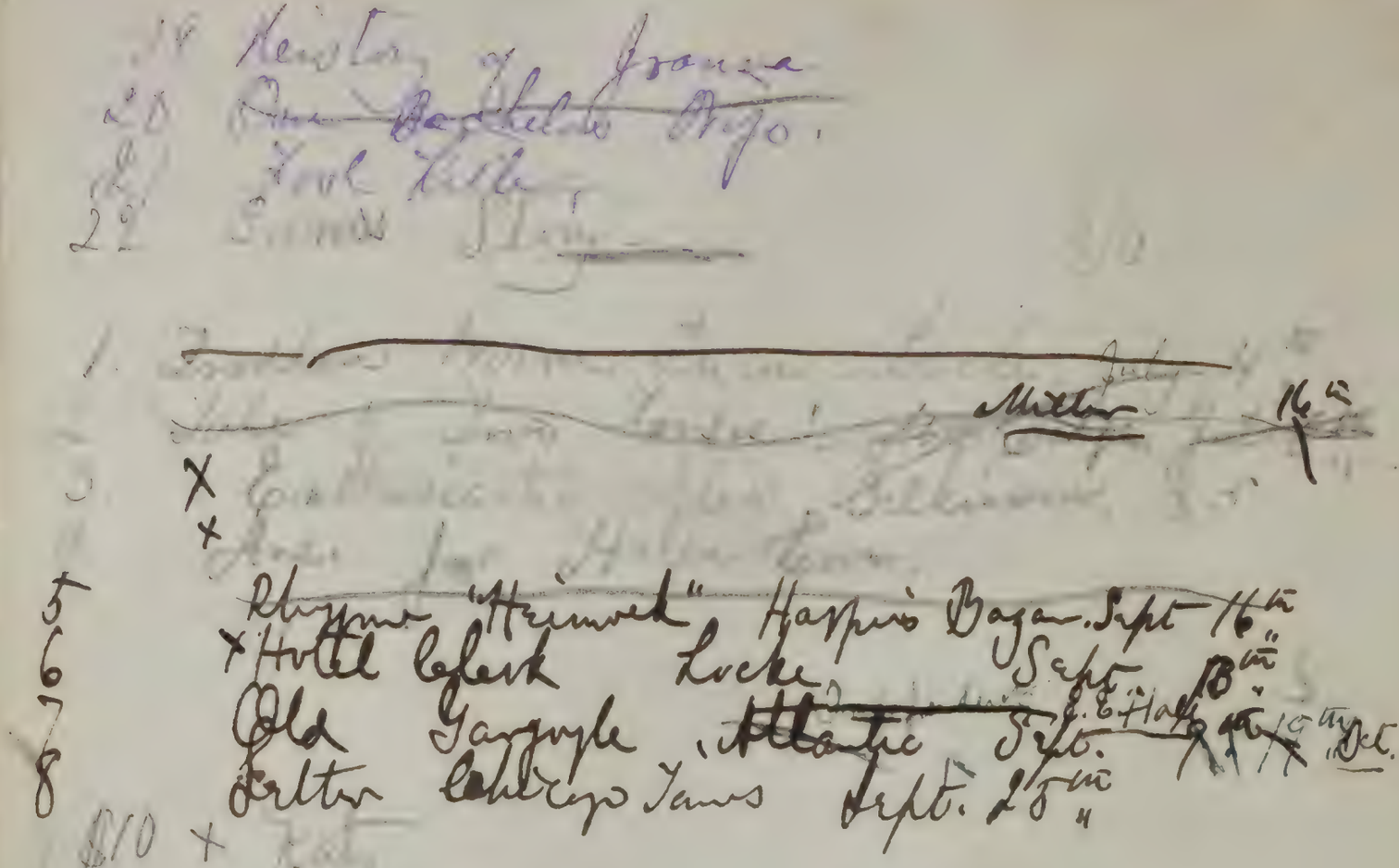


Chapter [illegible].

"Could [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

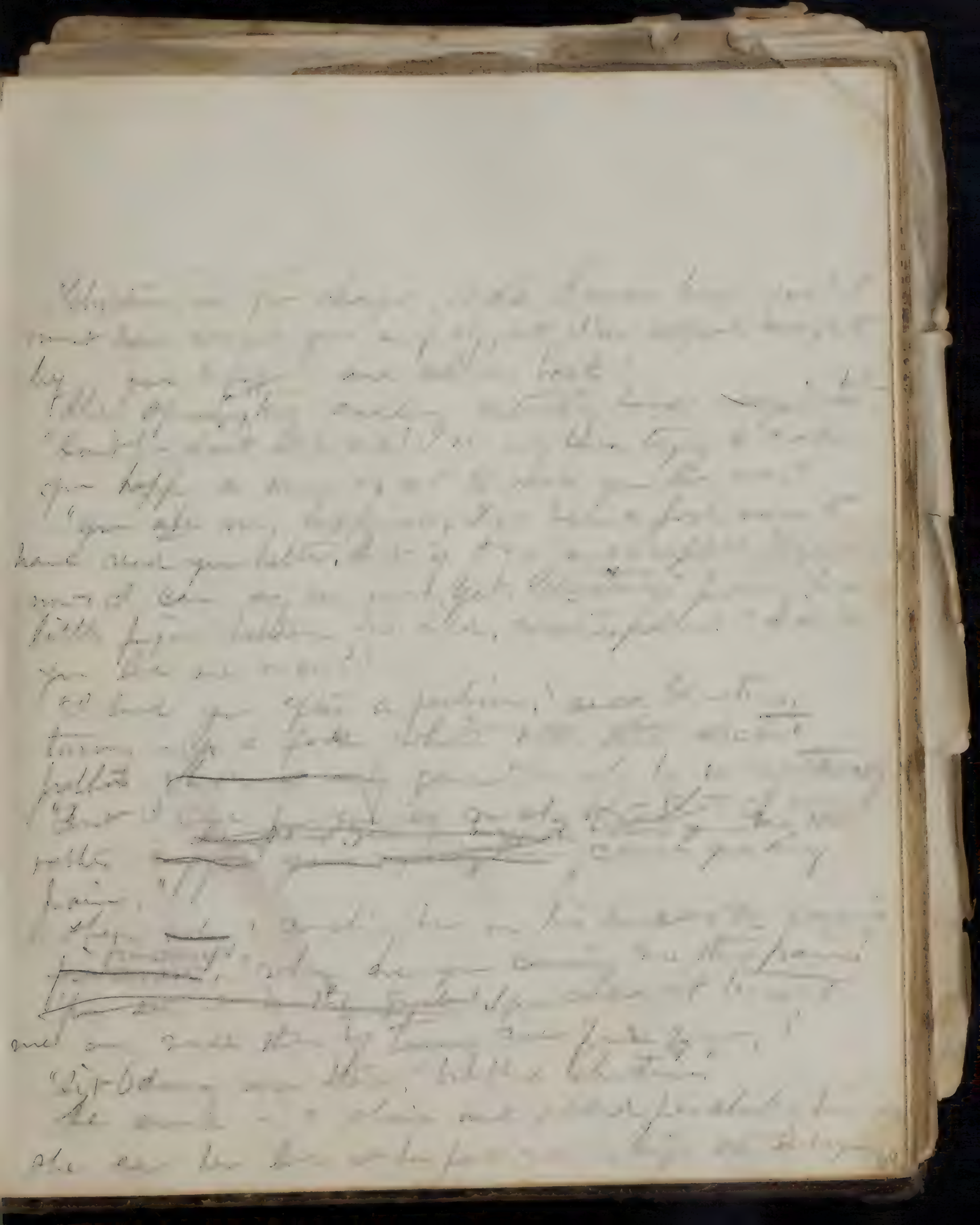






Encaenia —

June 1st " Tuesday Cincin. "Commencd."
" " " Rhyme "Wait till your
Journ" — Chapter Lunch.
~~Sunday June 4th " Dance — Albany Journ.~~
" 6 " " " Address Mr. Lee, Elocy
Wednesday " 9th " Metrop. & Private at Lago. "
Athen. July 7th Class Day Exercises.



1 A beggar man laid himself down
to sleep —
Rumpskro — Rumpskro —
A beggar man laid himself down to sleep
Rumpskro Rumpskro
A beggar ...
Behind a cock shying dark & deep
Rumpskro Rumpskro

2. Two thieves came riding by that way
And came to the field where the
beggar man lay —

3. They stole his wallet they stole his staff
And left him not a penny or halfpenny

4. As I was passing by the gate at day
I saw there two thieves dying their prayers.

5 As I was riding by Tyburn Hill
I saw there two thieves hanging there still.

Credit

"Andy" Circumvalt $9

"Bathroom" Locks

Hotel [redacted]

"

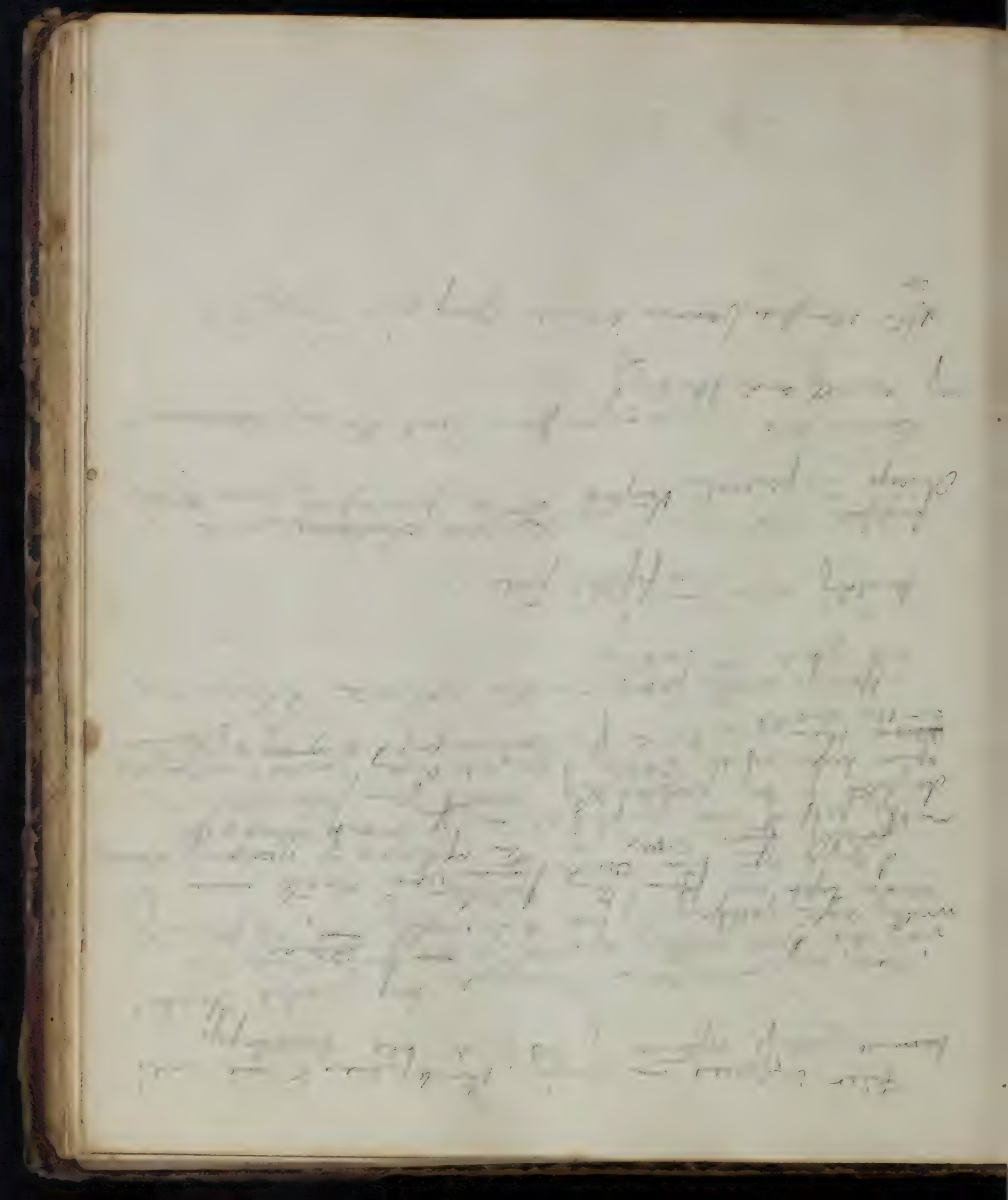
A Woman In Armor (Health + Home)

Debit

"Gargoyle" ~~Atlantic~~ Independent
"Hazelwood" ~~Galaxy~~ ~~Harper's Bro~~
~~"Lee Hall"~~ ~~Harland~~
"Freeman - Good Hope" ~~Goodyear~~

[illegible] annual [illegible]
[illegible] Hutton [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
clock of the [illegible] made them [illegible]

Thursday afternoon semi-closed with the pre-
parations [illegible] by orchestra and
audience [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
to see [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
them [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[



spoonful of water, or take both the white and yolk of the egg. Then roll the oyster in crushed cracker or bread crumbs; dip them into the egg and then roll them again in the cracker crumbs. Then drop them into hot lard and fry them brown. Take them from the lard and lay them on a piece of brown paper for a few moments before dishing. Garnish with a few sprigs of parsley.

Broiled Oysters.—Drain and wipe the oysters as above and dip them in melted butter; then broil them on an oiled gridiron over a moderate fire. Season to taste.

Escalloped Oysters.—Butter the bottom of a shallow pan and cover it with a layer of oysters; cover these with crushed cracker crumbs, and lay several lumps of butter on this, and pour in enough of the liquor of the oysters to dampen the crackers. Repeat this until the dish is full. Then bake brown.

Maitre d'Hotel Butter.—Chop fine a table-spoonful of parsley; mix thoroughly with butter; a tea-spoonful of lemon juice; a little salt and pepper. A nice dressing for steak or fish.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—Cold boiled potatoes; an ounce of butter; parsley, onions and seasonings. Pare and slice the potatoes; chop one table-spoonful of parsley; slice half an onion, and put into the frying-pan with the butter and shake it about over the fire until it is of a pale yellow color. Put in the potatoes; shake the pan to prevent burning, and toss them about to brown them slightly and equally, for five minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley; season with pepper and salt and serve hot.

Cafe au Lait.—Use either clear milk or milk and water. To one quart of milk use four heaping table-spoonfuls of coffee. Put over the fire; let it come to a boil, stirring it constantly.

Russian Tea.—First scald your pot. Put in tea according to taste for strength. Pour half of the quantity of water you intend to use over it boiling hot. Let it stand five minutes. Add the rest of the boiling water, a slice of lemon, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice for each cup.

The bill of fare for to-morrow is: To dress calf's head. To begin mock turtle soup. Milk rolls. Breakfast twist. Julienne potatoes. Saratoga onions. Omelettes. To set bread sponge. Swiss pudding, with cream sauce.

Miss Corson, at the close of the cooking lessons on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, will, by request, give a fifteen-minutes' talk (from 4:45 until 5 o'clock) upon the "Hygiene of Food," and upon the kinds of nutrition necessary for growing children, for invalids, and for persons exhausted by mental and physical labor.

There will be, of course, no charge to those holding tickets, but 20 cents will be charged to those attending the talk only.

the fire until melted; then the flour and milk were added, well mixed, and placed on the stove, and stirred until the milk began to boil, when it was taken from the fire, and the salt, pepper, cayenne, nutmeg, lemon juice and the oysters, which had previously been separated from the liquor and chopped into small pieces, were added. This finished the cooking of the oysters. The cases were then made, stale bread being used for the purpose. The bread, each piece of which was about three inches in thickness, was cut round, then a round cutter, somewhat smaller than the top of the piece of bread, was pressed against the top of the bread, making a deep incision, but not removing any of the bread. The two pieces of bread were then rolled in the gill of milk, care being taken not to allow them to soak. They were next rolled in the yolks of a couple of eggs then they were completely covered with bread crumbs and placed, with sufficient lard to cover them, into a skillet and fried until brown. They were then placed on a piece of paper and allowed to dry, after which, with the aid of a knife, Miss Dods removed the crisp bread from within the circle that had been made on each piece of bread by the cutting tin. Then, with the use of the knife, she hollowed out the bread from under the circular openings, forming quite large cavities, into which the oyster mixture was poured and the lids of crust replaced. The dish was now ready for the table.

Mis Dods explained how to make a salad dressing, but for want of time did not make it.

The ingredients used in the salad dressing are the yolks of two raw eggs, one gill of salad oil, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one half teaspoonful of dry mustard, and a little pepper and salt. It is to be prepared in the following manner: Place the yolks of the two eggs in a bowl, and drop the gill of salad oil into the bowl, drop by drop, then stir it, taking care to stir the mixture but one way, and add the pepper, salt and mustard.

Miss Dods, at the end of her lecture, spoke of returning in the fall, when she will reduce the prices and increase the lessons in a course, so that they may be of benefit to the poorer classes. From here Miss Dods will go to Chicago.

COOKERY MADE EASY.

The Lectures of Miss Julia Corson—Practical Illustrations of her Methods.

The second of the series of cookery lectures by Miss Julia Corson was delivered yesterday afternoon at the rooms in Fletcher & Sharpe's block. The lesson given to the class consisted of the following dishes: To finish stock; to clarify stock and jelly; to make caramel; Consomme or clear soup; Julienne soup; oysters, fried, broiled and escalloped; to broil steak; Maitre d' Hotel butter; Lyonnaise potatoes; coffee; Cafe au lait; Russian tea.

Miss Corson's stock consisted of four pounds of soup-meat and bones, soup-vegetables and seasonings, made on Monday. To clarify her stock for soup, Miss Corson strained it through a piece of flannel or napkin until it was bright and clear; if this does not clear it, she uses an egg.

To Make Caramel.—One ounce of brown sugar. Put one ounce of brown sugar over the fire in a frying-pan and stir it until it turns very dark brown, but do not let it burn. When it is the proper color pour into the pan half a pint of boiling water, and stir it until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Let the caramel cool, and then strain and bottle it. It is a good and harmless coloring for soups, sauces and stews of various kinds.

Julienne Soup.—Four pounds soup meat, soup-vegetables and seasonings, one egg. The stock for this soup is given above. When the stock is clear, free from fat and colored with caramel, the following vegetables, finely shreded, are added to it: Half an ounce of onion, quarter of an ounce of celery leaves or lettuce, three ounces each of carrot, white and yellow turnip, cabbage and string beans. Sometimes the vegetables are slightly browned in an ounce of butter before being put into the soup. The soup is gently simmered until the vegetables are tender. Seasoning is tested, and then it is served.

How to shred Vegetables.—The vegetables should be washed, pared, sliced thin, and laid upon the table in little, even piles about half an inch high. They should be pressed firmly down on the table with the tips of the fingers of the left hand, the tips being bent in toward the palm of the hand, the knuckles nearest the ends of the fingers projecting outward. The knife should then be taken in the right hand, the blade laid flat against the lower knuckles of the left, the point of the knife resting upon the table, the broadest part of the blade being held over the vegetables. The blade should then be brought down upon the vegetables cutting off thin slivers at each stroke. The fingers should be moved back gradually, so as to afford a surface for the knife to cut into the vegetables, and the knuckles being always bent outward to protect the tips of the fingers.

The attendance at the fourth and last lecture of Miss Matilda Lees Dods, on the science of cookery, at the Grand Opera House, yesterday afternoon, was not as good as that at the previous lectures. Miss Dods began by making some rock cakes, the component parts of which were: One pound of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, one and a half ounces of citron, one and a half ounces of raisins, one and a half ounces of brown ginger, a teaspoonful of baking powder, three eggs, and one gill of milk. It was made as follows: The flour, butter and sugar were placed in a bowl and mixed well; then the citron and raisins were added, and these being stirred, the brown ginger and the baking powder. Then in a separate bowl were placed three eggs, which were beaten very lightly, after which the milk was added.

The mixture of the second bowl was placed in the first bowl, the whole being thoroughly mixed. It was found that the mixture was now very stiff—in fact, a large spoon could be made to stand upright in the center. A well-floured baking-tin was placed on the table, and with the aid of two forks Miss Dods placed rough lumps of the dough on the tin, which was then placed in a quick oven for 15 minutes.

A cheese pastry was next made with the use of the following ingredients: Two ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, a little salt and pepper, the yelk of one egg, a little cayenne and a few drops of lemon juice.

The flour, butter and grated cheese were well mixed together with the fingers; then a small well was made in the center, into which was placed the yelk of one egg, the pepper, salt, cayenne and the few drops of lemon juice; the whole being firmly kneaded together, after which the dough was rolled up as thin as a wafer, then cut into small pieces about the size of a silver half dollar, and placed in a quick oven for five minutes.

The third dish prepared was cased oysters. The materials used were: Twenty-five oysters, three and a half ounces of butter, one and a half ounces of flour, a little grated nutmeg, pepper, salt, cayenne, a few drops of lemon juice and one gill of milk.

They were prepared as follows: The oysters were allowed to boil for five minutes in their own liquor. While they were boiling, Miss Dods placed in a separate saucepan three and a

THE ART OF COOKING.

The Third Lecture of Miss Matilda Lees Dods At the Grand Opera House.

At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the seats of the parquet and dress circle of the Grand Opera House were filled with ladies to listen to the third lecture of Miss Dods on cooking. The first dish prepared by Miss Dods was the macaroni cheese, the following articles being used: Three ounces of macaroni, three ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of butter, one egg, a little salt and pepper, a little grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of mustard and one-half pint of new milk.

Miss Dods prepared the dish in the following manner: She first washed the macaroni, being very careful not to allow it to absorb any of the water, and then put it into boiling water, where it was allowed to remain for 15 minutes. It was then boiled in milk for half an hour. While the macaroni was boiling, the fair cook placed in a bowl one egg, which she beat very lightly, then added two ounces of grated cheese and one-half of the butter, which she thoroughly mixed; then added the pepper and salt and a little cayenne. The macaroni and milk having boiled the required time, were stirred in the other mixture, the whole forming a dough, which was placed in the oven for 20 minutes, when it was ready to be eaten.

The second dish prepared was a railroad pudding, the following ingredients being used: One ounce of butter, one teacupful of flour, one teacupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of the essence of vanilla, three eggs, one-half tablespoonful of milk and one dessertspoonful of baking powder. It was made as follows: The flour, sugar, and the dessertspoonful of baking powder were mixed together, Then, in a separate bowl, were put three eggs, the essence of vanilla, and the half tablespoonful of milk, which were well mixed. The contents of the first bowl were then added, the whole being well stirred, when it was found that the mixture made a rather stiff dough. This was at once put into a French saucepan, which had previously been greased with the ounce of butter, and placed in the oven for 10 minutes, when it was ready to serve.

The third preparation was some Scotch scones, the component parts of which were: One ounce of butter, one ounce of sugar, one small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one pint of new milk and a pinch of salt.

They were prepared by putting the flour, butter and a pinch of salt in a bowl, mixing them well together with the fingers and adding half of the sugar. Then the cream of tartar and soda were placed on a plate, the small lumps in the two powders being carefully mashed, after which they were added to the first mixture; then the milk was added, the whole being well stirred. This formed the dough, which was placed on the well-floured kneading board and worked slightly with the hands, after which it was divided into two parts, each part being rolled out to about an inch in thickness and cut twice across the top. They were then placed in a slow oven for 20 minutes. When taken out they were brushed lightly with the yolk of an egg and sprinkled with sugar, then returned to the oven for a minute in order to dry the egg.

The next and last dish prepared was some delicious (looking) Wyndham cutlets. The articles necessary for forming this substantial dish were mutton cutlets, cut from the back rib, a little salt and pepper, one pound of boiled potatoes, and the yolks of four eggs. In preparing them the boiled potatoes were passed through a sieve, and into them was dropped the yolks of the eggs and a little pepper and salt, the mess being stirred over the fire for a couple of minutes. In the meantime the cutlets had been broiled and taken from the fire. They were now taken separately and covered with the prepared potatoes, and placed into the oven until brown.

This afternoon Miss Dods will deliver the fourth and last lecture of the course.

Account.

Wednesday — June 3rd 1873

From "H & H"	$25
Board	$6
Oil.	82
Belt	$1
Rivets	.66
stamps	.27
Leaz	.45
Key & Point	.75
Cluster rubber	.75
Board	$6.
Laundry	$2.50
Paper	.25
Cradle	$1.76
Points	$1.85
Lumber	.22

From H & H	$25
Board	$ 6
To Bo Lister	18.76
For P.O. order	.15
stamps	.50

From H & H	$25
Board	$ 6
Ex. bond	$ 1.50

The second in the regular course of demonstrative lectures on the art of cooking was given yesterday afternoon by Matilda Lees Dods, at the Grand Opera-house. There were many ladies present, still there was a notable lack of the cooks, the ladies who daily are found in the kitchen, and to whom humanity looks for practical, healthful and economical cookery. The lecture yesterday demonstrated that Miss Dods knows her profession; that her recipes are all practical, and for the most part inexpensive, and that from what she demonstrates and cooks in her miniature kitchen one can go home, prepare, and find a similar success. Yesterday the main dish was a boiled chicken, and at the end of one hour and twenty-five minutes it was turned from the steamer tender, juicy and digestible. A lady witnessing the operation in all its simplicity quietly remarked, "Hereafter we'll have little excuse in setting before our folks tough fowl;" and so it will be. The modus operandi was simple. First cutting off the legs at the first joint, then twisting the wings upon the shoulders, she trussed the fowl by passing a needle and thread through the under part of one wing and top part of the leg, then straight through the body, then through top part of other leg and the other wing. The string was then drawn tightly, and being passed through the folds of the skin over the neck and tied fast; the fowl being then turned upon its breast. Then the string was passed through close to the backbone, through leg, through skin at foot of the breast, then through the other leg, and again tightly tied—thereby giving the fowl a compact, plump appearance. In trussing the fowl for baking the only difference was in leaving on the feet, first dipping them in scalding water so as to peel off the skin, after which cut off the claws. Butter was then spread upon a piece of paper large enough to encircle the fowl, this butter, however, only to cover the breast, and after placing the fowl breast down in the pot of boiling hot water, it was left to simmer, not boil, for one hour and twenty-five minutes; an old chicken, say one year, somewhat longer. Miss Dods was careful to caution the class against allowing the water to boil after the fowl or meat had been put in, for in order to properly cook the water must not go above one hundred and seventy-five degrees of heat. The idea of putting butter upon the breast of the fowl was to keep the white color, and while the time varied in cooking, when it was thoroughly cooked could always be determined by running a skewer of fork

[illegible] pepper and salt [illegible] milk and a lit[illegible] small sauce-pan into which she stirred the weight above given of dry flour. This prevented the flour from getting lumpy. The milk was then added and the mixture stirred until it boiled, during which it was seasoned with a little pepper and salt, and was allowed to cook for two minutes. The whites of two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, were added while being cooked, and the dressing was ready. Then the fowl was lifted from the stove and placed on a [illegible] dish and the dressing poured over its breast; after doing which she took the yelks of two hard-boiled eggs and grated them finely over the dish. A leaf or two of asparagus was daintily deposited here and there, and the dish was complete. It looked beautiful, savory and wholesome.

The fair cook next turned her attention to an amber pudding, the recipe being: Two pounds apples, three ounces sugar, one gill cold water, the juice of one-half lemon, six ounces flour, two ounces butter, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, and four eggs. Next came a milk-roll recipe: One pound flour, one ounce sugar, one ounce butter, teaspoonful baking powder, and one pint new milk. Fourth were apple-fritters, simple and palatable. The recipe included three or four apples, pared and thickly sliced, three ounces flour, one ounce melted butter, one gill tepid water, one ounce sugar, the white of an egg, and a pinch of salt, and the method was much the same as demonstrated the preceding day. As a close for the day Miss Dods illustrated how to skin and bone a fish, a simple process. This done the fillets were seasoned to suit taste and fried in hot lard—the same lard which had been used for other clafters both the preceding day and this afternoon. It was explained, however that after frying the fish it would be worthless for further use.

The third of the series will be given this afternoon, and the [illegible]ournal cannot too earnestly impress upon the ladies that the course is well worthy of their attention and patronage.

Owing to her lectures there is a general interest in

MATILDA LEES DODS.

The Problem of a Tough Chicken Reduced to a Tender Quantity Satisfactorily Solved.

SOMETHING OF THE SCHOOL WHERE MISS DODS GRADUATED.

the art culsine, and it is also of interest to learn something of the school where Miss Dods and her sister received their instruction. It is called the National Training School, and is located at South Kensington, England. On first entering the pupil is taken to the scullery, where for a week she is shown how to clean all the vessels used in cooking—pots pans and kettles, tins, etc. These at South Kensington are of copper, but Miss Dods is delighted with American granite ware, and has adopted it almost exclusively. She uses no tin vessels, and every article must be of immaculate cleanliness. From the scullery the next step is the demonstrating class, where is explained how cooking is done. Here the time occupied is two weeks. Next the artisan kitchen, where are prepared only the plainest viands. Here is shown how to cook meats and plain vegetables of all kinds. The next higher grade is the middle class—kitchen in which the pupil is told how to make creams, jellies and simple desserts. Next to the high class, where she is initiated into all the mysteries of entree, ragout, piece de resistance, etc., of a gentleman's table. Two months have thus been taken up, and the pupil has only her notes to show she has learned anything. But from this class she goes back to the scullery as teacher, and through each in the same capacity. She is now brought before the august committee, who, if they know nothing of cooking, make it up in quality. This committee is composed of the following titled dames and lords: Duke of Richmond, Lady Marian Alford, Sir Henry Cole, and the Hon. Levison-Gower, before whom the young lady must demonstrate just as Miss D. did before her class here. This is a very trying ordeal, for, though she may be a very good cook, she may fall in demonstrating it, fall short in her marks, and take either no diploma or one of lower grade. Four grades are given out according to proficiency. After the demonstration comes the examination, and the pupil is awarded her diploma or politely told she can't keep hotel. A great number fail to pass the strict demonstration and examination, and we believe Miss Dods said out of her class of sixty only four took the first grade diploma. The average attendance is two hundred, but of this number many do not finish the course, which is five months. The tuition is not exorbitant—about $100 for the course—and the cost of living during the time is not great. The total expenditure is about $250. In the school are taught and demonstrated two hundred recipes. To these Miss Dods has added three hundred more, some her own creation, others given her. Some of the most valuable of the latter she has received from American ladies—and of dishes un-

wn in this tight little island. This training school is not established for the poorer classes, and poor girls are not the only pupils. But Lady Ethel trips down daily to learn how to keep the young soon-to-be husband's love, and stately dowager Duchess —— drives up to the portals and in a lesson of an hour learns the secret that makes her dinners a brilliant success. Young girls from Belgravia take a course before marriage, feeling the importance of knowing how to cook as much as preparation of the trousseau. Miss Dods contemplates establishing a school in the United States and while she has not committed herself, it is more than likely that she will locate in Philadelphia. Her sister will assist her, and should they establish a school in this country, they will probably incorporate with the kitchen a housekeeping class, where will be taught everything, from the care of the drawing-room to the pantry and linen closet. When Miss Dods does this will there not be fewer young girls out of work, going shabby and half-starved or worse, going to the bad because there is no gentler employment to be found?

into the breast. When that is done the remainder of the fowl is sure to be. To the water in which the chicken was simmering was added a tablespoonful of salt. As a proper dressing Miss Dods recommended two ounces butter, one and a half ounces flour, two hard-boiled eggs, [illegible]

Per Omet. Tates Receipts.

To two pies take 1 cup Lard
2 " s flour
Water to mix.

Apple-dumpling sauce.

1 cup sugar.
½ " butter — ½ flour
spice — hot water — for 7 dumplings.
Pour over dumplings in pan & bake till baked. Make crust like light biscuit dough.

Spice Cake

1 cup brown sugar
½ " butter
2 eggs
1½ cups flour
½ " sweet milk
1 " chopped raisins
½ tsp. each spice — cinnamon, nutmeg — cloves &c
½ tsp full saleratus
Put to bake to bug.

Baking powder biscuit.

One at. flour mixed thoroughly with
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, & salt,
5 " lard, cold water enough
to mix.

Soft Gingerbread.

1 cup N. O. Molasses
2/3 " sour cream
1 teaspoon saleratus
1/2 " ginger
salt — sifted flour.

Pound Cake.

10 eggs
1 lb. sugar
1 " flour
3/4 " butter

Sponge Cake.

5 eggs
2 cups sugar
2 " flour
1/2 " cold water
2 teaspoons baking powder

Stir together the sugar and beaten yolks, add water, then flour and beaten whites alternately, having put baking powder in flour.

Meat Balls.

Boil all the scraps of beef &c. chop very fine, removing fat, bone & gristle; then season with pepper, salt, sage, summer savory, one or two beaten eggs, a little flour; put into balls & fry a nice brown in butter.

Muffins.

2 eggs
1 pt. milk
2 teaspoonfulls baking powder —
salt — make pretty thick with flour.

Cream pies. (Two pies.)

1 pt. milk put on to heat.
Beat yolks 4 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoonfull butter — pinch salt —
Stir in the milk when scalded
then add 3 tablespoonfulls corn starch
dissolved in cold water. Use the
whites with sugar for a meringue.

1 a Flour.

4 eggs - yolks & whites beaten separately.
1 pt. sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
" " salt
Flour to thicken.

Boiled Custard.

6 eggs to 1 qt milk
1 cup sugar - Stir sugar & eggs together & add milk while boiling.
When cold, flavor.

Pudding.

Yolks 5 eggs
1 pt bread crumbs
1 cup sugar
1 qt. milk
After baking spread jelly on top
then the whites of eggs mixed with
½ cup sugar. Brown delicately.

Cocoanut Pudding.

1 pt. milk
5 eggs
1 cup cocoanut soaked in milk (one hour)
1 " sugar
Save the whites of 3 eggs, beat to a froth, sweeten, spread on top & brown.

Pickle Cucumbers.

One gallon soft water, add 1 teacup rock salt, heat it boiling hot, pour over cucumbers, let them remain 24 hrs. Repeat 3 times when they will be ready for the cider vinegar which must be poured over them cold, cover them with horse radish leaves to prevent mouldig - press with heavy plate under vinegar. In a few days use.

Katie Lessen's Cream Cake with Chocolate Icing.

Cake.

2 cups powdered sugar - ½ cup butter
4 eggs - ½ cup milk
2 teaspoonsfull baking powder - 3 cups flour

Icing.

Whites 3 eggs - 1½ cups sugar - 3 tablespoonfull grated chocolate - 1 teaspoonfull vanilla.

Cream filling for cake.

½ pt. milk — 1 egg — 2 tablespoons corn starch — ½ cup Sugar — 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Tomato Soup.

1 pint milk with 1 tablespoonful flour set up with cold milk stirred in as it begins to boil.

1 quart of tomatoes — pepper — salt — butter.

To Brown Butter Cream

2 cakes white soap 1 tablespoon
Gelatine of ice. Dip Gelatine in cold
hot.

Jelly Rolls.

3/4 # butter
1 # sugar
1 # [illegible] egg Beaten Separately
1 # [illegible]
1 # [illegible] currants
1 # citron
1 # sifted flour
1 tbsp [illegible] Flavor 12 or 5 drops to oil.

Beat the raisins very fine, wash & dry currants & cut the citron fine. Mix the flour in the batter, & put the citron & raisins in last. Bake one in the bottom, one in the middle & one an inch from the top.

Devils Cake.

2 cups flour. 1 cup brown sugar; 1 cup [illegible]
1/2 cup butter; 1/2 cup sour milk; 1/2 teaspoon soda.
1 teaspoon cream tartar; 2 cups flour; yolks 4
eggs; cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, 1/2 [illegible] each
[illegible] 1 1/2 cups white sugar, 1/2 cup butter

Joaquin Miller has been giving the story of his life to a correspondent of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*. He says he came "from a God-forsaken, impecunious, wandering race," that his father "is a gentleman, a tender, soulful man, so mild that he would not kill a squirrel, so knit with peaceful instincts that he wouldn't participate in a Fourth of July celebration." As near as he can tell, the poet says he was born in Cincinnati in 1841. He ran away from his home in California, was captured by the Modocs, lived with them nearly five years, loved them, learned their language, fought with them, and escaped from them to San Francisco in 1858. He then went to Oregon, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. His practice of law was "not worth a cent," and he soon became editor of a newspaper for a short time. In 1866 he was elected District Judge of Oregon, and served in that position four years. Of his marriage he says: "I was married at Fort Orford in 1863. I don't know of one pleasant moment after that for years. Every man and woman will have his or her say about that part of my life. If I read a certain book correctly there is but one who arbitrates finally. But that sort of sentiment aside, I leave no scandal to feed the world on—it dearly loves it, doesn't it?—nor have I anybody's forgiveness to ask. I may be mistaken, but I don't think the world will ever look in Joaquin Miller's face expecting him to give it what he has buried." When asked about his first poem, he replied: "I think my first poem, my very first poem, was babbled at my mother's breast, for I never looked at her, or think of her, but I thought, and think in song, I've a blessed mother." He is at work on a new poem, called "Adrianne: A Dream of Italy."

JOAQUIN MILLER IN LONDON.

A correspondent of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, who has been "interviewing" [illegible], thus represents that poet as relating his experiences in London: I went to writing little things and sending them to the papers. But they never published any of them, and I never got an answer. I began to think London was a great city, and that after all I was only one of its atoms. Well, I tugged along not altogether hopelessly, and began arranging my poems suitably for publication in book form, and to seek for a publisher. I worked hard all the forenoon, and in the afternoon walked against fate for a publisher, but always got beaten. Then at night I would come home with a heart so heavy and so utterly desolate that I was sure I could never look up again. Time after time I have stood before the melancholy old fireplace with my poems in my hand ready to fling them into the flames, and the resolve in my heart to fling myself over a bridge, and make a hole in the Thames. But (laughing lazily) I was generally too tired to [illegible], and would go to bed, have a good [illegible], get up in the morning refreshed and hopeful, only to go over the same old discouragements round again.

Through Whitelaw Reid's advice I had deposited $10,000 in gold-bearing bonds in New-York before leaving for Europe, and had only taken a few hundred dollars with me. I received the interest on the bonds regularly, but about this time I became terribly pushed for money and had to pawn my watch and rings. I sent to my brother; got help, but never could get a publisher. No hope came. I resolved to see the poems in type, and issued 50 copies under the title of the "Pacific Poems," issued from the Chiswick press on New Year's of 1873. Then I sent a copy to the leading newspapers and reviews, and—well, I locked the poems and the criticisms in my leather bag and received the publishers as courteously as I knew how! I had got fame, and, thanks to nobody, I have had my price for work ever since.

Then the Savage Club took me up through Mr. Graves, author of the "Songs of Killarney." I met noble Tom Hood, who gave me a letter to Fred Lockyer, brother-in-law of Dean Stanley, and he made me at home in London. Everybody seemed to want to take me by the hand that they would have thrown aside a month before, and lead me up higher. From the Savage I was sent to the Whitefriar's, from that to St. Alban's, from that to the Garrick, then to the Pre-Raphaelites', then to the Athenæum, and was made an honorary member of all save the Garrick, which is the first actors' club of the world. Then the "Songs of the Sierras" was issued by Longman & Co., and everything seemed in a dizzy whirl. I was nervous, excited, and with the to me blinding success. In the midst of this came a despatch announcing my sister's death in Oregon, and that my loved brother was dying in Eastern Pennsylvania. I hastened to his bedside, and while caring for him revised "The Songs of the Sierras" for the American edition issued by Roberts Bros. I had got it all ready for the press, and the poor fellow who had helped me and had had undying faith in me wished me to read portions of it. But he never heard a word. He died next day.

Queen of Puddings

One pint of bread crumbs - fine. (This does not mean one pint of solid dry crumbs - but light and lovely - from bread a day old). One quart of milk. four eggs. one cup of sugar; one lemon; butter size of egg. 1 glass currant or raspberry or blackberry jelly.

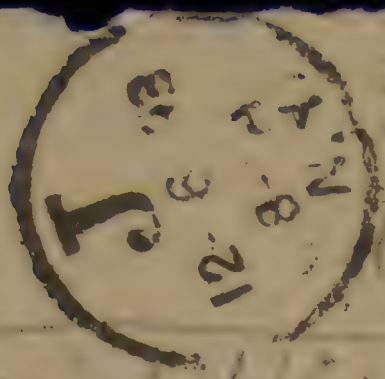
Heat half the milk, and pour it boiling over the bread crumbs - add sugar, butter, grated rind of lemon and the rest of the milk. When lukewarm add beaten yolks of eggs, stir well, and bake. Be sure it is done in the middle - bake it as you would custard. When done spread with the jelly. Beat up the whites, add 3 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the juice of the lemon; (one)

Spread above the jelly - return to the oven and brown.

This must be eaten cold - and is much better to stand a day.

2 cups Sugar
1 " Butter
1 " Sweet milk
2 T. S Baking Powder
Salt. 2 Eggs. and flour
as you like it- may mix
(to hard and roll all
out at one if you can as
continuely adding flour
puts it in.

a v E



Tomato Catsup Pudding

Cream ½ cup butter with 1½ cups sugar, add 2 eggs, beat well, add 1 cup tomato catsup, 2½ cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup nuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup citron, 1 cup currants, 1 cup chopped figs, 1 cup chopped candied orange peel, 1 cup chopped candied lemon peel, 1 cup chopped candied pineapple, 1 cup chopped candied cherries, 1 cup chopped candied apricots, 1 cup chopped candied peaches, 1 cup chopped candied pears, 1 cup chopped candied plums, 1 cup chopped candied grapes, 1 cup chopped candied strawberries, 1 cup chopped candied raspberries, 1 cup chopped candied blackberries, 1 cup chopped candied gooseberries, 1 cup chopped candied currants, 1 cup chopped candied figs, 1 cup chopped candied dates, 1 cup chopped candied prunes

RECIPE FOR MAKING BREAD.

In cold weather, warm the flour thoroughly before mixing. To one and one-half pounds of flour add one pint of water or milk (using compressed yeast). If liquid yeast is used, take one-quarter part yeast to three quarter part water or milk, making one pint of liquid to above amount of flour. Beat vigorously and continuously; the longer the better. Do not stir afterwards. Salt to taste. When shortening is used pure leaf lard is the best (one ounce to the above is sufficient). Set to rise about nine o'clock in the evening, if wanted the next morning. GREAT CARE SHOULD BE USED TO ALWAYS KEEP IT WARM (not hot but warm). In making up in the morning before putting in pans, mould until quite smooth, Let it rise from one-half to one hour before baking. Much depends upon baking, Care is necessary to have the oven hot enough to bake as quickly as possible without burning. This recipe is for an ordinary family baking. For a larger quantity, use the same proportions of ingredients. Where compressed yeast is used our experience leads us to believe it is better to set the flour to rise early in the morning rather than over night, as this yeast is much more rapid in its working than ordinary liguid yeast. This flour being largely composed of the glutinous portion of the wheat, should be mixed much softer than other flour as it absorbs moisture more slowly than flour having a large percentage of starch. THOROUGH KNEADING IMPROVES THE BREAD (twenty minutes is not too long).

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MINNEAPOLIS
Extra FLOUR
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and is warranted to be our highest grade of flour.

When ordering flour of your dealer be sure to ask for WASHBURN CROSBY CO'S flour. If your grocer does not keep it, address a postal card to the WASHBURN CROSBY CO., Minneapolis, Minn., and they will see

That you will Get the Genuine Article

from a grocer who does keep it

Every barrel or sack of flour bears the firm name in full, "WASHBURN CROSBY CO.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Mrs E. H. Reeds Doughnuts.

1 cup granulated sugar
a pinch of salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg.
1 tablespoon of melted lard & butter mell.
2 eggs beaten well
1½ cups sweet milk
1 qt sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
Mix with a spoon. Flour your board, and take out on it one spoonfull (a tablespoon) at a time. Cut out enough to fry once & no more at a time.
Have lard very hot & turn them as soon as they come up. Take them out & let them rest on brown paper a few minutes to cool. Hope you will like them.

Indian Pudding

1 qt milk
1 cup sugar
4 eggs
1 lemon
butter size of an egg
1 pint bowl crumbs — fine bread crumbs — not too stale — grate if old.

Take the milk & heat it scalding. Put crumbs in pudding dish and pour scalding milk over crumbs. While hot add butter, grated rind & lemon, put in the sugar & add milk so as to cool it quick. Take yolks of 4 eggs, beat with cup of sugar, and add to milk & bread crumbs when cool enough. Put in one bake about 1 hour; serve cold. Whites of eggs to be put in middle, & add 5 tbsp powdered sugar to them & brown.

When nearly done beat whites of 2 eggs to stiff froth, add 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 tsp vanilla, cut into squares & brown [illegible] Serve cold. Make in day before used.

½ cups cornmeal
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup sweet milk

Sponge Cake.

1 cup flour 1 cup sugar

1 " flour

1/2 teaspoonful cream tartar

3 eggs, a pinch of salt.

Separate eggs. Beat yolks

well, add sugar & beat again

add, strain and stir flour

& beat until stiff

Then add the whites

& flour, beat lightly

Bake one hour, cool

Flavoring must be added

with the yolks.

Mrs. Miskimen's Daughnuts.

2 eggs
1 cup sugar light brown
if you have it -
1 cup sweet milk
1 tsp -
3 tsp B Powder well
mixed in
Flour enough to
roll soft not stiff
in the flour you
choose using
or whatever you like
I wish you luck,

Fruit salad -

One orange of Lemon-
ade - You know what I
mean - Don't think I have
spelled it right - but as much
water as it calls for - Then
cut three or four oranges, the
juice of one lemon - a small can
of pineapple cut in small pieces
to one cup of sugar or preserve
Set in a cool place - it will
freeze in ice box - 2 hours -

Pendulum Illustrations

Table Illusions Class:

Select from 3 multiple choice, short answer, fill-in-the-blank worksheets on the topic of Pendulum Illusions or Pendulum Motion. Include diagrams or pictures from various textbooks or websites.

Art: Have students create a pendulum illusion drawing. Provide them with a piece of paper, a pencil, and a ruler. Instruct them to draw a straight line down the middle of the paper. Then, have them draw a curved line on one side of the straight line, starting at the top and ending at the bottom. Next, have them draw a second curved line on the other side of the straight line, starting at the top and ending at the bottom. Finally, have them draw a third curved line on the other side of the straight line, starting at the top and ending at the bottom. Have them color in the spaces between the lines with different colors. When they look at the drawing, it will appear as if the lines are moving back and forth, like a pendulum.

Science Experiment:

Use a string, a weight, a stopwatch, and a ruler to measure the period of a pendulum. Have students record their observations and calculate the period of the pendulum using the formula T = 2π√(L/g), where T is the period, L is the length of the pendulum, and g is the acceleration due to gravity.

Math: Have students create a graph of the relationship between the length of a pendulum and its period. Have them use the data they collected in the science experiment to create the graph.

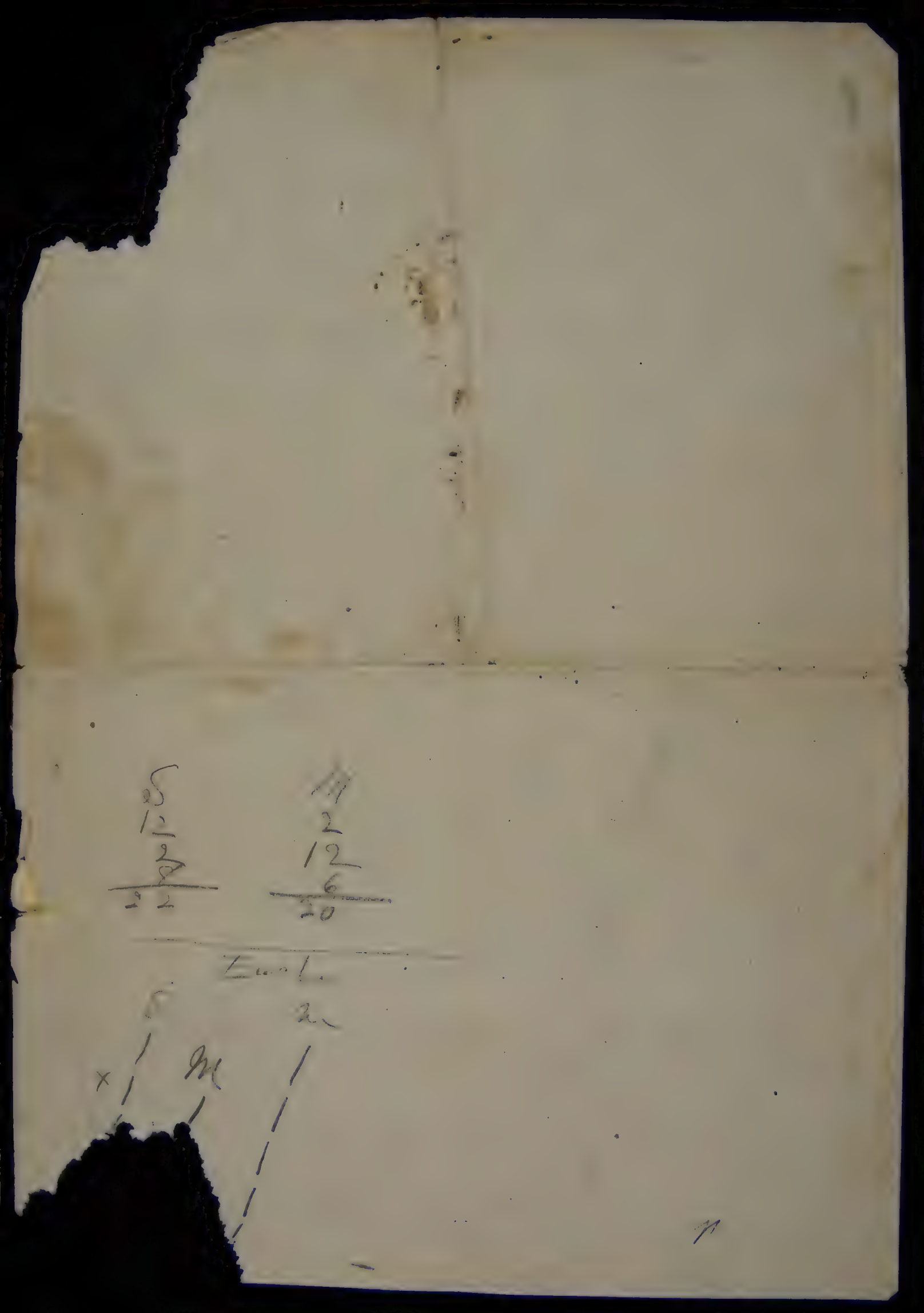
Physics: Have students research the history of pendulums and their use in clocks. Have them write a report on their findings.

Music: Have students create a pendulum instrument. Provide them with a piece of string, a weight, and a ruler. Have them attach the weight to the string and the ruler to the string. Have them experiment with different lengths of string to create different pitches. Have them play a simple song on their instrument.

Physical Education: Have students create a pendulum obstacle course. Provide them with a variety of objects, such as cones, hoops, and balls. Have them set up the obstacle course and then have them run through it, using the pendulum motion to help them navigate the obstacles.

Clothing Wapiana.

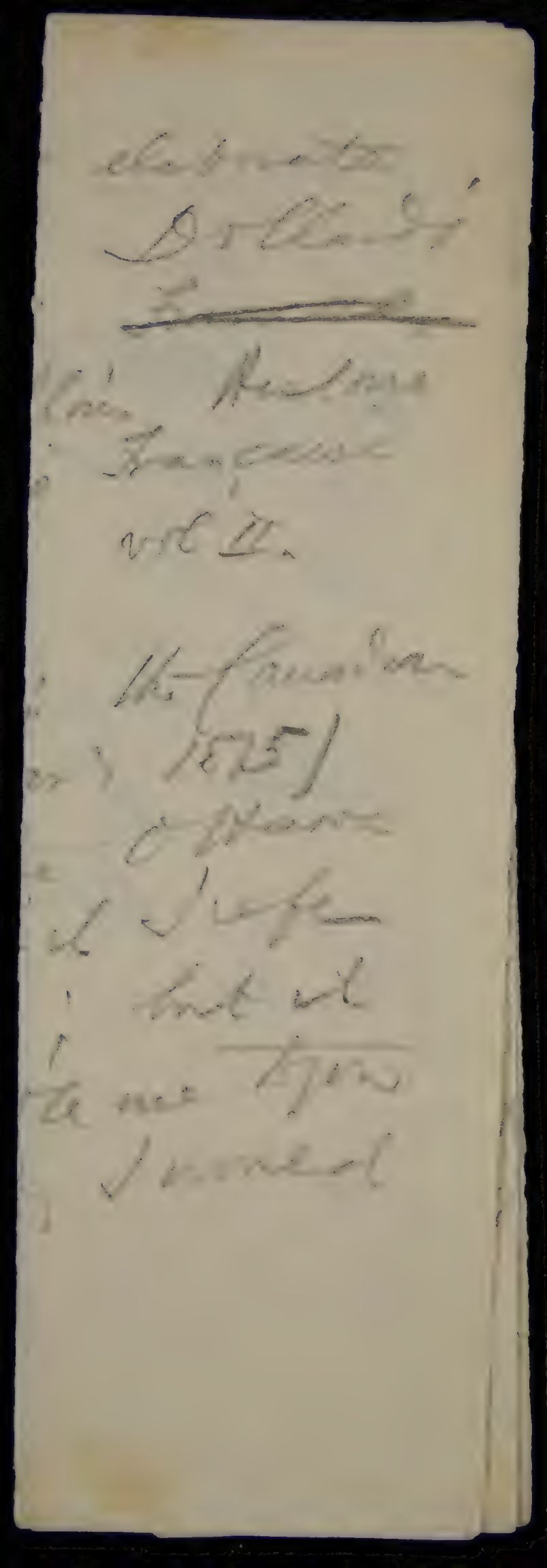
Director of Officers — 1 Dress
Assistant — 2 "
Sports Costume — ½ "
Mess Attendants — ½ "
Old performers — ½ "



HOUSE OF
DEI ET MON
CANADA

Answers

1. Ans
The number
the three
at the
of them
not
miles



2

[illegible]

COMMONS

Parkman says: "The Histoire du Canada" of Sagard, the curious Relation of the Jesuit Biard, and those of the Jesuits Charles Lalemant, Le Jeune, and Ragueneau, together with two narratives — one of them hardly known — in the 17th & 19th volumes of the Collection de Documents Inédits, may also be consulted as among the leading authorities of the first period of this work." (Preface to "Champlain and Jesuit Fathers.")

"Of manuscripts used" he mentions "Book I. Histoire de Champlain: "Grand Voyage" et Relation d'Father Vimont", an important and very curious document in which the early efforts of Boston and Plymouth fishermen are recorded by one who [illegible] (obtained from archives of France.)

[illegible] Faribault, Esq. of Quebec [illegible]

[illegible]

Books.

Susane - "Ancienne Infanterie Française" V 236

Lumbering.

Lumber cuts 7 logs. Two men go to each two sides, [illegible] below three in next square hole in snow. Centre 7 above a large earthen heath built up to the height of a man, [illegible] red ants and logs. Crane holding kettle always full of [illegible] tea.

Lumbers and chop fuel. They chop in winter; logs to saw logs down river in May. Logs are sometimes fastened in two lots by boring hole and driving in withe with log, then attaching the same withe pinched to next log. Booms are a line of logs stretched across river to stop the drive. Cribs of logs filled with stone help the strength of boom - boom extending from crib to crib. The men follow the drive (or fleet of logs) in boat - a flat bottomed boat sharp at each end - and camp on the banks at night.

When logs reach boom they sort them out, each log being marked with owner's private mark, separate them and fasten

them in lots to go down the slides
Slides are descending canals made beside rapids
are rapids: they ride on rafts & hop down
the slide, getting splashed, very exciting.
Saws are fixed to mills to saw
into boards. Ottawa great lumber re-
gion: [illegible]
& beans

se rendent aboutir à vn lac, dont le tour est quasi de quatre cent lieües, que nous nommons la Mer Douce qui a quelque flux & reflux, & qui dans son extremité plus éloignée de la maison que les RR. PP. Iesuites ont fait bastir en ce païs, a communication auec deux autres lacs encore plus grands, bordez de diverses Nations, non encore instruites à la Foy, faute d'Ouuriers Apostoliques & de moyens pour les y pouuoir entretenir.

"The Commodities of the Island called Manate ore Long Ile which is in the Continent of Virginia.

IV

"Theare Oacks of three severall soarts, with Ash and Wallnut trees Sweet red Ceader & Pines, Firr and Deale, and Spruce for Masts of Shipping and Pitche all excellent Ludge and infenite Pitch and Tarr and Masts and Yeards for Ships of 400 tunne theere worth 30 and 40 £ a peece."

XXIII

"As for freedom and pleasure to Hancke hunt fish and fowle theare is great varietie and also all daintie of fruits that Italy or the Gardens of Spaine affordeth may be had of their Rich Grounds, for it is as hott as Spaine or Italy and as full of pleasure and Comforte."

XXV

"The Spring Waters there are as good as Small beere here, but those that com from the Woods are not so good but all together wanting

Father Joseph le ~~Ca~~ Caron, first missionary to the Hurons, 1615. (Jesuit Relations, "Hurons.")

Comg French & English war on U.S. territory (Wells & Dinwiddie) about 1754 - both governments claim land on Ohio & entire interior country. French decide to link Canada to Louisiana - land route - & send down Allegheny valley, English only line of Atlantic coast settlements, not dreamed that they extended to further western limits.

Jamestown founded 1608

Note: to remember in book on prospective view. Make an actual sketch.

At Richmond the James seems to come from the south; the river has flowed south, then seems to turn the corner around.

The mountains, seen from the west, do not seem a dome, but a chain of 2 or several more mountains (maybe with several individual peaks) of the Appalachian chain.

Water & Ottawa absolutely [illegible] Each breaks, [illegible] distinct.

Hay fields out [illegible] fences, rail fences, meadows, [illegible] fences, willow swamps, [illegible] fences.

11. Trees resting very in [illegible]

Church at Kingsport (in way to St. Simons)

Steep roof houses - gable

[illegible]

Rough cart houses.

dormer [illegible]

[illegible] and the yards
Straight [illegible] & back [illegible]
upper part(s) of [illegible]
and into flats.

Large broad chimneys

outhouse [illegible] small [illegible]
blocks.
windows lined with wall [illegible]

1 own [illegible] against house in
[illegible] back.

Blue, [illegible] Mountains north,
Myalmurra dark portion [illegible]
[illegible] 10 [illegible] &c.

[illegible] path

works Docks

Spring coming
down Violin
Street with
stream and
channels

Bond thatched [illegible]
[illegible] clear, [illegible]

Great doors [illegible]

Chimney of pointed [illegible]

[illegible] part of hay cart,

Close copsing at edge of [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] to water,
hazy distance.

Whole family out [illegible] from [illegible]
[illegible]

Continued [illegible] all the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] little effect [illegible]
[illegible]

Mole (mill)

[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by
[illegible] [illegible]

in the space of three leagues.

Note from Lescarbot.

"Up to 1617 and later, Champlain's residence was in the former house on the east side of the Church of Notre-Dame des Victoires."

"Maccadamum made date not at from 1611."

"Tobacco was not absorbed in Lower Canada until 1813. Scarcely visited in Upper Canada."

Hem both sides of towel.

Pick French knot in each end, and
mark day by a fountain pen
Open pinking shears
Potato plants in
Peas
Lettuce
Tomatoes, Onions, Chives, Radishes
Mustard

Paper bags, clamp not
Oven, brown bags & bacon with
pine branches

Use paper bags. Cut
neck shorter for clean
down bottom. Corner pa-
per. Other from inside.

Moccasins of leather.
Little letter in big bag down.
Lavender & Old Lace
Children dance. Wrench Ivy
maple

At Logan Canyon Forests
L. Grazing Service
Water Power

Plains of Abraham

Interior View of the Wolfe Monument
in Quebec Citadel Church

Postcard from Ford Collection
The Church of [illegible]
Dates on Golden Lions and
figures on Turrets are older — 1711 / 1690.

Montcalm

Map showing [illegible] at Quebec, returning from
Hamilton — Morin College Library, Vol. 44
[illegible] Sunderland & Lightning [illegible]

No 7)

1759 (Siege of Quebec.)

Col. Malcolm Fraser's Journal — the Founder of the
Corps by Capt. Graham's Co. of Rangers, who had taken part
in the Seven Years Wars following June and away. (Rangers
were, for the most part, raised in the Highlands.)
Wolfe's Cove — formerly called La Foulon, a little
inlet above Quebec.)

"The main body of our army encamped this
night on the ground we gained after climbing a hill & scaling
a precipice very steep, and covered with wood
and bushes."

"Our regiment I mean the Highlanders"

Fr. Malcolm Fraser's Journal of Siege of Quebec.

Character sketches. His account of [illegible]
Remember his dialogue — Wolfe between
Troops & Montcalm.

"The [illegible] Siege at Quebec and [illegible]
[illegible] pp Siege [illegible]

(over)

Mod. Historians

Name

Madame Guizot de Witt
Nicole
Olivier

Gingras
Fallelier
Langevin
Lareau
Racicot
Drolet

Tremblay
Gagnon

Bibaud
Lemieux
Morisset
Gérin

Bourassa
Faucher de St. Maurice
Laberge
Pagnet
Lafontaine

Newton Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America"
Vol i to vi — Ginn and Co
Vol ii to vi — Ch. Scribner's Sons
Chap on Acadians & Nova Scotia
Times —

At Laval Université Professor Ls. Lionais Lecture on the Acadians

On way to Dinner
(Continued)

Type of Costume

Pretty girl, black eyes, curly hair. Scholastic dress.

Sour woman: cotton in her ears. Seems jolly, witty

"For mercy sake, read, Jessie!"

"Hyer's my paper"

Pretty blue eyed, snowy-faced girl. Breath of balsam tree.

Clara for Lilly. Big muffin, hole, crackle, fine flour, warm rosy.

Dress, gait, tone, bow and words. "How'dy" "How-de-do" "Mornin' Mr. Ayers" "Mornin' Ayers"

Old woman, white cap, long collared leather overcoat, smart by itself but spoiled by cord tied.

Thanksgiving Day

(Continued)

Pulpit projecting along side
of [illegible] wall, [illegible]

Nave

Old [illegible] roof, [illegible]
[illegible], window [illegible]

[illegible] arcade [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

Grassed [illegible]
cross-based [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

Gothic [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

Stone font on [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

(Continued)

Delectus Dei Cultus
Delta Garden Club
Flag of [illegible]
Image in creation house. Like Mother
Mary and Lotus Lodge.
Hills/Over hills.
Joyous (Schmidt)
Jonah and whale really in house,
Sea Hyacinth and Delaware.
Tree frog in center of old
round locker.
Bird bath on side of house
with moss drops. Looks like
bird bath.
Clips Martin Jeans, Maple
oak, Petrea purple flower,
plant like fern in blossom
vine.
Magnolia flower or fruit
Outdoor fire, fireplace
upper Hung Lo Kung Woodland

Here (ends) list of books,

Large Church of St. Anne de Beaupré.

Much like other Roman Churches.
Pillars of clouded & fluted Corinthian
St. Anne holding young Child in her
arms (St. Anne fold around) stands on
Crucible pillar before Church. Pillar
Elaborately ornamented also top with fold
Vaults. Altar Carrara like marble
Carving resting on plain white pillars.
Canadian style.

Chapels at sides, the usual stations.
Right & left hand Aisles. Votive
Tablets hung in Corridor Cathedrals &
Crutches left by pilgrims Rock
Scala Sanctorum, Old Pilgrim Path
rough, but Carefully planned.

People coming and going. Two French
women in Church one Divine petticoat,
the two last Church Goers & the
Sacristy. Front Capitol. Lamps
Angels above dropping into Breadbasket two
Friends in front of Pulpit in Nave each
Pulpit with Sounding in Back Canopy
Hearings. See Church around St. Anne
Shrine (the pillar shrine)

St. Anne (East Entrance)

Walls look like veined marble. High deep-set windows, white transparent shades ecclesiastically arranged.

Fresco: Procession to the chapel of the Holy Rose

Two half pyramids like one tree running up them over passing Wheels, full of cars, crutches, trees, etc. Altars of Flame all lit, Left Chapel of Patrick, St Jonathan. Right Chapel of Stephen and Jonathan. Stained windows all around. Left-hand Entrance Chapel. Simple cable beautiful stained glass work) fresco on two walls Chapel,

At modern Pulpit and holding his little lame boy in his arms, Peter welcomes them to the Church. Behind him stands St. Anne, Child Jesus, Holy Ghost, Virgin and Joseph looking down on them. Christ in his modern

Right-hand Chapel

Fresco

St. Christopher Crossing Stream, St. Nicholas of Tolentine, St. Joseph, The Holy Family,

St. Joseph and the Child Jesus

Noms et prénoms

Marie Rondeau

Jean Hermenegilde
Rochefort

Adrien Charland

Arthur Deslauriers

Albert
Louis Lapointe
Hudon

Old Church Sketches.

1660

Clear flat, thin (Cuticle)

Stem for body water
the [illegible] drawn double
Round, in the Chapel,

Vascular tissue bundles, and cells
Parts bundles, closely,
Lightly stained irregular compact tissue
but stained for others.

Cavity [illegible] has filled with
Parenchyma with air and tissue like
[illegible]

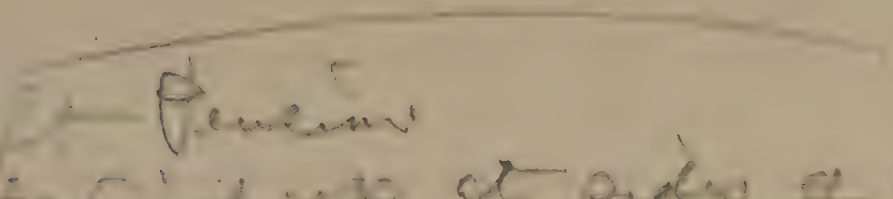
Vascular [illegible] [illegible]

deem in the necessity;
- Basic thick Office Form by O.
Following from Ladder Chairs & benches,
Tuesday & Thursday about;
Roof Bar made of boards, in Wall,
Rafters & Ladder; Pick from here
in on Sat, from Bars, Carriages to
Church
Holler Confirm head in Church;
Church Office for in with Parlour,
(This Church Joined by Chancel,
South Entrance)

4 Church windows in Nave, Chancel,
Centre Lamp Opens on hinges & Transom Lights
on West Wall & Sides

Church 4 Hall & Hall; Counter Lamp
& Counting Room;
Cash Church Hall Lamp & Kitchen
Kitchen Kitchen;
Paint in White Lamp Room Wood Panelling
Panelled Room, Ch

Woman with [illegible] dress [illegible]
[illegible] Three corpora nigra [illegible] face
[illegible] over [illegible] neck.
A young priest with consumptive
Pillow in [illegible] [illegible]



Genius

Stairs [illegible] up at sides of room.
Five folders, shutters inside. Bottom
of [illegible] raised about from floor
as receptacles for [illegible].
[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] full of [illegible]

Read drawing Gouchy chair in
one room of Austin. Olcott owned
[illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] bedroom

Map of adventurement of Kelly's
Early Kelly

Very fine linen in the ceiling, finish and walls of smooth oiled paint. Staircase and hall are finished in hard woods. Hangs all open. Offices up-stairs & down. Partitions as follows:

The two [illegible] are each at the head of the stairs. One by two [illegible] lamps projecting from [illegible].

[illegible] chair rail, [illegible] paper or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] and

[illegible] with red chair or sofa-jacket, red [illegible] from the [illegible].

" Dingman, Co. Clare,
A mine at Lisdoart,
Six [illegible] Inchicore,
A great [illegible]."
(Used to [illegible].)

[illegible] with [illegible], Grange [illegible] with hand-[illegible] on [illegible].

[illegible] chapter mountains fifty [illegible] or middle-aged women.

[illegible] & [illegible] home. Legal [illegible], [illegible]. Behind [illegible] back [illegible] [illegible] in wall. Papering [illegible] of [illegible] from [illegible], [illegible] new [illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] right from [illegible] of [illegible]. Cupboard [illegible] door [illegible] ancient [illegible] with bricks on, [illegible] of [illegible]. Chairs & [illegible] carpet on floor. [illegible] table in [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] room. Wood [illegible], [illegible] walls. [illegible] comfortable looking. [illegible] Clare [illegible] up in [illegible] of wood, [illegible] legs.

[illegible] see woman sitting in chair [illegible] coat [illegible] on [illegible]. [illegible] left hand [illegible] on [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Street scene at pilot station.

French sailors standing having in taverns drinking Ulster beer and eating cakes.

Some were boys looking [illegible] dressed [illegible] & coats with blue ribbons & tufts as if [illegible] [illegible] dancing [illegible] dances

Cart driving [illegible] Chest with [illegible] + Chest at back and. Baby [illegible] [illegible] & woman at front.

Sick man being carried on board [illegible] out of [illegible] [illegible] and placed on [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

In Church "Jain"

After mass the people kneeling formed in relays and knelt, Communicants / Confessions / priest [illegible] with the Sacred Host (the Body of the King) enclosed in a silver [illegible] box-like ciborium and a white [illegible] napkin, [illegible] to each person's lips and [illegible] then wiped it on a napkin. Priests [illegible] to wipe [illegible] with [illegible] white napkin. The relic box [illegible] [illegible] carry flowers with [illegible] [illegible] in front of [illegible] and another [illegible] on opposite side, [illegible] women, they [illegible] in fact, entertainments [illegible] priests served the people.

The stylish [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

very crude + oddly, very hard to clean, for town officials, and people in their colleges. All polite, some times. I use washing place, big stone tub in outside, low raised place for soap, the flat board edged and handled for beating the clothes, and small shed.

Fine days are busy from a flute flowers the boys catch les lézards (lizards). One boy has a bunch of flowers flat in his palm and splash the little pools by blow with the other.

My maître de français had told — after he had taken Communion understanding each other, like Christ. Canadians not baked their bread in stoves, they no longer used the clay oven in yards, but carry down [illegible] another way, for we passed a [illegible] oven, old woman, fat, in black straw hat, with pail, curtsy down decent [illegible] ship, cried, "Grace," Very pathetic [illegible] I say "Gloire" — the form of Sage "Glissant," and I see my mistake.

[illegible] the first thing I always notice, the [illegible] to show it runs, to flowers to the women who [illegible]

house (three bairns are over four from Ecuador and Brazil) but expect one about Dec is built high. It faces playful way round loft somewhat timbers or something, but yet the iron door by lifting it latch. Wood sticks inside, just smoky with lighting a fire. Like a hole roofed over with sloping bog & boards. Pigs in under same shed.

Huge hen accordion in house eating dem. Inflate. Always people standing or listening near pleasure. [illegible] head, claims love. Finds all. Love love! Pretty blue eyes sweetheart boy!

We have lots of gala strawberries for supper. One of the maids in pain dressed in pink calico made to stay made pink frame dress over cotton, taffeta coat, and feathers into boots.

When I get back, forearm & fingers from evening boat leg with the long tables in centre room & forearm full of eating and gabbling fellows. Heavy bells around Shelley to make in band. Whenever she starts dress, talking and laughing with everybody.

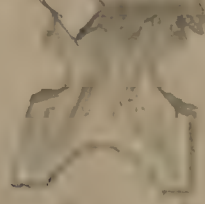
Girl of pension talking with me, to
[illegible] a red coat [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] waving her hands,

Dressing "Vous avez assez mangé!"

Women at supper table telling me
about the relics they wear medals with
figure of Ste Anne, light they have made
the pilgrimage. Said they receive Sacred
Host for reason is at communion.
"Relique de Ste. Anne" written on
the right religious in church "Reliques
de Ste. Anne" Another custom [illegible]
[illegible] the left religious "A deux
paroisses. Deux Ste. Annes."

Black handled steel knives and forks
at pension. Pewter spoons

In bedroom, washstand with tube for
bowl to set in, oval, looking glass
hung on wall, about 6 x 9 inches with
frame, bed over door. Valance on bed
Curtains around legs of bed.



Leg of bench at table
in maison de pension.

Pension girl looks coming at my boots
[illegible] I take it off to her bare feet
cries "A bonne marché!" [illegible]
her mirth. It not fast, often I change

it with a click on inside, the outside
open.

Mrs. Wiggs then sits up in
bed & remembers she left the
cabbage [illegible]

Then repeating the phrase in
French "Le petit chou est
tout reste," with [illegible] rapidity.

Overcome [illegible] — "Che —
ri ci!"

Landlord comes in with big tin
pail & pours milk in,
"De petit," [illegible]

The landlord [illegible] the cupboard

[illegible] to Mrs. Hipp
[illegible] Mrs. Hipp [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] looked [illegible] fingers to cover
the child's head "Oh!" [illegible]

That mother carries her child
a same boy around. His arm
hangs across her shoulder. His other hold
her, seems to press himself against her
body.

looking at the [illegible] Bay from
from the river.

An Lancaster has large [illegible]
a fast mark, [illegible] at high tide.
[illegible]

[illegible] to explore [illegible]
along the [illegible]

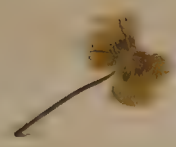
Great [illegible] of river.

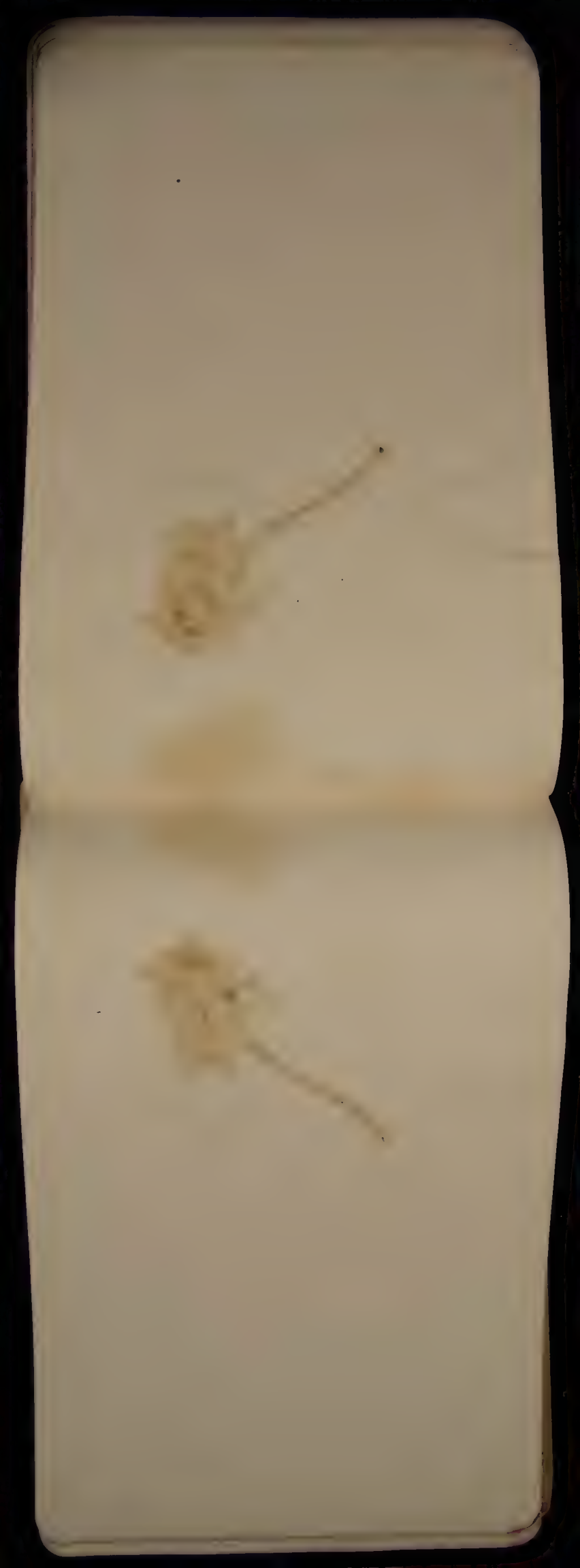
Woman telling about [illegible]
[illegible]

clothed in open Work

The Battle of the Nile.

Between the Portuguese men-of-war and the
vessels there about the Admiral's grand lamp





[illegible] malchance, malandrant, malchanceux; valent tout autant que malfaciens.

Tinter (clock striking) from tinter

Grillé (pour hâlé par le soleil.
On dit "Souxel" pour gâter les chiens.

Chantier et camp (pour lieu de campement.

Grand brûlé et petit brûlé (partie d'une forêt que le feu a détruite.

Le chemin qui divise les rangs dans les cantons s'appelle cordon.
Quand un cordon en rencontre un autre chemin à angle droit s'appelle le trait-carré.

Cailler (pour se laisser aller au sommeil.)

Canadianisms

faire fer pour.
détorse fer entorse
greyer fer gréer
ondains " andains
~~in~~ une journée
jouer aux marbres fer jouer aux billes.
~~jouer~~ Biler fer biffer
dériver fer retourner

Nous disons encore des chemins d'hiver
~~Les~~ les bons boulants,
Que le cheval se trouve bottu

Barand-
ouroi
Cahoter (pour laquelle nous disons
les fosses. Que la creusent dans la neige
le chemin et qui font cahoter la voiture.
Berlot, berline, carriole (certain voitures
d'hiver particulières au pays)
Bordages (les glaces qui se forment
sur les bords des rivières.
Pont (ice bridge ou natural — particulier
au Canada sur les rivières)
Sauter les rapides
portager ou portager

From Archibald Sparke's
"La Province de Quiché et la langue
Kachiquel" in Transactions of Royal
Society, Volume II, 1854.

the town, is a convent of Hospital Nuns. Their gentleness and kindness to the sick that resort here should suffice to canonize them — whose lives are as beautiful as their surroundings."

"A handsome new church was dedicated in 1876. To it were removed the old altar and pulpit, both of the seventeenth century, and the relics and original ornaments of the old church. Among these are an altar-piece by Le Brun, the fifth of the Marquis de Tracy, a silver reliquary and a painting by Le Francois, both the gift of Mgr. de Laval: a chasuble worked by Anne of Austria, and a bust of the Princess Ste. Anne. There are also a great number of ex-voto tablets — some very old and by good masters — to commemorate deliverances from peril at sea, for the most part valueless pictorially, but curious and touching. A number of costly vestments have also been presented, and Pius IX. in addition to giving a facsimile of the Duc d'Aumale portrait of Mgr. Laval, presented the altar in a jewelled frame, bearing a decree declaring the shrine that of the first magnitude."

Pilgrimage Canada.

"A Captain, Jean ~~Guimont~~ Guimont, wrecked while returning from a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, became famous throughout Canada. Among the pilgrims' chief stories to celebrate her fête each year are enumerated the Christian Hymns and Magnificat.

"She has been specially famed to inflame often trudge on foot the long journey to the Shrine. A pyramid of crutches, bandages and spectacles claims in the church to attest the miraculous cures worked by faith and prayer.

"The Relic of the old church is marked by a chapel built with the old materials. It is roughly finished within, containing and a few stained glass and a beautiful altar which stands between two quaint images of Ste. Marie Magdelaine and Ste. Anne, apparently of the time of Louis XIV.

"By the roadside, close to the chapel, stands a rough font surrounded by the image of the Saints set in a trellis, over which there is a cross. Over the stone pipes the clear water of a spring; this the pilgrims take away in bottles, for the sake of its miraculous healing power.

"Near by is the Holy Fountain, and further up the wooded slope, hidden among

D'Iberville, Sieur de Longueuil, Chevalier
packed pillet from, black coarse hair from
blanket around body, basket on back, blanket
& tomahawk trailing, black, distressed eyes, brown
kinky dress,

François Le Moyne, d'Iberville, Canadian
wanderer, Gone for months
Comes back nearly naked.

Jean Paul Cartier, (only) true Cajun. Dark
as campfire ash, Grave, brooding. Thinner
than Lost Moccasins above sacred ufer
Woman, straw hats, white waist or fancy
shawl under pelt coat.

Habitant of Port Royal in 17th century
in Acadian village, circled by fighting dogs

Various others "Coltes Françaises," Blanc-
made whites, "Coltes Indiennes" Indian-white

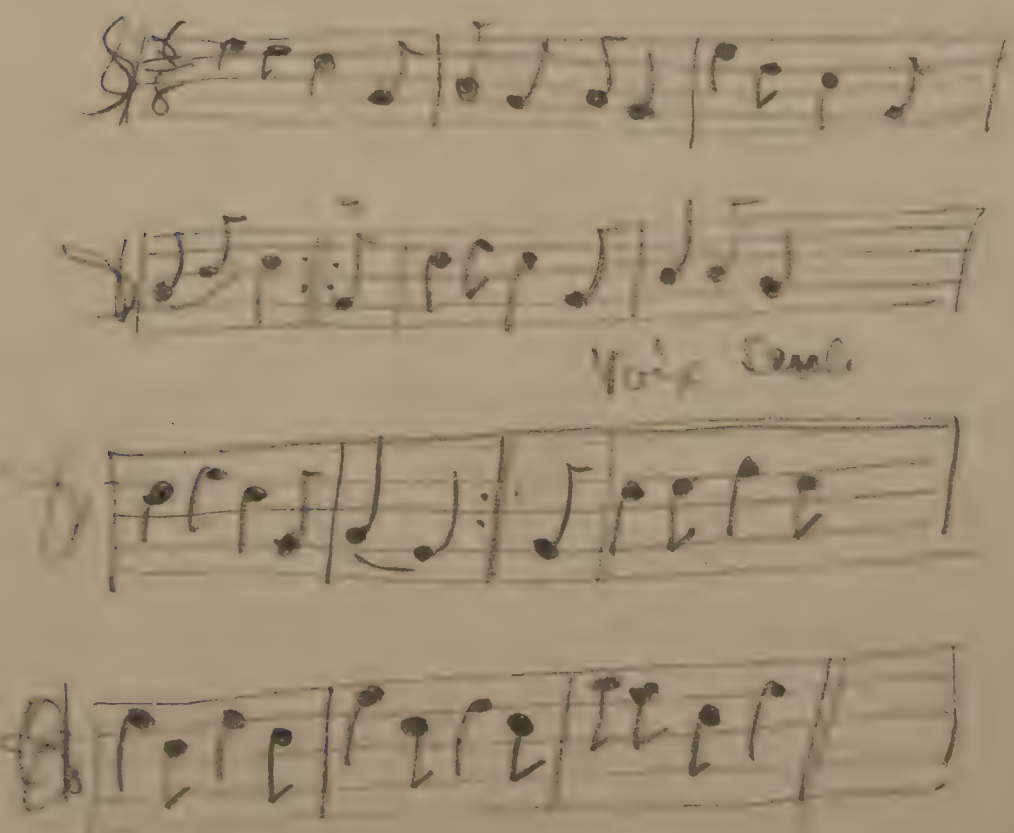
Sieur de Longueuil, Canadian Lord, Explorer,
in search of the celebrated fountain of
St. Anne d'Auray in Brittany.
First settler built church; carried Cross
by ice and flood; another founded in 1660
D'Iberville laid the first stone in 165[illegible]

picked. Turn black to the way.

Jean, total number known, 3000 in world,
mostly in Lapland and Peru
Jean, known species in Canada, 64.

Roule ta boule.

"En roulant ma boule-là roulant,
En roulant ma boule-là.
Der-nier, chez nous, y a-t-un étang:
En roulant ma ~~boule~~ boule-là.
Trois beaux canards d'en vont baignant,
Roule-là roulant, ma boule roulant.



The Chaudière Falls, cauldron, boiling spray flying, flecks like white butterflies. Water coming in rapids over slate rock half way down to the cauldron boils, roars, looks beautiful. Not high falls, but wide and irregular.

Junipers, low, thick bush, looks like grey-green pine, feathery, tufty soft, huddled close together. Makes fine hiding place for children, tree tunnels under the growth, so thick we could creep for without detection. Bears dark blue waxy berry, very hard,

Indian pipe, some thick near bush brown on high land — Thick rare moist & tender, beautiful, white stem and flower like mother-of-pearl. (Also known as called corpse-plant.) Flower a single large bell shape no petals. But stamens and center. All waxy white. No leaves. Bent over like bowl of pipe. Just blooming on the sandy [illegible] Stand them in water when

is said to have been Canso. Hostilities were soon begun, and the French secured permanently the friendship of the Micmacs. The fierce in enmity to the border race, and after the English established Annapolis, the Micmacs destroyed Capt. Pigeon's force at Bloody Creek in 1711. They captured plundered English vessels on the coast, in 1722 lately abroad in the bay of Fundy, and lie in the harbors.

Attacked Annapolis in 1724 & '44. Bands of them made peace, but not till 1760 the Micmacs, the most warlike & formidable tribe down east, & it submitted to English rule.

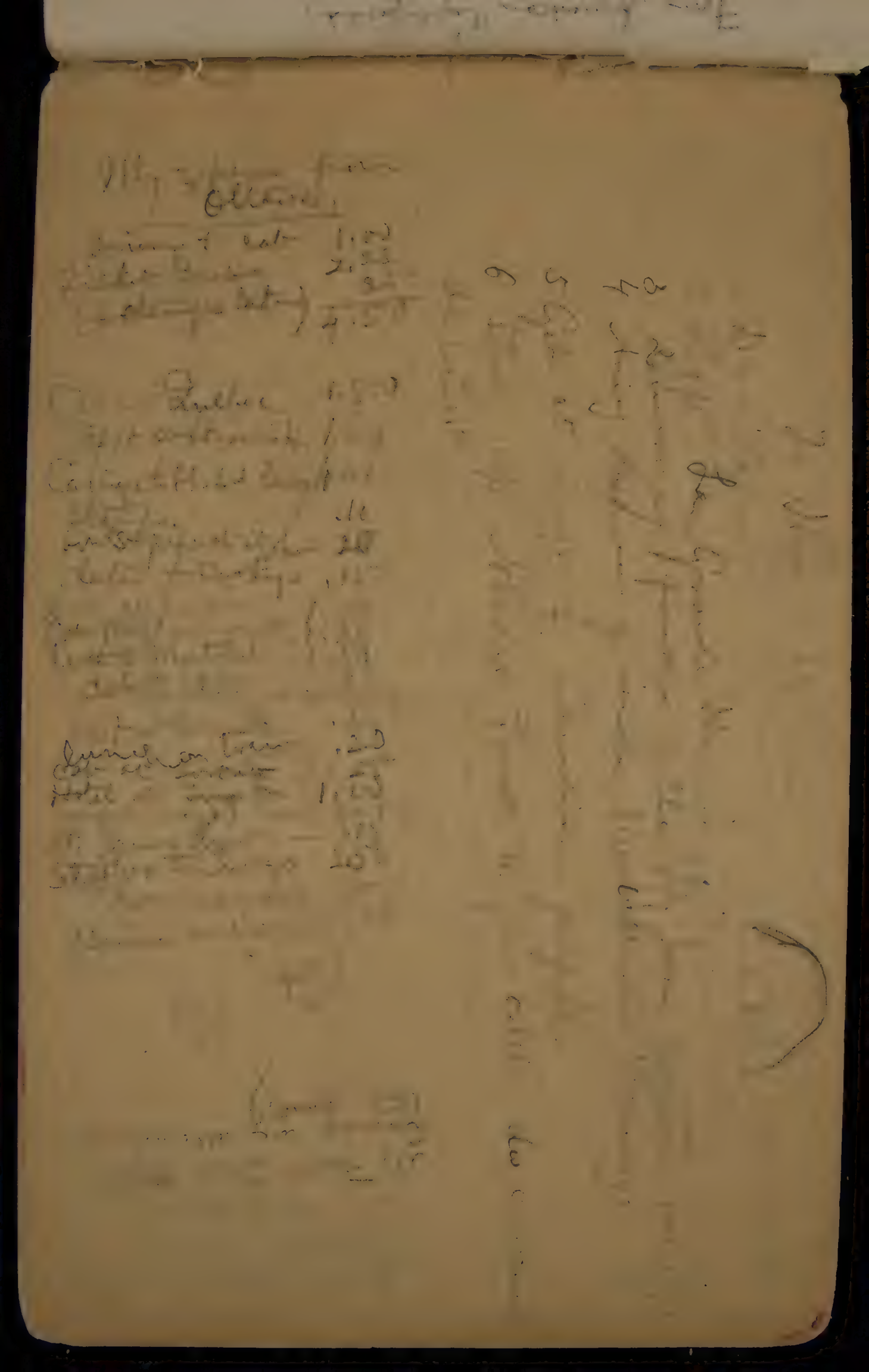
There are numbers on the reserves 270 yrs. The Micmacs worship the sun, Papskootjarget, who is kind & wise, over lumpoder, & Glooscap, another great mythical character. The birds in history had no beaks like men, long hair, smoke pipes, & smoke it, eat, intermarry for love & fighting, & have a habit of stars. Had horns & tails.

"Dollier de Casson, François, a French monk and officer, born about 1620, died in Montreal, Canada, Sept. 25, 1701. He enlisted the army and became a captain in Turenne's cavalry. His courage was equal to his strength, which is said to have been so great that he could hold at arm's length a man seated on each hand. He entered the congregation of St. Sulpice, he went to Canada about 1655. In 1670 he explored Lake Erie and drew the first map of its whole basin. He was for many years Superior of the Sulpitians at Montreal, and wrote a history of that settlement which was published by the Montreal historical society in 1869."

Macoun

The most easterly branch of the Algonquin family of Indians, found between the Gaspé Peninsula, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton, were called by the early French writers Souriquois, and by the neighboring Indians "salt water Indians," as they always clung to the sea coast. The Indians visited by Cabot in 1497, and by France by Verrazzano in 1524, were apparently Micmacs.

From [illegible] the first Explorers south of the St. Lawrence, they were upon canoe trips, and lived by hunting, fishing and [illegible], but they were [illegible] agriculture, to a limited extent at least. When the French under De Monts began to settle Canada, the Micmacs were [illegible] at Port Royal or [illegible] were their principal [illegible] Annapolis, [illegible]



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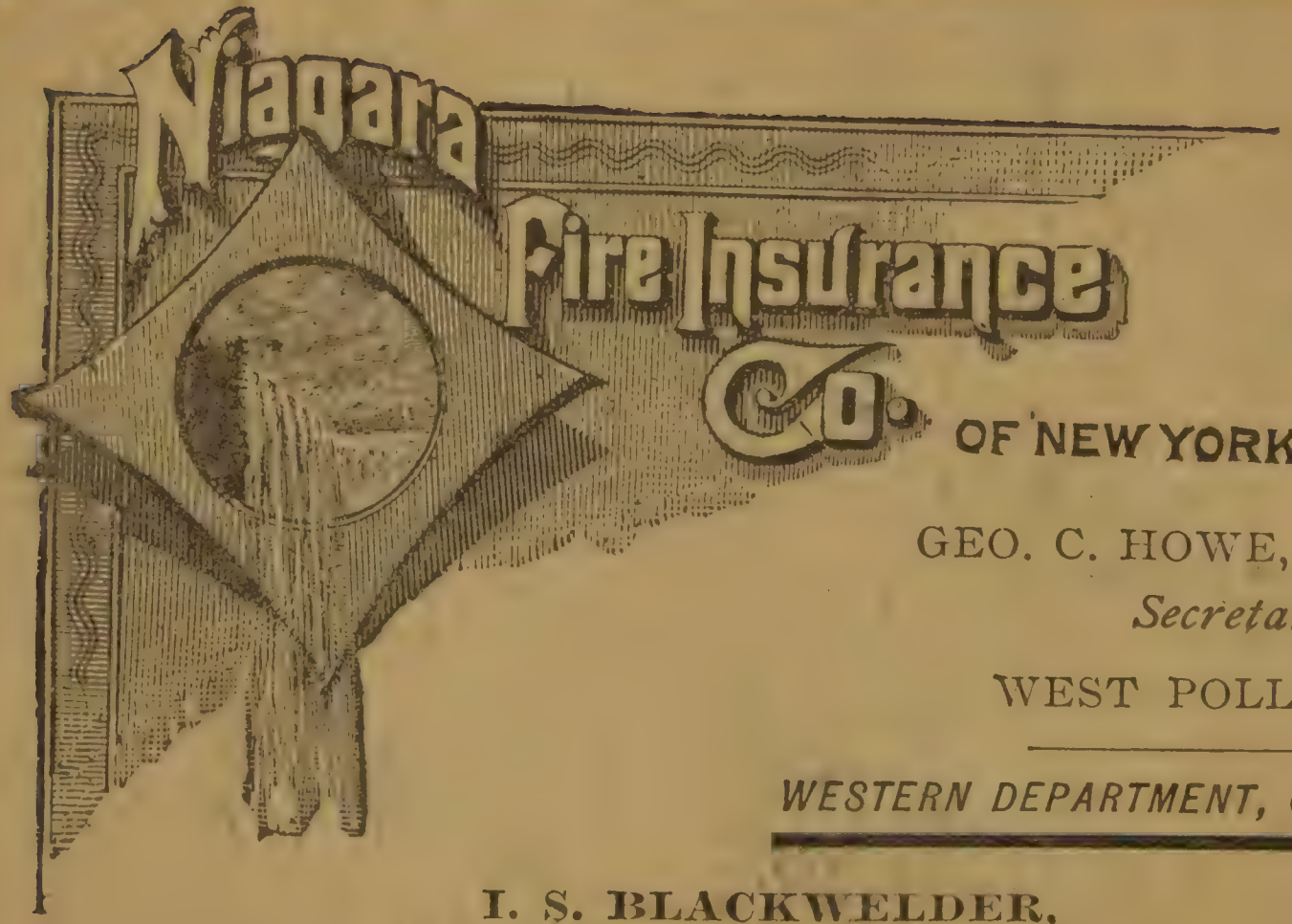

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1891 Iowa Sure
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Losses Paid.....$15,000,000.00

Iowa

Four fer day
people Stuff about
this with to suck
Chris's Eyeteeth
We Forget them
folks and suck.

—The rainbows
Promises of Hope
Broken Promises
Broken Promises

Lunches:

At Calif	.30
Leamington	.25
Lyons at Warwick	.24
Sunday at Stratford on Avon	.48

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid.....$15,000,000.00.

The Catamaran
crossing must be
dangerous work. Some
of the boats
get in there.

The sea is dark
black towards the
horizon, as it meets
the sky, but
nearer from the shore
it is green and
yellow, like the effect of
water.

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

The sky is a steady
dull pale blue; and
the clouds almost
stand still as white
flecks of foam on
the little waves.

One Pond Relt.
You can taste it
on your hands, your
hand. The air is
scarcely ever so
cold; it blows one

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

full grown
the sharp line
the sea against the
horizon. Left
in the fold, when
folded down,
hands, all ends of
regularity vice.
Or on a whale
blue, like putty
It is white stroke
from pistol. Then
the great eddy
heaved one instant.

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.
of New York.
Losses Paid, ...$15,000,000.00

The ships for
the pale sheath
or dream distant
and beautiful!
Part I must in
formed with light.

Old fellerman sees
birds flying and
asks Father what they are;
he says "Mother Carey's
chickens," "What?"
"Mother Carey's chickens."
Old Man

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

Pass back to Ellis Island
for the quarantine
they are prairie
chickens.

We reach Queens-
town in rather
about 8 days
Wednesday lots of
them for up to the
the coast. Many
passengers for
Liverpool. The coast
like a headland
brown with [illegible]

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

Grace,

The last time I saw
Mary wearing that cap.
Oh! Luck & Quick,
The wicked eyelids
Were wearing making
a playful sweet
Glancing look and
Smile,

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

Lights on the Irish Coast, the Cars, the Bull and the Calf.

The churning around after the Engineers - Baptism. The dog and Cricket Jessie's visits and Leads of along the sides of the boat.

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid, $10,000,000.

Liverpool.

The finest Resort in
Europe in the old world!
A Crimson Blot
Among Clouds in Azure
Over the Harbor.

Imperial Hotel, Red
with varying Hues of
Light and Shade. Small
Spring of rich Flame.
The Three Lights
Drawn Lines of

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00

1 man + 3 women
Barely in sight, I
like apples, weed
South Wind, wake
clouds tardily more,

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00

Ayer.

The first day I
saw Dr. Wright he
had a rental of
10 o'clock at night,
the "Ivy Leaf"
by the beach below
Grand Plaza, and
he stuck all day
& eat, walk
or playing here, but
left for up
Hyde Park, and found

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.
of New York.
Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

Graveyard
Tara O'Rourke
Meet Captain
Kirk
Next afternoon
the party from
Belgrade with
Fellows, Kirk,
Finch & Brook
on the north
shore church
the rocky walls
front below
from the Lower

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid.....$15,000,000.00.

Land Record in-
closure, the old
Barn, the four
first & last
Places I have Known
Prop'd up Chapter
by Hazel finds
in Graph Grapes,
the Old Gray Hen
the old Chip Yard
Down.

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid.....$15,000,000.00.

In days the walk
much in the middle
of the street.

English.

In Bath a cab is
least thinking an
hour only 45 minutes;
due to cultural,
our finest old stained
glass windows in En-
gland, dating from
Richard II; Cathedral

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.
of New York.
Losses Paid $15,000,000

anchors which have
stood as true since
the fire 50 years ago.
Visit to Lichfield,
up a square paved
lane. St. Cuthberts
lane. Little shops
into which jut
dormer. Old
sterling opposite, Turks
Head Yard and Chime
&c. Visit meeting
purchases.

The British lunch
basket is an institution

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

tution: a varnished looking dirty counter, Van Clicken and Schmick, and fruit. You can get a large lunch for 35c and begin to pick up in town and it will be returned to you. In the railway carriages are racks provided for small parcels, and sometimes cards to hold cards left by train.

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid.....$15,000,000.00.

Being run ameltimes
wit Carrige speed.

The Butch baby
Cab looks like
little Casket. Always
springless, and lich.
Bad legged horses,
often been ameh.

Lexington.

Have a Jew to Jeffu-
dis Gordans, who
beautyful wilt Eyes,
Hears, pund of Cilies &c.

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00

Mrs. Wm. Van Beek Mason
Rue Notre Dame
Kamouraska Province
Quebec

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid.....$15,000,000.00.

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

INSURE WITH THE

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.

of New York.

Losses Paid,.....$15,000,000.00.

Wednesday
Thursday 29
on Shetland, mail plane = 11 p.
Friday 15th
Saturday —— 1. 6

Sunday (1) —— 8/1.53

Thursday

Glasgow Ins. = 20.2
Caledonian = .18
Liverpool & London & Globe = 30.7
Manchester = 5.
Stafford 2.3
Oxford .18
1 London Assurance .19
2 " Equitable — 3.
3 " Star — 1.
4 " Chelsea — 1.
5 " P. Fidelio 2.6
6

INSURE WITH THE
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
Losses Paid.....$15,000,000.00

Sov.	4.84
Half Sov	2.42
Crown 5 shill.	1.21
Half Crown	.60
Florin	.48
Shilling	.24
Sixpence	.12
Fourpence	.08
Threepence	.06
Penny	.02
Half Penny	.01
Farthing	.00½

NIAGARA

Fire Insurance Co.,

OF NEW YORK.

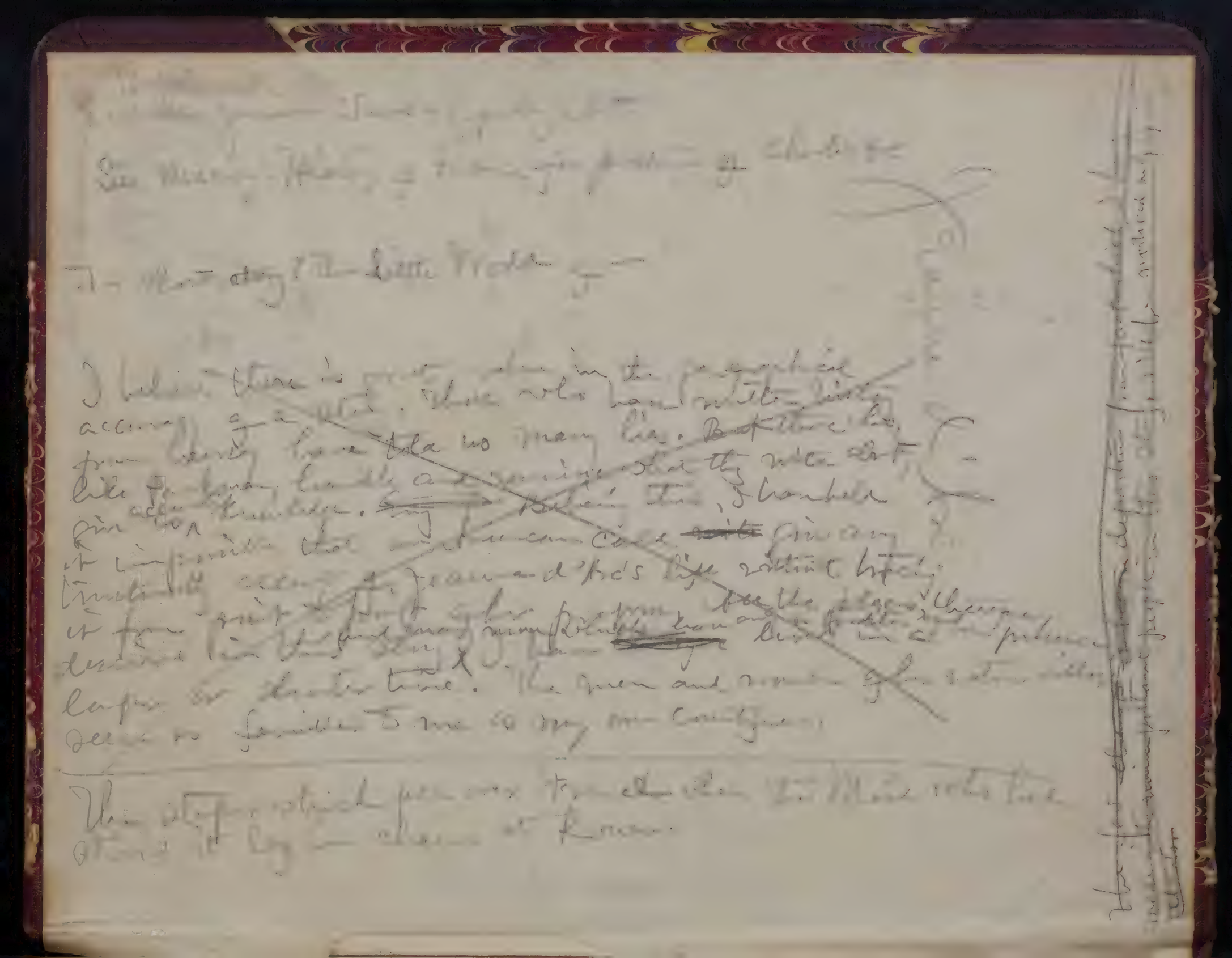
ASSETS.

United States Bonds.....	$720,050 00
Corporation Bonds and Stocks ...	647,640.00
Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	46,050 00
Loans on Collateral	110,912 50
Real Estate, unincumbered.....	577,566.63
Other admitted Assets.....	286,199.18
Int., due and accrued, and Rents..	18,527.97
Cash in Bank and Office..	215,534 57
	$2,622,480.85

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital	$ 500,000.00
Re-Insurance Reserve.....	1,420,778.55
Reserve for all other Liabilities.	266,190.87
Net Surplus.....	453,511.43
	$2,622,480.85

Cash Assets, January 1st,				1880,	$1,351,777.10
"	"	"	"	1881,	1,557,486.15
"	"	"	"	1882,	1,735,563.20
"	"	"	"	1883,	1,780,490.35
"	"	"	"	1884,	1,874,034.97
"	"	"	"	1885,	1,881,597.39
"	"	"	"	1886,	2,080,950.14
"	"	"	"	1887,	2,260,479.86
"	"	"	"	1888,	2,237,491.50
"	"	"	"	1889,	2,360,135.37
"	"	"	"	1890,	2,490,654.02
"	"	"	"	1891,	2,622,480.85



(From Holinshed.)

The Hero of Orleans was born: that is, Louis XI. was born at the Castle of Bourges, in the province of Berry, on the 3rd of July, 1423. Of his childhood little is known, except that he was a sickly child, and that his father, Charles VII., was not fond of him. Louis was married, when only fifteen years old, to Margaret of Scotland, daughter of James I. The marriage took place at Tours, and was celebrated with great splendour. The Scottish princess was very beautiful, and was much admired by the French courtiers. She died in 1445, and Louis married, in 1451, Charlotte of Savoy, daughter of Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy. Louis had by her seven children, of whom only three survived infancy. The eldest, Joan, was married to Louis, Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII. The second son, Charles, died young. The third child, Anne, married Peter de Beaujeu, Duke of Bourbon, and was Regent during the minority of her brother, Charles VIII.

Louis XI. was a man of middle height, with a pale face, and a cold, grey eye. His nose was aquiline, and his mouth large and ill-shaped. His hair was black, and he wore a long beard, which he shaved only when he changed his fortune. He was fond of hunting, and of all bodily exercises. He was very abstemious in his habits, and ate and drank sparingly. He was a good linguist, speaking Latin, Italian, and German, as well as French. He was a great reader, and had a fine library at Bourges, which he increased by every means in his power. He was also a liberal patron of learning, and founded the University of Valence, in Dauphiné, in 1452. He was a great builder, and erected many churches and monasteries, which he endowed with large revenues. He was also the founder of the Hôtel-Dieu at Paris, and of the hospital of St. Esprit at Bourg-en-Bresse. He was a liberal benefactor to the University of Paris, and founded the College of St. Louis, for the education of poor children. He was also the founder of the Royal Library at Paris, which he enriched with many valuable manuscripts. He was a great collector of books

(Agincourt)

The Armagnacs and the Burgundians.

Charles of Orleans, elder son of the murdered Duke (John) of Orleans, was made to marry Isabella Bonne d'Armagnac, daughter of Count Bernard d'Armagnac — and many powerful lords of southern France. Both dukes of Berry, Duke of Bourbon and other lords, Count Bernard d'Armagnac at head of Orleans party, prepared to fight against duke of Burgundy. 1410 to 1415 France was a prey to civil war between Armagnacs and Burgundians. Burgundy had secured the advantage for Paris was chiefly the center of it and their influence predominated there. Their principal allies the Butchers, boldest and most ambitious corporation in the city. Armagnacs made the mistake of seeking aid from the King of England.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Vol. II p. 127

Fr. war. The 3 estates of France: The clergy
close to the king rise, to consider what
must be done. The barons and knights close
to the citizens likewise do the same, ac-
cording to their unanimous agreement. Their
36 personages were to remain at Paris, to confer
together on the better government of the kingdom,
and all affairs were to be laid before the three
estates." (After battle of Poitiers)

The lord d'Albret used the expression "shorn or
squeezed" speaking of robbing merchants.
"In brute this is the life the Gascons love: they
willingly hurt their neighbors."
— "for the Gascons were never thirty years
running, steadily attached to any one lord."
— "the war of/in France is the most profit-
able" (Froissart.)

Froissart - Coronation of Charles VI — the twelfth year of his age. The young king of France proceeded before the church of Our Lady at Rheims in company with his uncles and brother. There were also his cousins of Navarre, d'Albret, of Bar and of Harcourt, and a great many other [illegible] of France. On the day of his coronation, on the vigil of Our Lady, and performed his vigils in that church, according to the custom of those times, the greater part of the night. He [illegible] decision of Knighthood attended him, and did the same.

"On the Sunday, which was All Saints day, the church of our Lady was [illegible] for the coronation: — The archbishop of Rheims, after having done mass with great solemnity, consecrated the King with the holy ampulla with which St. Remy had anointed Clovis, the first Christian king of the French. This sacred vessel was sent from heaven by an angel, with which the kings of France have ever since been anointed, and it never diminishes, that this must be considered as wonderfully miraculous.

"Before the consecration, the king swore, in front of the altar, the three following articles; the first of these was [illegible] Christian; the second to [illegible] the king [illegible] in his royal duty, and the third in an elevated [illegible], adorned with cloth of gold, and all the [illegible] temporal lords [illegible] on her knees,

[illegible] with the Drum, at his feet. In the
Night they march the whole day.'

'Then [illegible] of St. Thomas to begin from Phrygia [illegible]
[illegible] to give him [illegible] and the city of Rhime to provide
for the expedition of the King.'

[redacted]

Foreigners of Asia [illegible] Clothing, Of "Iron,
[illegible] Coats of Iron, long Pikes, and Arms also with
Iron.'

'They went up in Battalions every Plain, their
Enclosed in Order, Encamped with the Banks, and
[illegible] Wings [illegible] marched to have the Field.
The Fifth Day [illegible] Mountains from the Sea
by Cydnus & the Borders of Cilicia [illegible] from the
Field; left the Walls that [illegible] Mountains with
[illegible] Trees & their Pikes and Bows.

'Alexander & Parmenio [illegible] Cilicia, [illegible]
[illegible] Enclosed under [illegible] Mountains
them by [illegible] their Arms
[illegible] Cydnus which [illegible] Mountains
[illegible] which [illegible] to fall [illegible]

'But [illegible] & Alexander [illegible] Body
[illegible] that [illegible] Legs and Thighs were [illegible]
[illegible] Iron: for it [illegible] & Arms & Head; it
[illegible] was [illegible] about [illegible]

'The Spears [illegible] the Enemy by
[illegible] Pikes, [illegible]
[illegible]

'His Army was drawn up in form of a [illegible]

"The lords of France, in [illegible] dress,
Looked like splendid kings in battle array.
"Barbarian women," [illegible]
were by [illegible] of Europe and Asia.
Dazzled eyes.)

"The lords and ladies of France in battle, splendid
than they were ready."

When the king of France presented the Emperor
of Germany with a [illegible] gift" on the table was
[illegible] plate that was there, as well as what
was in the sideboards, such as the [illegible]
ornaments of the apartment where the emperor
retired after dinner to partake of wine and spices.
This gift was estimated at two hundred thousand
florins; and the other Germans were presented
with magnificent gifts of gold and silver plate.
The Germans and other strangers who had come
thither to view the feast, greatly wondered at the
wealth and power of France." (At Rheims,)

Joan's Characteristics.

—"her form and [illegible] petticoats." Quicherat.
"Suitable clothes were made to fit her as a complete outfit" (in Vaucouleurs) "She was supplied with a horse, a coat of mail, a lance, a sword, the complete equipment, indeed, of a man-at-arms: and a King's messenger and the archer [illegible] set out with her and on the 25th of Feb. 1429, he bade her farewell, and all he said was: "Go, then, Joan, and come what may."

Michelet. "The originality of the Pucelle, the secret of her success, was not the courage of her actions, but her good sense. Clear and well-balanced, the girl of the people divined at once the question and knew how to resolve it."

("Who knit had veins in the middle age?" — "In the space of a few years, before and after the Pucelle, every province took its part.
+ Sur [illegible] Leg.

[illegible]

—Michelet. "[illegible] body a child. [illegible]

Bourbonnack says of her in letter to Duke of Milan:
"She is of an amiable physiognomy, virile and
strong of carriage, speaks little and low; in all she says
there is marvellous wisdom. In conversation she has a
virile fund of charm, as is the manner of woman. —
She is very sober: drinks little wine: is pleased with
horses and fine armor, loves much the nobles and
men-at-arms; shuns the numerous reunions, has a great
abundance of tears, a fair visage, and supports fatigue
awkward of. Such is her face of will and only trouble
has been known to rest by day and night in arms."

"The Constable [illegible] Commander of France, the last battle that really on the Feudal" —

The Captain

de Compiègne. "She leaped a ditch, and had nearly cleared it, when the besieged, quickly recovered, and vigorously drove back their assailants as far as the city bridge. "Her captor, a Picard archer — according to others, the bastard of Vendôme — sold her to John of Luxembourg."

"The Burgundian 'intrigues' of war had changed her fortune. Now favored as "excellent allies for disputing the country." "The saint has become a diplomat." The Duke of Alençon deposed that she displayed a singular aptitude for the modern arm, the murderous [illegible] artillery. "The leader of undisciplined soldiers, ever incessantly hunt and tempted by the [illegible] she became feudal and chivalric, at least [illegible] but an extraordinary [illegible]. In particular she was attentive towards the disorderly crowds [illegible] the camp. One day she struck [illegible] of dead wretched beings with the flat of [illegible] sword: the original touch, explicit & [illegible] the contact, horrible, one could never be re-united."

Jeanne d'Arc [illegible] when she [illegible] prepared, and the Pays [illegible] for hanging.

She had obtained for her native village [illegible] from Paris. They had [illegible] by the [illegible]

the promontory of Varangeville.

(Picture the change which came over her by degrees. She was a prisoner. The simple maid passing into the power. Before to practise a child to be. Count of Armagnac asking her to decide between the two parties. Promised to decide when more was said. Waited for it to come. Got no guide. Saw the dark cloud in the future. Englishmen when asked to touch pennies + shillings said "Touch them yourself: they are not our gold.")

Good reason in the order of Providence.)

"Employ me, I shall last but the year or little longer." Said to the captain Robert Baudricourt "If I must die even let me die by the hands of men: to found chapels for the offering of prayers for the dead. Even so have died in defence of the kingdom."

"Her parents asking her when they should see her again at Rheims, she had no fear of anything — but what God might treason."

Towards home: if charged before the ecclesiastical Court at Poitiers, army encamped. (Especially Meusiant only) she joined Children singing for Sacrament.

In (Compiegne (day she was taken) chased at Joan, leave against Piles Dec, says to people comedy around, "My good friends and my dear children, I tell you a deity there is a traitor who has sold me; I am betrayed and shall soon be given up to death. Pray to God for me, I beseech you; for I shall no longer be able to serve my King and the noble realm of France."

(Ms p. 26)

(Continued from fo. 25)

man. creature of Winchester, hoping for another, true Jew
"On 12th June the University received letters from
to grant that the bishop's inquisitorial [illegible] by
concurrent power." Pleading but one as a
of Church, but no objection raised. Duke
the accused [illegible] hands of Bishop of

England about to trade with [illegible]
blow on Duke of Bedford the most [illegible]

Charles VII [illegible] to [illegible]
were in his hands and Calais [illegible]
reproach. At about [illegible]
first through the [illegible]
.....
Sicily (C. [illegible] in-law) [illegible]
junction, intrigue on her [illegible]
pains in his skull had, [illegible]
to-[illegible] his support to Nigel [illegible]
in-law and heir of Duke [illegible]

"There on [illegible]
ence" die [illegible]
Wife of John [illegible]
him with [illegible]
English field. [illegible]

[illegible] body [illegible]
Compiègne. Preferring [illegible]
Comte de Beaulieu: at Beaurevoir [illegible]
[illegible] the English [illegible]
dreaded Talbot into their hands. Cauchon [illegible]
answer, the [illegible] that [illegible]
she had [illegible] the King of the English."
turned deaf ear to his taunts. Three hours [illegible]
fell at its foot [illegible] dead. Pierce by Count of Ligny,
visited to him, attended him day.

"declined to Duke of Burgundy who was taken to Arras,
then to Amiens - part of Picardy which has long been ravaged
by the wars of the Somme. Could there look out on the
place with an unfailing desire the English dominion - that hostile
land into which she had come to carry war for deliverance
& Books of Hours daily [illegible] by priest also
prisoner. Same prayer ordered: waited, and it was given
for — so long as she lived her prayers broke through
the walls and scattered the enemy."
Siege of Compiegne raised 1st Nov. 24 years and re-
newed truce. Duke of Burgundy decide to confirm
alliance with England and deliver to them Pucelle.

When English got the Pucelle they were in bad condition.
Town voluntarily [illegible] to Charles VII, inhabitants of
pelting English: Bailli of Rouen, close as the town is to
Paris, thwart the garrison out of the fete.
— Duke of Lancaster commanded "to conduct the accused
— to the Bishop" — she was sent, to be taken back
again if not convicted.

Trial.

Jan. 21, Pucelle first began her judges.
— "I do not know what you mean to question me about;
you might ask me things I could not tell you." Counsel
to direct to speak the truth upon all matters, except those
which related to her visions: "but will prefer to have
you three cut off my head first." but when she
should answer all questions "on which I am strictly bound."
Says "It is a common speech among all children, mouth,
that people ought to tell the truth." so left,
from court, consulted "to see what she knew upon her
trial, but not see the Pucelle.

Interrogated as to name, surname; where she was
about nineteen. "In the place where I was born they
called me Jeannette, and in France Jeanne."

Caprice & feminine curiosity made her avoid Purcell (the head) "to a surname, I feel nothing in it."

Complained of the letter in her lap. Told before at P.P. and so lived "I was willing [illegible] of my love Brandon will learn our confess."

Caution declined. Be falling did not continue talking. ating himself, "but depute the office to me & his accessory."

At first sitting she was quiet & [illegible] her head her voice. Her tone [illegible] answer really. "I am mad [illegible] fearful & [illegible] anything which may displease the [illegible] I am & [illegible]."

"Johanne, do you [illegible] yourself to be in a state of grace?"

"I & I am not, may God be pleased to [illegible] it; & I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it."

"But & I have not a state of sin, no doubt the voice would not come. — Have not angels [illegible] hear it like myself."

Asked if they write "Les" to [illegible] "Did she not [illegible] a state to the Fairies' Grace?"

At 5th sitting attacked about her visions.

"Johanne, have [illegible] since Saturday?" (At [illegible] "Yes sir." (louder with chains) "as well as I [illegible]."

"Johanne, do you [illegible] this Rent?" "In the question a [illegible] one." — "Yes truly!" — "Well, then, yes, I have always [illegible]."

March 3. "Do St. Michael and St. Margaret have [illegible] and limbs? Are you sure the figures [illegible] angels?" "Yes, I believe so, so firmly [illegible] in God." (Answer [illegible] noted down).

— Then afterwards. "Did not the soldiers make standards in imitation of yours? Did they not [illegible] with them?" — "Yes, [illegible] the lance (too) half [illegible]." — "Did you not say [illegible] standards [illegible]?" — "No, I only said [illegible] upon the English, and [illegible] for the [illegible]."

"But if you [illegible] the thousand livres at the convention in the church of Rheims, which [illegible] from Vienne & other capitals [illegible] the dauphin, and it was my fate to [illegible] Blanche the Lancaster."

Book [illegible] chapter, "The accused, at first interrogated in the hall of the castle of Rouen, was questioned in prison. Only two witnesses and his advocate.

"Did the noble Count have to wait that night of [illegible] in which she was taken." — "No, Monseigneur, I should be taken before midnight; that is believed by [illegible], that I must not be calumniated, but suffer [illegible] Cheerfully, and [illegible] would die one."

"Did she do well — [illegible] without the consent of her father and mother?" — "May I [illegible] forgive me. If [illegible] I had had a [illegible] father and mother I should have not act."

— Your courage in the heart the saints and [illegible]
Mercy (Cut up leg by 25 from Michelet. Also for [illegible] part of the trial.)

She began to fall sick from imprisonment &c.

Then [illegible] slept in her [illegible] — called [illegible] — to [illegible] like a dog. English soldiers. She was chained to a beam by a long iron chain, almost at the mercy. Black dogs were [illegible]. She slept with [illegible] double chains round her limbs and [illegible] chain traversing the foot of her bed, [illegible] a piece of wood [illegible] six feet long, and [illegible] that she could not stir from that place. [illegible] Winchester [illegible] her cell a big [illegible] lamp, and watched her

[illegible] a lie in the west." A false confession [illegible]
of the English Roy[illegible] finds her.

Rouen's [illegible] bells ring out for Easter
Sunday, and [illegible] in [illegible]
Holy execution.

[illegible] ornament, after [illegible] it was [illegible]
to do it [illegible] and the Cardinal was brought [illegible]
stole or [illegible]. But the monk complained [illegible] the Church
of Rouen [illegible], was delighted to [illegible] that [illegible] the [illegible]
of the judgment pronounced by Cauchon, [illegible] they will
the body of Christ [illegible] Lord's Supper, and a [illegible] taken
of priests, [illegible] day litanies, and as the [illegible] thrust at
Christ like the [illegible] people, "[illegible] for her."

At nine o'clock, in [illegible], take [illegible] dresses in [illegible]
altar and places [illegible] Cart. On one side [illegible]
Martin L'Advenue: the Confession [illegible] on the altar.
The Inquisitor Monk, holding [illegible], who has displayed
such charity and [illegible] would not [illegible] her.
"Up to this moment the Pucelle has never despaired."
---- Has faith in [illegible] in the [illegible] people of France.
--- Trembling crowd. Sound of [illegible]. She [illegible]
weeps. She tried to say, "O Rouen, Rouen, must I
then die here?"

Wolfing has been [illegible] the stake, rolled at her
terror by its heifer cloud. — Some not [illegible] from
the height — [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
from the base, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], so unable to
bear these torments of a [illegible] suffering as he did
others, sparing them [illegible]. A large scaffolding
of planks, forming under a [illegible] of wood. — Pulpit —
with a Sermon.

She knelt [illegible] for [illegible] Voyer, [illegible]
Mr. Couchon. Sure to people. Pray for me!" — The [illegible]

[illegible] piece out of it.'
She [illegible] for the cabs: the Englishman handed her
a cab [illegible] he made at [illegible] a stick; she took mine
[illegible] but it [illegible] her servants [illegible] her stairs; [illegible]
[illegible] "What [illegible] did decide was the cause [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible]. Macrion and [illegible] had
it brought from St. Saviour's.
"She was made fast under infamous placard, written
with a [illegible] on [illegible] red, 'Heretic, relapse, abandoned, obdurate.' Executioner set fire to the pile: the [illegible]
[illegible] from above and [illegible] a cry. Immediately the
[illegible] descending:
"Then [illegible] [illegible] her [illegible] shrieked for [illegible] water.
Persons [illegible] called out on God and Mercy.
"She [illegible] her head sunk on her bosom; she
shrieked "Jesus!"
"Then [illegible] was kept."

Mrs. Crosby's Footsteps in France & Belgium

Perhaps Bernaut Chapel also known as Notre Dame de Bonne Garde on hill of Bois Chesnes (Oak Wood about 2 miles) (Mrs Crosby's Title "St. Vaast, Vaast, Vaast") is the little chapel.

Distance from Bonneuil to Varennes, 20 kilometers - 12 miles.

"Jeanne's own direct path, by way of the old road to Verdun," — "Pelate fields and Cultivated crops." "Chapel and yellow beach" Sunflowers, around Chapel of Bois Les of Bernaut. "Little Nempatte, her social friends" St. Nicholas' fountain. "The statue of the Virgin in the chapel was the same that exists there at this day; A crowned figure less than life size, carved in oak and painted, wearing a cruche in the right hand and in the other the infant Jesus, who holds a bird. There are four statues altogether in the chapel, surrounding an altar of stone and painted wood." — Wooden Cross on top of arch above image of St. Nicholas — different [illegible] — Through village of Clermontcourt, — Left Varennes Bucey-la-Côte - 2 leagues from Domremy. Jeanne's maternal uncle Durand Laxart (Laxart) lived in Jeanne's house: he was a farmer. Durand Laxart's house in picture style XIV cent. "the original portal and [illegible] leading to small window." Mrs Boyle [illegible] the church of Varennes. "Bucey the village of Saints to the back of the church, [illegible] Sculptings & Saints all bending by the weight of years in Bonneuil the house of Jeanne d'Arc.

(Château-Salins à Pommerey)

"The Lorraine [illegible] The Lorraine [illegible] Lion the same in Contact."

[illegible] Pommerey [illegible] a stile, [illegible] on said stile to relate, [illegible] the afforested [illegible] before him.

[illegible] accompanied him from Vaucouleurs [illegible] Pommerey.

Vaucouleurs [illegible] the dauphin. Boudricourt [illegible] Metz [illegible] Pommerey, valley & colored.

Jeanne [illegible] Nancy.

[illegible] Boudricourt [illegible] Jeanne [illegible] by Metz Duke & Lorraine to Nancy.

[illegible]

[illegible] Jeanne [illegible] Nancy. [illegible] Jeanne de Metz [illegible] Jeanne [illegible] Nancy [illegible] Jeanne [illegible] Nancy [illegible] Jeanne [illegible] Nancy

Eaufs
de Vitz, Barbues de Bourgogne, Tarte, Thé for dessert, and
Cidre de Vienne, Eaux & Liqueurs, and Packard the Waiter.
Ride to Chalons, 150 Kilos, left 5 [illegible]
Uttingh heart & face, divided by Nature way -
Nature & found favourites. Dog Gate Burgs, Ballet at
Abbey of St. Vaubin (Haute Marne) 22 miles to Vitry. -
at-arms of the Province of Joire great Abbey, also Bastion
Four brothers Du Pay always ravaging here. Also relics of
Magnacs + Burgundians. Race at St. Vaubin for suffer, Heart
Mass. ([illegible] & Abbey + Village for Tidemarsh from Chalons
& Dangers + [illegible]
Vitry [illegible] Lisons-Wednesday, Hotel [illegible]
(The yellow Marne; the clear from Meuse) - from St. Dizier
to Bar-sur-Seine 32 miles in direct Line) it is at
time we joined river about distance above the route." - It
to Bar-sur-Seine. South Domrémy road. Crossed the Sarsine
near Charles, about 12 miles from Chaumont. Crossed the Yonne;
went to mass. Grand cathedral, old ancient [illegible]
"Even in the Successful progress of the [illegible]
later, it rises with the utmost difficulty [illegible]
the least concession from the [illegible]
On towards the Seine, slept in Fisles; "Chalons by the Plateau
or Joncy road" not known. [illegible]
exact. "Joinville can be reached [illegible]
are among [illegible]." "Given we closed for this place [illegible]
degree of [illegible]
Joire - [illegible]
— "The Joyeuse across the Seine [illegible]
via Romilly [illegible]
here." "His [illegible]
Joinville to Romilly, [illegible]
Sarthe from Sillie-le-Guillaume to Romilly, Chemin de Fer
Branch by Sarthe to Sarthe-sur-Cher. [illegible]
Montereau: Fontainebleau: [illegible]

[illegible]

"Saturday, Feb. 23. - Vercheres to St. Urbain, 28 miles.
Monday, Feb. 25th. - St. Urbain to Baie-aux-Coques, 28 miles.
Friday, February 29th. - Baie-aux-Coques to Baie-aux-Plaine. (Baie-aux-Coques to Lacolle is 62 miles direct, map measurement.)
Saturday, Feb. 26th. Baie-aux-Plaine to Chateauguay, 30 miles to Lacolle.
Sunday, Feb. 27th. - Halt of holy-day at Lacolle; they [illegible] on towards Gien.
Monday, Feb. 28th. - Gien, by the Blue-mountain or Lacolle road. (Lacolle to Gien is 44 miles direct.)
Tuesday, March 1st. - Crossed the frontier, took the road by the Sanclare river to Salvio.
Wednesday, March 2nd. - Salvio to Ramouraska. (Gien to Ramouraska is 50 miles.)
Thursday, March 3rd. - Passed Sillery - Cape Cove and St. Leigeau.
Friday, March 4th. Passed Lorette and arrived at Ste. Katherine de Fierbois.
Saturday, March 5th. - Visited at Ste. Katherine.

(Ramsgate to St. Katherine is 68 miles direct; it is more by the Commercial roads.)

Sunday, March 6th. Ride to Chinon.

Departure from Tours. Arrival at Chinon, awaiting the King's decision about the Templars.

"The way up to the castle from the town is by a steep paved gutter. Better than a road, then up a flight of steps. Then there are dwellings in the thickness of the old walls; poor people have burrowed here, so all through this part they are used to the idea of excavated dwellings in the calcareous tufa." — "Fine view of River Vienne from bridge leading across to Chinon. — Chinon famous since of English History II + Crown to Lion. Both Sides [illegible] at Fortalice. —

"Portcullis entrance admits one to [illegible] and three pointed loop-holed vaults. The view [illegible] from left to right includes a town-tower Church, the town [illegible] with a suspension-bridge and a double stone bridge over the two branches of the river. [illegible] Church with [illegible] stone, lies immediately below the castle, which is [illegible] the town, peoples gardens lying deep below the walls. Country quiet & the abundant white stone [illegible] Nothing else! Even cottages [illegible] fair town slope. The whiteness makes ruins appear more ghastly. — [illegible] of these grass-grown walls, thick with grasses and long [illegible] with bats and [illegible].

— "Former royal apartments are enormous in the principal part of the ruins. Though not so [illegible]

of the royal house [illegible] the latter [illegible]."

[illegible] in robes of [illegible]; knights and [illegible] in [illegible] ladies; [illegible] the [illegible] the king's secretary, with his [illegible] bows at his back. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Tours, [illegible] Gare [illegible] Tours [illegible]

"These stones were [illegible] ... [illegible] ... Celtic antiquity. The Pierre Levée, or [illegible] ... the Limoges road, via Port-Boy. [illegible] ... (Dolmen, a crooked or [illegible] table.)

Houses with high roofs or high roofs or back steps ... shapes like Chimneybacks. ... steep house ... roof in front ... steps and [illegible] ...

Church St. ... de Pentecouste; ... steps. ... Late ... high altar. (Choir) ... 1861.

Five miles northeast of Tours (via Vouvray) to ... Poitiers been fought by Black Prince. Famous field of Maupertuis.

Blue type of shadows.

Churches ... favorite resort. Stations ... crowing place: but "pallbearers" one family. Founded 1161. St. Radegonde, near "sunken" below surface. St. Porchaire: ... spire, but Gothic ornamentation.

Palais de Justice, ancient palace of Counts of Poitou. Salle des Pas Perdus (vast hall, finished 12th & 15th cent.

("Find" Annals of Louis ... by Jean Bouchet)

Jeanne obliged ... part of time with Mme. Rabateau.

-Jean Bouchet:- "I have ... by the late Estoile du Peirat, who ... in 1495, dwelt in Poitiers ... my house, and who was nearly a hundred years old, that in my said house there was ... gallery with the sign of the Rose, where Jeanne d'Arc was lodged, and that he ... on horseback, all in white armor, to go to Orleans. He showed me a small stone at the corner of the Rue St. Simon, on which she took advantage to mount her horse." This stone is preserved in the Museum at Poitiers.

[illegible] ... Jeanne, ... and Good [illegible] ... English ... at Orleans. ... dictates it. ... Jeanne's ...

[illegible] Joan's words
"[illegible] Alain Chartier, "to see her disturb a
woman of war; ignorant of arms the learned: alone
against so many adversaries." [illegible] set them on the end
of a bench and asked them what they wanted.
Her voices. — "My counsel is there. Do not stay but
go always, another comes and goes and visits me often,
and with the third both deliberate."
Gerson admired her.

Leaving Jargeau, she [illegible] to stay awhile with
Rene de Bar, Duke and Duchess of Alençon, Chateau St. Florent
10 days. Last but not least [illegible] Duke Jean, [illegible]
Standard embroidered and [illegible] under her direction. Of
white linen, painted with silken fleurs-de-lis. The blessed
were the figure seated on clouds of heaven, bearing world in his
hand, and blessing a fleur-de-lis presented by each one of
an angel, with the inscription, Jhesus Maria. On the
reverse was the shield of France borne by two angels. The
also had a pennon or small banner, on which was painted
the Annunciation. This standard carried in her own hand
during battles. — "The sword that she sent to fetch from behind
St. Catherine de Fierbois."

Her retinue, among whom were her brothers Pierre de Metz,
and Bertrand de Poulengy; and, according to Wallon, her two
young brothers Jean and Pierre, who had just joined her.
The Duke Bourgogne sent [illegible] joined the Maid at Jargeau,
[illegible] in their [illegible]." Her esquire Jean, Sire d'Aulon,
le jeune [illegible] des chevaliers à l'ail couvert à trois [illegible]
[illegible] Her page, Louis de Coutes, also brother-in-law
of Jean Brachamandi, bourgeois of Orleans, a witness for Joan's
rehabilitation.

She returned in triumph, in a gay triptat company from
Clisson to Duke & Duchess d'Alençon, [illegible] Duke

render famous to English. Under the daylight, a Duke of Orléans.
"Many churches of this date were actual fortresses
(Built for protection while [illegible] in France. They were [illegible] like castles.)
Celtic [illegible] the Celtic towers, in the reformed "Chimney" style up in the fields above. These Chimneys also [illegible] tubes to communicate with [illegible] — the "mas and carrons" to [illegible] — Women's capes "plain or top, with [illegible] gypsies at once. Cape derived [illegible] the middle ages.
St. Florent. [illegible] the Celtic hunting [illegible] The present Corsican [illegible] on site. Fine [illegible]
"Perhaps the legendary [illegible] in Jerusalem & Percival de Caprig, who belonged to Normandy & Bretagne was first historical [illegible] the Maid. Duke [illegible] alive from parole would join her standard. Duchess [illegible] resting, Madame: I will [illegible] to go safe and sound, in as fair case as he is, or even better."
King sent her to Tours about 20th April. [illegible] a national party: undertook to [illegible] of distinguished Orleans. [illegible] to Chinon from St. Florent.
Code [illegible] past Bonifacio — [illegible] of Chinon — our [illegible] square brick towers, 95 ft high — 16 [illegible] feet wide: compacted 2400 yrs. old: "head [illegible] Celtic [illegible] drawn by cattle of Corsica. Tours. and limestone cliffs.
"She stayed a week at Tours."
"Her friend Gilles at Tours with daughter [illegible] Poitiers, who emblazoned her banner. [illegible]

"Leaving [illegible] in company with [illegible] and passed [illegible] in advance a [illegible] which the [illegible] at one time [illegible] ten or twelve thousand men, [illegible] to Joyce which [illegible] had collected with the County of Blois. [illegible] rival of her two [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

46 (Hand for Sunday)

(Journal)

"Breakfast [illegible] letters in full in the mail"

Sent by herald. Always receive "with honor and delight"

(A [illegible] against entry into the town — see Bible.)

Orleans

[illegible] in Orleans. [illegible] here [illegible] Orleans. [illegible] for the legend: "Jean Chartier speaks of a great [illegible] de Rouge [illegible] Pucelle [illegible] Joan [illegible] Pucelle" [illegible] sacked [illegible] Loire [illegible] Joan [illegible] the river [illegible] the [illegible] Orleans. [illegible] Joan [illegible] Orleans [illegible] Joan [illegible] Orleans [illegible] Joan [illegible] Orleans

Cerrus did not follow present high road as we do to Orléans but
branched off to the right about 2 miles beyond Toury on the Janville
Olivet, on Roman road from Vienne. But for the marsh of the
Joint. Just behind English bastille of Les Tourelles. Thus Jeanne
knew for certain ... and assumed about Orléans. The road from
Orleans, but divided from it by river. She was angry. It was
impossible to force the bridge. ... Bedford's heavy
prepared this way by attacks, counter-attacks and cavalry charges
of St. Jean le Blanc; thus overruled; and convoy crossed
& wild country eastward to the new Bourbon bridge
Checy, where they found it easy to embark the provisions and
send them down again to Orleans. Boats could not be procured from the
defended side of Orleans. Boats could be procured from the
leans itself, and it was difficult to send them up stream against the
contrary wind, under enemy fire.

Dunois comes from Orleans to consult Jeanne. Where the Bastard of Orleans.

Jeanne. "Are you the Bastard of Orleans?"

"Yes, and I am rejoiced at your arrival."

"Was it you who first counselled that I should come to this
side of the river, and not directly, where lie Talbot and the
English?"

Admits that he & most experienced leaders wished this.

"En nom Dieu! The counsel of [illegible] is wiser
than yours. You thought to do wisely, but the
for I bring you the best succour that ever knight, town or
had: the help of the King of Heaven. Not of the King
and Charlemagne has [illegible] on the town of Orleans, and
not angry. He chooses to help the body of the Duke of Orleans and
his Lords!"

Wind changed suddenly, boats all by Jeanne Orleans. Commissariat
and provisions put on board. Jeanne sent by empty [illegible]
disembark & unload at [illegible]. She crosses the river
in time to lead an escort [illegible] for the
English. Has to enter by bridge à Blois: (Comes back
to Blois & come back by nice Jeanne from there!)

(See Home about this)

under his wife's care. Storm of [illegible] lightning late in night. (How English soldiers impressed by demonstrations of witchcraft) Prince called dear not reconcile the one? Prince call – 1641. Orleans [illegible] surrendered and Charles.

Bedford's letter to Henry VI.

"And alle thing thus ordeyned for hem, [illegible] the tyme of the siege of Orleans, [illegible] in hate, [illegible] by what sleight. At the [illegible] tyme, after the aventure fallen to the [illegible] of our Cousin of Salysbury, whom God assoille, [illegible], by the [illegible] of God so it semeth, a feat atwyn your people that [illegible] [illegible] in grete nombre, [illegible] in grete parte, as y trowe, of lakke of wadde, [illegible], and of unleaffulle doctrine, that they had of a disciple and lyerne of the fende, called the Pucelle, that used fals enchauntments and sorcerie. The which thrust and discomfiture not only lessed in grete partie the nombre of your people there, but as well withdrew the corage of the remenant in [illegible], and encreased corage [illegible] and enemys to resorte them [illegible] in nombre" &c.

Joanne writes English [illegible] letter "demanding [illegible] prisoner" [illegible] again, [illegible] her agent of Sale.

Battle of Patay. Battle [illegible]; [illegible] Beaugency. He [illegible] under English [illegible] Blois. He [illegible] through [illegible] Orleans, Dec. 11. Jan. 12. Joanne [illegible] Orleans the first town of Orleans. Cross [illegible] and he sent [illegible] near the Jargeau Cross, again [illegible] position [illegible] fort to Suffolk it and return safe to England. They decided idea of surrounding the [illegible] Loire; [illegible] inspected all the positions, followed by Talbot; no [illegible] her protection. Perfect in [illegible] will be [illegible]. Ere noon [illegible] joined [illegible] the English are strong and well fortified; it [illegible] [illegible] them off." — "Pooh!" [illegible]

[illegible]

wounded in the fight, as she had predicted. But she was not to fear, though her wound took place at the exact [illegible] of the wound in her back.' [illegible] she came to Dunois, who had fought like a paladin ... the Lion and his men to rest, eat and drink, that they might gather strength. They did so. ... "Now, while in the name of God to the assault, for the English will no longer have strength to defend themselves ... will be taken in their wits and knees."

... in the charge, take a [illegible] ... the bastard ran touched the rampart. Then cried, "All is ours, [illegible] therein" — and the beat the sally. ... Meanwhile when the Tourelles were taken. ... Salisbury killed. ... Must have been several attacks on Friday and Saturday, and various accounts (from "according to which attack the writers were engaged in.") "Battle then a system of well fought duels."

Quicherat's account: "D'Orléan (her squire) says a Bourguignon (the [illegible] de Partada) came forward, when they had wounded the Pucelle, and the Lord de Villars, being diligent with carrying Jeanne's standard, gave it to the Bourguignon to carry, for that he knew the Bourguignon to be a valiant man, and the bravest of arms and would be followed by the soldiery. He asked the Bourguignon to enter on foot into the barbacan, that he might [illegible] that the Bourguignon promised to do. Then he seized the Pucelle, and set her at the foot of the barbacan, crossing himself with the banner for fear of stones, and bid his companions on the other side, quickly to follow closely. But when the Pucelle saw the banner in the hands of the Bourguignon, she feared to lose it, seeing that he who carried it was entered into the dry ditch. Then the Pucelle ran [illegible] ed the banner by the end, so that he could not have it, crying: "Ha! Bourguignon, Bourguignon!" and brandished the standard. And ... and then D'Orléan cries 'Ha, Bourguignon is this the promise?' Then the Bourguignon tore the standard from the Pucelle's hands — and followed: ... then ran them behind the [illegible]

[illegible] and rallied, and by the great exertions [illegible] the Boulevard Stone in a short time both were taken, and the French entered Orleans by the bridge.

Near the end of the fifteenth century the Bridge of Orleans, which must then have [illegible] was still covered with houses, [illegible] the principal feature in approaching Orleans.

Henry VIII's English fell back (in fine order) on Meung. (On their retreat, [illegible] Talbot [illegible] (Jean Mary, Comte de Dunois, [illegible] Blois)

(Jacques de Bourbon, [illegible] Vendôme)

Bridge Orleans began [illegible] rock [illegible] Rouen [illegible] Bridge — Small [illegible] Bridge, Bridge-Head Tower —, and [illegible] six-storied houses — [illegible] to Tower [illegible] Light Horse, returning to Blois + Jargeau, [illegible] Jacques + other King, [illegible] Bridge, shot [illegible] Bridge by [illegible] Tower. [illegible] Rue Bridge + follow it Course [illegible] Loire. [illegible] Port Rigaud + Chambergis, the rock dwellings, the [illegible] Bridge, Tour Charles Martel, [illegible] Bridge.

Enemy [illegible] Joan [illegible] Bridge [illegible] Meung and [illegible] Jean — adopted project to [illegible] English on [illegible] King [illegible] capture of [illegible] to go to Blois [illegible] a Flemish was to join her in Campaign. Fifty Cantons. [illegible] Castle [illegible] Chinon [illegible] within the [illegible] cannot complete the [illegible] details [illegible] Bridge [illegible] Loire [illegible] Castles [illegible] Tour-la-Grosse-Pierre, [illegible] finest [illegible] castles in France. [illegible] Chinon [illegible] Bridge [illegible] you [illegible] (Cardinal Antoine d'Estouteville, [illegible])

[illegible] Bridge [illegible] Tour [illegible] Bridge [illegible] Bridge [illegible] Bridge

St. Aignan, where troops to be raised for campaign. Du Chastel
she set off with [illegible] Lord Salisbury
with Guy de Laval & others, not in her army.
Guy de Laval: dies three years after Agincourt in his
duchy, and in being and having [illegible]
(Remember Chastel and poetry and wax-tablets and his fair
singing-wife Isabel. - Lastly [illegible] about)
Montille who also [illegible]. Marie, Duke [illegible] to
Rheims: [illegible] Isabel & also. Joan [illegible] Rheims
arts. La Hamoldille, [illegible] away! Joan returned to Tours.

On 4 June Joan army had returned to Orleans. Saturday
11th, she advanced with her force towards Jargeau 12 miles
from Orleans. [illegible] Duke of Alençon [illegible]
[illegible] army. - - - - [illegible] a beautiful day. Joan
Harness, shining steel [illegible] over a white surcoat
rich embroidery & silken [illegible] with [illegible]
standard, banner and [illegible]
Jargeau not [illegible]
Held by Earl of Suffolk [illegible]
Lines round the Jargeau. - - Small compact town, altogether
fortress, very strong, resolutely held by Earl of Suffolk with six
or seven hundred picked men, provided with cannon. Alençon
force seven thousand many - but many - and to [illegible]
before Suffolk - wishes to turn back on retreat [illegible]
to help Joan Jargeau with numerous troops. Many flee.
"Resolved ordeant to lodge in suburbs for night, but [illegible]
quem prope. - - not army - believing in her [illegible]
ona pute amets and by the attack [illegible]
of her enemies!) Repulsed by English, but Alençon rest
their camp. - - - - Lodged in suburbs, as she has intended.
Next [illegible], bade Jargeau depart, [illegible]
Jean petite Calle [illegible] clothing, armour
demanded surrender twice. Succeeds and Joan comes [illegible]
at once. Sat. [illegible], Sunday 12th June, triumphal entry

"Tous ces cadets à Alençon, formés tous au canal, sont durs."
[illegible] "Ils sont de sang flamand ici." Calculant [illegible]
[illegible] "Salaud!" she said for her in an [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
English lads from 4 weeks. Jeanne & Alençon descended into
[illegible] Mère Lebas's low cottage. [illegible] Byrne
captured. Jeanne stuck one flower in [illegible] which broke
on her helmet. Fall: up again, cry: "Up Ireland, the English
are condemned: they are nowhere. Be of good courage." Invited
[illegible] the town & English prisoners.

Jargeau was [illegible] 3 Nov. Moved to Route d'Orléans,
and once within fort. Pres. was 1 metre 30 cm thick. In
[illegible] was a bridge of 17 arches & about 1 km long
[illegible] bridge. Jeanne arrived at [illegible] Blvd.
Jeanne bridge. Jean [illegible] Lille on [illegible]. Church [illegible] Ste
Croix of Jargeau.)

She broke back [illegible] & Jean, [illegible] & Talbot,
Blanche, 13 [illegible] Rallied troops, [illegible] & Meung, and
[illegible] bridge, crossing town also for prisons. This bridge
opened up road to Orléans: pushed on to Beaugency on 16 th.
This town capitulated Friday 18th. English at Meung, knowing
Jargeau had been given up, retire after [illegible] garrison.

(Dunois, Salisbury, Glasdale & Scales [illegible] Jean d'Orléans
[illegible] Jean de Dunois remained [illegible] & Jean d'Orléans
[illegible] Richemont [illegible] & was joined during [illegible] by
Chabannes & Gaucourt.) Took road to Orléans, [illegible]
Jeanne retreated to Jargeau, where [illegible] & Talbot.
Jeanne followed for [illegible] to Janville, and
the battle of Patay was fought Saturday 18 June. Many
[illegible] & Burgundy & Stirlings, [illegible] Meung and Beaugency in one
night."

Just behind Jeanne's page & Talbot. "Sorry, the unpardonable
crime of the middle ages.

Meung [illegible] at Patay [illegible] from horse, [illegible] the spot. Meung
[illegible] & the [illegible] was [illegible] to [illegible] in
[illegible] among the archers, and there was always a large

number of those retained on [illegible] to make them fight the better. Talbot taken forever." [illegible] to the young Duke of Normandy. "Send [illegible] after Talbot and crossly to send him back without ransom." — (Hall's Chronicle, Duke Earl of Shrewsbury)

Maid returned Sunday morning from Fleury to Orleans. Camp on Loire over, fortresses and bridges taken.

She attacked Jargeau 11th June, took it on 12th.
Returned to Orleans 13th.
Bridge of Meung taken 15th
Before Beaugency 16th.
Beaugency capitulates 17th.
English retreat at Meung retire after Beaugency capitulates.
Battle of Patay on 18th

Wide plain, left cuirassiers Patay and Orleans (fields & pine trees). To Hattonchâtel 19th June. — "Stopping at the tents, smiting sky-ward with her [illegible] steadily the [illegible] spoke: 'I am maid from the town of Domremy.' And what was [illegible] revealed."

"By Charles had received [illegible] by help of Joan I, King of France [illegible] at Chinon, March 11, 1429, would have obliged him to give Joan the duchy of Berri or the county of Poitou. Joan did it cheaper. Even her equipment furnished by her friends. There exists an order given by Charles, Duke of Orleans, for [illegible] for Joan dated [illegible] June, 1429, at Blois. The Duke of Orleans after Jargeau and Patay, to value of 13 golden crowns, or the weight by thirty-four to the ounce. His costume was likewise made in Duke of Orleans' colors.

Coronation at Rheims

"Waiting must to [illegible] the coronation of Rheims by possibility weakness of Charles ninth and [illegible] Court."

Joan at Orleans King at La Vernuillet castle at Seully-sur-Loire. [illegible] Council to offer hope him to ask pardon

wanted to [illegible] him but refused, as he [illegible]
[illegible] to be [illegible] Charles to come up to Rheims. Five [illegible]
— troops flocking to camp, desiring to serve under the [illegible] of their
own Sovereign. La Hire — wanted to be [illegible] to King.
"Charles himself seemed to prefer being King of Bourges with [illegible]
[illegible] than King of France by means of the Maid."
(She gave [illegible] from Orleans to Bourges.
"She wept and begged him not to doubt that he would recover [illegible]
kingdom."
[illegible] him to St. Benoit-sur-Loire, then one of that
time's monastery, whose Church even now stands out finest in
department. — Then on to Chinon. Here, also on right bank
of Loire, where there was fine Chateau, whose remains are still
to be seen; and to Tours, old castle perhaps going since as Roman
town. (English after one Spring Lords. Why La Trémouille
wished to keep King inactive? — King naturally [illegible]
decided the troops should come — Orleans to Gien, where
King join them from Sully, which is about 15 miles from Gien.
Army return to Orleans to prepare anything for march to
Rheims.
Friday, 29th June, the last Tuesday, arrived at Gien same
day (38½ miles). Count marching [illegible] came last the Town on
27th, were not to dwell in camp [illegible] longer.
"This decision seems to have made the strongest sensation
[illegible] Council set out for Rheims.
(St. Patrick Day)
"Even [illegible] some wild country & Prussia, no direct com-
munication between Gien and Auxerre: the direct [illegible]
route by which Joan had made her way [illegible] to Gien, would
have been impracticable for a cavalcade. The King and
Joan would probably [illegible] have taken the old
Roman road known to have existed in the middle ages, the
Fleam d'Auxerre road, passing by Perreigny, Fleury,
Joan's Sainte Saignes, Villeneuve-la-Guyard, gaining Melun
[illegible] by Chateau Renard. Herald Montargis to
Fontainebleau itinerary."

Possibly wrong division, and main body may have taken road
road, but on second [illegible] observed Jeanne
herself to path by Romare [illegible] Was he able [illegible]
by to have found the line [illegible] sketched by Quicherat
who says distinctly Talmade [illegible] taking [illegible] road to
Montagis, or it might be thought they were showing [illegible];
but they turned off towards Longueau.
on Under road to Amy and towards Rheims. King followed
her next day. — — "Jean Chartier says must happen
that [illegible] looks like a bird [illegible] the back of the
after [illegible] fields" elsewhere he placed [illegible] Compiègne and three
after Pâtis. Delaruelle as to Chelles Thierry [illegible]
ocular witness, or St. Denis. — all old chronicles
agree right well as to [illegible] fact, [illegible] details.
"[illegible] one can't climb" or the place they [illegible] to scale.
did not declare against Charles. Jeanne would [illegible] to try
... would have [illegible] subsequent trouble. But [illegible]
Compiègne Gilbert by town Council Town to [illegible] happen [illegible]
really ultimately to follow [illegible] of days, Chelles and Lagny.
U. / [illegible] movement to army. Jeanne Orléans waited at
of Pontigny (Yonne) called St. Edmund of Canterbury (to whom [illegible]
priory [illegible] middle of 12th century, in severe Burgundian Gothic style)
Leaving Auxerre, King went to St. Florentin; given up
peaceably from Pontigny it is only 6 miles to St. Florentin — direct
route to Troyes.

Fertile Burgundy. Higher north latitude where maize [illegible] to be grown
to advantage. Vineyards chief wealth. Magnificent views. Giant forests
even in winter. Bright, fair days. Dark Tower of Marmeaux.
Brienon-l'Archevêque + St. Paul, pretty places.

5th July. army arrived before Troyes: then [illegible] days [illegible]
Gates shut: feast — guard [illegible] Troyes. "Were including 4 provinces
Champagne Maid: Champion [illegible] two or three hundred [illegible]
Burgundians" [illegible] Soldiers glad to find [illegible] fields outside [illegible]
of Troyes.
to Quicken their soup.

Rheims for each division, "troops of military, horse and foot, wends its way by night side by side, each with far-flaring and drawn. The cortège by priests & holy men, with crosses & banners in procession to the Abbey of St. Denis to attack the Saint Ampoule.

"When there arrived, the abbot in full pontificals, carried it in solemn procession as far as the choir of St. Denis, where the Archbishop of Rheims, at the head of the Chapter, took it from his hands & placed it on high altar, & unfolded it, under vault there it was kept to the abbey. At the foot of altar stood King, and invested by Duke of Alençon, surrounded by princes & representatives of the 12 Peers of the realm, Dukes & Counts, Chevaliers, & supported by his vassals and foreign nobles, headed by René, Duke of Bar & Lorraine, brother of the Queen of France. Maid of Orleans holding her banner. Old Chronicle: "And there was the Maid kneeling by the King, & stood in her hand, she in fact was the cause of the said traveling and coming and see the ceremony, she made to keep her banner close to the King. And by the aforesaid ampoule was taken off, and the said Maid came and on her knees entreated the King by the leg, & said to him weeping her tears, saying & beseeching, & also commanding & praying him by saying, 'Gentle King, now is executed the pleasure of God who willed that you should come to Rheims to receive your just anointing, showing that you are the true King, and he to whom the Kingdom ought to belong.'

Bells rang. (The clergy began the Veni Creator & Laudate and many bells.) Organ. Trumpets. Guns. Great excitement among the people. A priest read the coronation oath. Trumpets sounded.

(Ancient Cathedral in this walled city. Sarcophagus of Jovinus, Roman prefect of Rheims. 4th century. Interior. Modern)

"Sprinkling of Clovis's coronation, standing on steps in choir behind high altar rails, Maid here seen rarely falling time until on Feast of Relics, Louis King." "Before royal Tent the consecration at foot of high altar, amid heralds, bishops, foreign ambassadors, princes, great officers, & nobles held

in place of [illegible] some [illegible]. From [illegible] playing for me the [illegible] over of the Cathedral and [illegible] [illegible] gray gloom in the [illegible] my, over the dim [illegible] [illegible] the great organ."

— " reverberating the fugal [illegible] intricacies [illegible] music of [illegible] distant clefts — [illegible] from Royal choir [illegible] aisles; — [illegible] of the Capital, [illegible] [illegible] dalmatics and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nothing left but [illegible] [illegible] swept in [illegible] fashion down [illegible], flung [illegible] out of great Great door — into day — scattering [illegible] — trumpets blare, bells clang [illegible]."

When Charles offered her reward, she only asked that [illegible] native place be forever exempt from taxation, [illegible] father's name carry back the [illegible] to Domremy.

Asked who to return [illegible] native village, "Gilles my [illegible] 'Steel of Paris.' She is glad to be [illegible] [illegible] Rheims. All tradition, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] questions it." Like [illegible] father. [illegible] also at Rheims — Charles [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his niece's journey to Vaucouleurs.

Three gentlemen of Anjou, [illegible] on [illegible] to [illegible] Yolande, "It is a fine thing to see the beautiful [illegible] the King and also of the Maid."

— Her skill in war, "where [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] admired: — due to [illegible] [illegible] & what she wanted to do [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the hand of God.

Progress to Rheims — The King:

[illegible]:

Jargeau taken 11th June
Patay [illegible] taken 15th
Beaugency taken 17th

King went to Rheims to get rest for troops, to bring up siege train at Corbeny, not more than 4 days to look for the King's Fort, through Rheims by Porte de Mars — after 3 days of nearly fighting.

Royal entry into Rheims preceded by the Lord Constable Duke of Athens; Duke of Lorraine, Count of Vaudemont, Count Eu, Count of Blois, Count of Sancerre, Count of Auxerre, Count of Tonnerre, Count of Charolais, Count of Vienne, Count of Joigny

Maid's presence inspired terror in enemy.
Count-bishop Pierre Cauchon of Beauvais, friend enemy.
Compiègne sent to Keep to King. Senlis offered submission.
Compiègne 60 miles from Paris. Some deputations with Duke
of Burgundy here. No result. Neighboring towns submitting to
King.
Maid said to Alençon; "Fair Duke, make ready your people and
those of the other captains; I will see Paris from nearer than
I have yet seen it." 23d Aug. Friday. Maid & Alençon

kept Compiègne" with numerous following & men-at-arms. (Question about rival troops come here.)

Thy gallant force at Senlis. There she confessed. "One cannot too much cleanse one's conscience."

Friday, 26 Aug. Maid + forces settled at St. Denis. Famous abbey not much seen from road. Burgesses of St. Denis delivered town to Joanne. Charles came as far as Senlis.

"Bedford left Paris to secure Normandy. Two thousand English left in Paris under knight called Radley; and the Burgundians under command D'Isle Adam. Skirmishes. Maid examined when to make assault, which was deferred by king not arriving with troops. Duke went back to Senlis Truce for king — 2nd + 5th Sept. Wednesday 7th, king marched time to dine at St. Denis. 6th, troops at La Chapelle, on dusty plain between St. Denis and Paris. Sharp skirmish. "Parisians stood on holding out against 'that' creature in form of a woman who was with them, whom they call the Maid. Who it was, God knoweth."

8th Sept, fought from morning till night, Maid leading attack on Porte St. Honoré; wounded by cross-bow bolt. Remained at post, "helping to fill ditch and cheering soldiers, declaring place would be taken. Refused to leave even when captains quit attack. Removed her by force, put her on horseback to La Chapelle. "By my staff, the place might have been taken!" — Next morning waited to return. But as they set out, king forbade it.

Paris would soon have fallen, according to chronicles. But king destroyed Duke of Alençon's bridges & roads from St. Denis across Seine, in night.

King caused himself enthroned at St. Denis. Burial-place kings of France from 638 A.D.

Charles had medal struck in Joanne's honour: on one side her portrait, on other hand holding sword, legend, 'Consilio confirmata Dei.' ('Sustained by the counsel of God.')

 (No such medal was known to exist, though historians describe it.)

"King left St. Denis 13 Sept. Retreat had to be protected."
—Was his vanity wounded — fleeing second part?
—Words, arms, blood, & no avail to move him to action.
"She fasted & left her harness complete at our Lady's altar at St. Denis and followed the King.
"At St. Denis, Louis de Coutes, her page, lost her; history does not say why. ---Wound received at Paris cured in 3 days."
Her arms at the feet of the Virgin — "her harness complete, white armor, with sword --- painted at Boulevard St. Denis
"Because it is the city of France." -- In her fingers, holding up cross-hilt of her sword before altar, weeping.

"Chivalry in the persons of Dunois, la Hire, with Jeanne.
—Her Voices told her to remain near Paris. Maid's will & army broken by retreat. King returned to Gien. "Made Duke of Bourbon his lieutenant-general, and retired." Said traitor money enough to carry on war! Took him only 8 days to get back to Gien. Passed Dunois, crossed Seine at Bray — which guarded its bridge: landed Yonne near Sens — still English, refused him entry (English refused to be included in survival truce): City Gault, Courtenay, Chatean Regnart, Montargis: then Gien.
Army dispersed. Duke of Alençon went to his wife at Beaumont: other Captains home. La Trimouille & Archbishop of Rheims then afterward governed body of King and his "own business." "All in confusion behind him, King 'pursuant ses loisirs' in Touraine, Poitou, Berri." Maid in anguish, brave, reticent, transition between victory and death.
Duke of Burgundy made lieutenant of Kingdom by Bedford: Michaelmas Day. Garrison of St. Denis fell back on Senlis: English carried off arms Maid had left in abbey-church. "France wise after than before Maid had res-

cued her." Jeanne remained with King. Court gay, lute-drumming: Alan Chartier poetic. All at ease but her.

Queen came to Selles to meet King. Maid went before King & Duc to meet Queen & Dauphin — first time. Charles consulted to return to Bourges with ~~King~~ Queen.

Jeanne had fresh hopes. "She had borne burden & shame for Court."

In October, Jeanne 3 weeks at Bourges in Lenten & noble lady Marguerite de la Rochefoucauld, widow of de Boulligny, King's treasurer.

Duke of Alençon had collected troops to enter Normandy, "attacking English flank via Brittany & Maine, provided they permitted Maid to accompany him. King refused."

Evreux, Rouen & Dreux not yet French. La Charité & St. Pierre-le-Moustier threatened rival stronghold. Council held at Melun-sur-Yèvre — favorite ~~of~~ also Charles. Charles falter & loses XI Council sent Jeanne to lay siege to La Charité, and then other. She went to Bourges (from Melun) to gather troops. Jacques Coeur, goldsmith. ("Alize" bonds in this county of Berri.)

Troops & money raised, Jeanne rode to siege. Personally, she took St. Pierre-le-Moustier. — "Bring faggots and bundles, everyone, so as to make the bridge!" Bridge made & town taken by assault. Had not means to take La Charité: "strongly fortified with 14th century watch towers." Court not helping her, "Bourges engaged her octrois, and Orleans also sent her succors. While waiting supplies, reconnoitred country, followed up Allier to Moulins, now dull town no interest. 9th Nov. Jeanne there.

No supplies, La Charité abandoned; Church now isolated. — Jeanne's family ennobled; "but she kept her own name and banner."

Court kept her inactive; following it from Bourges to Gully,

"whence she visited towns she had delivered: Orleans and Jargeau: and Montargis in Berri. (Her Catherine de la Rochelle, writes.)

"The time had fallen France. Joanne never doubted it: but she knew it. She must now serve France alone. Her cycles moulded by culture: but no longer sunny delight in life."

Music, love-making, and much-invented diversion at Court. "Her energetic mind disdained the mimic warfare."

Once with Duke of Burgundy: Such squires at Christmas, prorogued to Easter. Compiègne refused to be handed over to him, as Pont-Sainte-Maxence" given up in guarantee, to discontent of Duke Philip."

"Fighting still going on in Normandy, and Château Gaillard taken. Armagnacs at gate of Paris. 23rd March, 1430, they were again at St. Denis: 25th April, established at St. Maur."

In a single aim there is strength.

Visit made on 16th March to reassure Rheims, which dreaded enemy's revenge: and again 28th March. Last letter dated from Lagny. She left Court in March. Took her own resolution, go before. Took no leave of King, but slipped off to Lagny-sur-Marne, where they were busily fighting. Courtiers blamed her loyalty, but doubtless were glad to be rid of a being so different. She cared for them in war, but she could not live with them.

Accompanied probably by her Squire d'Aulon, and one of her brothers, young Pierre du Lys — by way of Dorio to Montargis. (For Montargis's loyalty had been freed in perpetuity from all taxes except gabelle on salt: citizens having right to wear crowns of embroidered on their coats: town named Montargis-le-Franc (Free) Dennis with Simsons even had compelled Warwick to raise siege of Montargis. (Women there in small transparent frilled caps-lace or linen - before Muslim invaders) washing in river.

"Pink feathery tamarisks." Castle here, royal nursery: Berceau

des Enfans de France." Here formed a track, "Dog of Montargis": tale recent in Jeanne's time, of time Charles VI. "before eyes of Charles VI at Paris, dog dashed out from crowd his master's murderer, indicated spot in "Forest of Bondy" where corpse buried, fought murderer, made him confess. Nothing but towers left now.

"Jeanne pushed on toward great forest of Fontainebleau -- leaving behind Vermisson hills -- and Ecouen among the streams, rode straight across broken, irregular ground -- descending into and then rising across vale of small river Yerres. -- Here rode rudely among the boulders & gray stones, masses of yellow rock -- time has aged to gray, cropping out among hills. High broad slopes of broad & undulating both ways: watershed of great rivers. --- Charcoal-burners' glimmer in the forest by Nemours. (Nemora, woods.) Nightingales, heard in her camp. Also dogs barking. ("Dog," says Arabs, "can distinguish awful form of Afreet burning on a damned abode") Thirty-six miles that day the 3 had ridden.

Leaving Nemours to eastward, travelers approached forest of Fontainebleau on St. Germain & Franchard side. Found no one in forest. (Her sensitiveness about secrecy and about being deserted.) Jeanne must have crossed forest "by striking across from Melun, which is on Orleans road to Fontainebleau, passing by la Croix de Franchard, la Croix du Grand Veneur, Mont St. Père, la Croix du Beau Fillenl, la Croix de la Table du Grand Maître, la Croix des Beccassières, and the Plaine and Bois de la Rochette. (Spectral black huntsman used to haunt this forest — at Croix du Grand Veneur.) A great wilderness. "Wild birds" hooting has replaced nightingales, deer run, vermin & small game."

There is a small town of Fontainebleau, "where was a small royal hunting-castle, built 1162 by Louis VII. Jeanne & friends probably sheltered from storm in monastery, whose walls now remain.

"No means of knowing what Jeanne halted in this unrecorded journey, but must direct route of over 70 miles from Sully to Melun: could not have made it in less than 2 days' hard riding.

Country broken & difficult. Probably reached Melun 3rd day.
From Sully to Montargis, 24 miles
" Montargis to Nemours, 19 "

Nemours to Belvedere
Jeanne d'Arc in forest } — 17 "
of Fontainebleau
Thence to Melun 10 "

Rough paths (no roads) probably some circuitous then.

The ten miles ride to Melun among "yellow sands of Valley of the Sole, & by Seine winding through woods at Bois-le-Roy", charcoal burners busy, wagons drawing fagots & provisions into Melun."

At Jeanne's instigation Melun revolted and swore English into castle, "which was forced to capitulate after 12 days siege."
She was at Melun "in Easter week, about 15th April," and truce would expire 17th, when she could legitimately begin to fight Burgundians at Lagny. "With English there was no truce, so could besiege Melun castle before this." She had faith in Melun at entering. He was loyal. "In memory of her recovery of the town there is an Exterior Chevet of principal church a bronze medallion, mounted 1872, representing Jeanne d'Arc, deliverer of Melun 1430."

"While standing on towers of Melun, looking beyond orchards away to dense woods on ascent to table land of La Brie, Voices told her she would be taken prisoner before St. John's Day, 24 June. Repeated this every day: a thing to which she never consented."
She suspected devil, but went on to it.

"Again among earnest people, not triflers like courtiers at Bourges who made the long winter evenings so terribly long playing at cards."

After Melun, Maid crossed high land of Brie, pushed on to Lagny-sur-Marne. Set off by brilliant action against some marauders, said to be English, but doubtful, as they were under gentleman freebooter d'Arras. Lagny relieved, Maid pushed on to join friends at Senlis.

Paris terrified and superstitious by return of Maid. Even Bedford

proclaimed, "wrote proclamation against Lady soldiers and captains employed by enchantments of the Pucelle."

Her headquarters at this time the castle of Beaurevoir, between Compiègne and Rasseins. Moved there between Compiègne, Senlis and other towns, to fall on Duke Burgundy now besieging Choisy-au-Bac. Her leaders delighted with her arrival — "with Pucelle to them." Their object to succor Choisy. Jean de Saintrailles &c attempted force passage of the Oise at Pont l'Evêque, hoping to cut off Burgundian supplies. (failed.) Jeanne, Chabannes, Saintrailles left 2000 men from Compiègne, attacked English. Burgundians came up in their rear: had to fall back on Compiègne. (Pont l'Evêque, town less than mile to south of Noyon) Went to succor Choisy at Soissons, but Choisy Bourmont regained them admittance within gates of Soissons; compelled to retrograde toward Compiègne: force gathered to rescue Choisy dispersed. This done after April 17th, for Duke besieges Choisy-au-Bac immediately end of truce.

(Paris, La Charité & Pont l'Evêque, Jeanne 3 failures. On other hand, she took part in more than 20 battles, fights, sieges or raising of sieges. In 15 months traveled over 900 leagues as the crow flies — allowing for obstacles, 1200 or 1300 leagues, in service of King. — After revealed to her she was to be taken, she ceased to act on own responsibility, referred all to will of Captains. No longer acting under direct guidance of Voices. Dunois & La Hire faithful to the end. — In church of St. Jacques, Compiègne, she struck by pillow and prophesied her death to people standing around her. (Monstrelet, only reliable historian, Jeanne's enemy.) (See also, Cette book published in 16th cent, called "Miroüer des femmes vertueuses.")

Compiègne key of kingdom on Burgundian side. Jeanne there 13 May. At Crépy 23rd May, for more men, to keep Duke of Burgundy back. Got there to four hundred men-at-arms for Compiègne. Made to sacrament in church St. Jacques May 24th. "In 5th picture after to right, on entering nave, painted window represents Jeanne receiving sacrament. Saints - the Voices - above her - kneeling on background. In this chapel she took sacrament evening of fight.

Statue in front Hôtel de Ville: "Je vray voir mes bons amis de Compiègne, 1430."

Maid left town about 5 in evening to help dislodge enemy from opposite bank of river. Duke Bur. was at Condun on the Oise, 1 league from Compiègne, north. Jean de Luxembourg near, at Clairoix. Baudon de Noyelle commanded detached corps at Margny, suburban village opposite Com—. English encamped at Venette, west.

Maid's plan: take village of Margny, pursue dislodged Burgundians to Clairoix, then turn + attack English at Venette. Reckoned on the people of Compiègne stopping English beyond bridge from falling on her rear. — Done at first as she intended. Free on Margny, drove Luxembourg back on Clairoix, but succors came and delayed result. English came forward, archers of Compiègne disputing them. But they alarmed Maid's rear, they fled to shelter of town, meeting English archers again & shutting them. Burgundians fought, Maid wounded. Her troops fled, she could only cover their retreat. Feared to for disputed passage of bridge. Flung forward of town, fearing enemy might enter, raised the draw bridge, leaving Maid outside. Quicherat: "She was pushed with her friends into the angle formed by the side of the boulevard and the slope of the causeway." "Called on by five or six men to yield, and for her parole. Refused to yield to common men, "fought on until dragged from her horse by the long skirt of her tunic." "An archer pulled her violently 'par la cuisque (cascque) de drap d'or vermeil.'

Archer a man belonging to one of Jean de Luxembourg's Knights. Her Master, Pierre du Puys; D'Aulon her squire, and Poltrot de Saint-Mallés, who never left her, were captured at the same time. (Spot of her capture marked by ruined tower, Tour de la Pucelle, in Rue du Vieux Pont — visible on right hand entering town from railway. Maid taken thus at the gates of Compiègne.

Governor might have made a sortie and re-taken her. He was not treacherous, but help-hearted.

William Caxton. (born some year as Jeanne, 1412): "This mayde rode lyke a man, & was a valyaunt capitayn among them, & toke upon her many grete enterprises. After many grete feates she was taken, & many other capitayns with her, & judged by the laws to be brent. The other capitayns were put to raunson, & entreated as men of warre ben accustumed."

(24th May, Eve of Ascension, a year from Orleans, she was taken. Next 24th May Day her condemnation to death)

"She, ennobled, could not surrender to anyone, but other gentleman, Bâtard de Vandosme." Knew she would be executed before Sp. Johns Day, but if had known it would be there day "she would not have left Compiègne that day."

(Monstrelet; "Chronicler of Burgundian faction, begs to be her history as prisoner. At was with Duke of Burgundy when she was taken. This year, according to her enemies always, was well with respect — writes her looked upon as saint & martyr: though they tried to wrest every word & action to her disadvantage."

Taken at first to camp at Margny. After 3 or 4 days in camp, Jean de Luxembourg, fearing rescue, sent her to his castle at Beaulieu, near Noyon in the Vorse. Strongly escorted & tried not fix word not to escape. Probably along right bank of Oise to Noyon.

At Beaulieu, papers from faithful squire Jean d'Aulon. "Whose deposition in her favor is couched in terms of deepest respect and admiration." At Beaulieu 3 months — from end of May to August; Compiègne holding out all the while.

Jeanne "had been taken in diocese of Beauvais.

Pierre Cauchon, Count-bishop came on 14th July to camp near Compiègne to demand her of Duke Burgundy as his prisoner. Bishop, in name of English, offered ten thousand francs gold for her: price at which, according to French custom, King had the right to ransom to himself any prisoner, even of the blood royal. Money was raised in Normandy & conquered provinces, and eventually Money was paid as ten thousand livres tournois (over $12000 our money) large sum for that time. French had eventually to pay the money England offered.

She said at trial that her brothers had charge of her property, her horses, & arms; one expects to value it ten or twelve thousand crowns. And this is not a large sum to carry on the war.' Said the money belonged to King: her brothers held it in deposit. Asked if King had given her other wealth than horse she rode, said she had never asked anything except find arms, find horses, and money to pay people when she besieged. (Helpful when captured herself if had accumulated money.)

"At Orleans, Blois, Tours &c. public prayers and processions ordered for her deliverance. King spent clothing.

"Archbishop of Rheims said it was judgment on her because she would not take advice: did according to own will. Denounced her as puffed up with pride, loving rich clothing &c. Said Joan 'pasteur' had come from mountains to offer some armies to King that Jeanne did. Silenced public ferment in her favor.

"At Beaurevoir Jeanne nearly escaped. Was outside tower and locking jailers inside when warder caught her. Lord of Luxembourg alarmed, took her to his castle Beaurevoir, near Cambrai [redacted] (probably by Poulteau road: probably halted at castle of Coucy: vast model of perfect feudal castle; then belonged to Duke of Orleans. Saintrailles prisoner of it for Duke who was still prisoner in England. But Saintrailles won Coucy himself: castle, being impregnable, taken by surprise. Not at this time, perhaps. But it could not have prevented their passage probably. Coucy then filled with wonders of painting and sculpture sacred & historical heroes - white marble - & painted glass. "Kitchen worthy of Nero. They possess under the keep vast fish like in a fish-pond." Nine dark grades of prisons: famine there for small offences, for crimes a frightful cell underground. Like Jeanne imprisoned in one of these, very well guarded in tower. Coucy was ideal ruined castle.

"Road after turning aside to Coucy, follows sandy flats & shallows by Somme [illegible] St. Quentin, chief butter on hills."

"From St. Quentin to Bussigny 11½ level miles: between Bussigny & Cambrai -- lay the castle of Beaurevoir, in midst of woods. Little now remains of it beyond the broken stone carved with eagle-supporters shield of John of Luxembourg - two-tailed lion rampant. At Beaurevoir resided wife & aunt of John of Luxembourg: (he, younger son of noble family: been chosen heir of his aunt, Countess

St. Pol + Digny. Ladies kind to Jeanne. Old Countess begged him not to stain child of Luxembourg by selling Jeanne. He had already done it.

"Jeanne confined in very lofty donjon for safety. Ocean of flat country around her. Treated as of rank, not a peasant. Refused women's clothes, saying she had not yet vowed to wear them: 'Until it be permitted women's dress – which would imply she had renounced her mission would retain as it at request of these ladies than any other in France since Pucelle.' Probably worked with her needle with ladies of castle. (No one could teach her anything in spinning or sewing.) – 'No fear women work, there are enough women besides myself to do it.'

"Voices told her daily God would help her and Compiègne too, but be patient. Told we finally town was on eve of being taken & inhabitants put to sword, she cried in transport grief: 'How can God let die those good people of Compiègne, who have been so loyal to their Lord!'

"Fire & clamber from top of tower by planks fixing them. Fell to pavement of court. They took her up for dead: lost sense & memory: but to tell her she had leaped from tower over 60 ft high. For 2 or 3 days could neither eat nor drink: but Voices consoled her, reproving her impatience: told her Compiègne would be relieved before winter. In few days recovered.

"Lord of Luxembourg delivered her to agents Duke of Burgundy Nov. 1430."

From Beaurevoir Jeanne taken to Arras: some little stay: not rigorously imprisoned: "as it is said she speaks of a Scot painting or carrying portrait of her here: – any image or painting of her."

Arras has Flemish character. Jeanne doubtless confined in strong castle on the Scarpe – upon one of Vauban's fortresses.

"From Arras to Le Crotoy direct route lies by Doullens, strong fortress town on the Authie: no stop: one night at Castle of Drugy, close by Town + abbey of St. Riquier, on road to Abbeville. Town near ruins, but abbey of St. Riquier well preserved & splendid: but of 16th cent: choir may be of Jeanne's time. Towns people + authorities (2) pay her visit of respect. ... Escort arrived Abbeville – public fame Jeanne.

Farm of Drugy built on site of castle where Jeanne halted on road from Arras to Le Crotoy: chapel-like portion of building with pointed vaulting: part of former castle: Jeanne imprisoned in vaulted room.

Passed site of battlefield of Crécy.

"Her escort, though Burgundians, were Frenchmen.
"Only finally given up to English on reaching Le Crotoy about 21st Nov.
On road to Crotoy: Rue famous pilgrimage: crucifix
from Jerusalem 1109(?) when Rue was home of a seaport. Legend of
Quinconces are painted on walls chapel. 4 miles from Rue to Le
Crotoy, on Somme. White winding road. Bleak Country -
"She saw the sea first time" - cold, autumn sea.
"Castle at Crotoy no longer exists: resembled Bastille at Paris.
Oblong: battlemented fortress with round towers at the four corners,
mounted on a fortified pedestal with round bastions guarded by
cannons. Here Duke de Alençon had formerly been prisoner.
Rue de la Tour indicates old castle's position."
(The statue & inscription of Jeanne "down by the port.)
Left Crotoy for Rouen 2nd fortnight in December.
Was consoled by her Voices in Crotoy: - "Have not seen
St. Michael since I left the castle of Crotoy. I never saw him
often."
Captivity not hard there: went to church & confession.
No woman injured her.
Oct. 24th Compiègne evacuated according to promise of Voices.
- Lovely views around Crotoy. (Cross to St. Valéry before when
tide is out.)

"Rouen, Rouen, mourrai-je ici! O Rouen, j'ai grand'peur
que tu n'aies à souffrir de ma mort!"

Journey to Rouen.

Jeanne carried across river Somme in boat at flood-tide.
Taken to Rouen on horseback via Eu and Dieppe.
"Road lay as now by the wall. Steward ramparts of St. Valéry,
up steep but ordinary to the Chequer-built Norman church.
("Harold & William the Conqueror knocked ends among dwellings
niched & nestled in these ruined walls. Conquerors fleet sat and
here.) -- Road descends to Eu to level of shore.
16 miles from St. Valéry to Eu. Mountainous road, hard sea-
breeze: especially in December.
"Fir or six kilometres from St. Valéry begins long straggling
village of Sallenelle: almost continuous with Sanchières and

Bruteles. --- This part of Picardy. Few strangers pass this road. No public conveyance. Soil, chalk & beds of clay: "peoples & sheep herds in long woollen cloaks, with crooks (and pipes)." Before road turns off to Eu St. Charles (Brown-new watering-place.

"Jeanne halted in Eu: probably slept there." Twenty-miles to Dieppe. days short. -- Way to Dieppe up steep hill beyond present barracks, and out on Roman road which extends straight so across about 5 miles, then turns at obtuse angle straight out again.

Village of Criel. — Jacqueville ---- Biville-sur-mer. (Then a "homely inn like country inn of olden time.")

12 kilometers from Dieppe. St. Martin.

Castle of Dieppe, fresh-built in Jeanne's time: terrible: drawbridge over a chasm extending to sea. "River descends into Dieppe from tableland that breaks off abruptly into white cliffs. River forms tidal harbor.

"Road from Dieppe to Rouen lies in lower ground": gentler climate. land of plenty! Pure streams and orchards.

Longueville, Auffay, St. Victor, "each former sweeter than last."

—"taste of spring here even in depth of winter. -- Graceful, elegant country."

—"Nor was Rouen then pierced by the fine broad street that now proudly bears name Rue Jeanne d'Arc. But tangled ribbon of the Seine wound then so deliciously among its wooded islands.

"Jeanne aged and strongly chained in castle of Rouen."

"Much of Rouen's former picturesqueness has crumbled into dust, yet never has it 15th century aspect.

Gardens of St. Ouen, scene of abjuration. "The two scaffolds that were raised, one for the judges and one for the accused, were erected in the burial-ground of the abbey of St. Ouen, between central tower & west end of Church."

"Jeanne immured in great tower of Rouen Castle. ----

Eight steps led up to Jeanne's prison from castle court."

—"Resignation." --- "Obedience." -- "only time up when her accusers touched the king."

Lebrun's "Historical & Critical Reflections on Conduct of Chas. VII with regard to Joanne d'Arc &c" — Says writers have not attended to the nature of the case. Prior to Joanne Charles. — "That she had ceased to have the rights of a prisoner of war, and therefore could not be ransomed." "Joan of Beaurevoir and the Duke of Bedford were forced to abandon her to Henry VI." — "Not one Englishman took part in the case!"

Joanne's cry for the King — "By my faith, with due reverence, I dare say and swear to you, under peril of death, that he is the most noble of Christians, who best loves the faith and the Church and he is not such as you say of him."

Jan. 9, 1431, her public trial began. She was just nineteen.

9th May, threatened with torture

"They took her from her cage (for trial) and drew off from her 3 pairs of irons. After the session, replaced the irons on her feet." (Duchess of Bedford — after being assured of her virginity by matrons) "Your orders as violence should be done her." Not imprisoned in cage after first examinations. Customs of the times cruel.

24th May, year from capture at Compiègne, her abjuration and "so-called release."

30th May her cruel death.

— In her trial, Englishman cries out: "She is really a good woman. If she were but English."

— "Round what was left of her — a heap of ashes — was her monument, Circumspice."

(See Bastien de Page's picture of her if possible.)

Mrs. Oadby says Hume is wrong in every date he gives.

— Value of the geographical treatises of Ptolemy.

"The plates are the most important part of Monsieur Jollois' work. He gathered up the current traditions of the department of the Marne, where he superintended the erection of Jeanne's monument." (1820) — "testifies little monument at Domremy." — His "Heroine History."

M. Berriat St. Prix made an itinerary: but made mistakes: probably "slept in carpe of diligence." Confused St. Florent-le-Saumur with St. Florent-le-Vieil: made wrong excep. Materialistic view of Jeanne's character.

"Mrs. Bray's book an abridged translation of Henri Martin's "History of France, flavored with extracts from Chronique de la Pucelle."

"One might make genealogical chapter of notes on Jeanne d'Arc: thus:- Lenglet du Fresnoy, son of Richer. Pattot, son of Denis Godefroy: Lebrun de Charmettes and Duchesne are parents of Walckenaer, and Miss Porter etc."

1854. Barthelemy de Beauregard's Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc.

Jeanne's mother to her! "O ma fille, tu ne nous quitteras pas! Tu n'empoisonneras pas notre vieillesse! Tu ne nous feras pas mourir!"

"Compère" – god-father, friend or army.

The pretended of Jeanne's love, violent the sanction of her parents, would have been "une véritable folie."

"Capitaine ~~[illegible]~~ ouissire" = Addressing Beaudricourt.

"La femme d'avril, ou Fleury" "Shepherd's wife in Vaucouleurs. Jeanne said: "Have you not heard the prophecy of about the virgin from the marches of Lorraine?"

Baudricourt gave [illegible] her into print.

Mother says she went back to Petit-Burg (for fear her parents would hear, then, pressed by Voices, returned to Vaucouleurs beginning of Lent. (Baudri — was to hear her 3 times began yielding.)

"Pucelle m'amie."

Her own family came in distress to see her while she was

Sons to Rand to Duke of Lorraine.

Pierredo – youngest brother, remained "to attend his sister."

– Says she wrote her parents on her return, implores their pardon,

+ [illegible] [illegible].

(Die Baudricourt get money from court changing him suddenly.)

Says Baudri – made the uncle depart pay for his time later.

Envoys sent by Dunois from Orleans to hasten the King's decision about Maid – Sire de Villars, sénéchal de Beaucaire, et Jamet de Tillay.

Makes her answer her questioners:– Dictée. I must tell you B. I am sent by the King of Heaven, to raise the siege of Orleans and take the fair Dauphin Charles crowned at Rheims.

Her suite – "c'est-à-dire, l'equipage d'un général ou chef de guerre: – Jehan d'Aulon – Notable escuyer: de

deux pages, Raymond et Louis de Contes, dit Imenguet: de deux heraults d'armes, Guienne et Ambleville, de deux valets, et d'un maître d'hotel. - - - - Confesseur ou aumônier, frère Jehan Pasquerel."

—"armure of Jean Quenel received behind the abbaye of the crown of Tierbois — "une epée où il y avoit en la lame cinq croix, assez près du manche."

—Trans.—"Each man-at-arms had in his suite for other cavaliers, that is: - three archers or coutilliers, one page or valet, and one large servant. (gros domestique.)

—"Charlotte - - - avec la dicte Jehanne, et dormit sur le même coussain, probablement dans une de ces couches gigantesques de quinze pieds de large, comme on en avoit alors pour recevoir les hôtes." (guests.)

Trans." The walls of Orleans had in general no parapets, but in time of war they raised hoardings of beams of slates planted at equal distances and transverse pieces carried from one to another; - - of wood: with loopholes (crenels) and thus covered the besieged from the enemy. They practiced here and there at the valets and loop holes in frame-work, so that the besieged themselves were able to shoot bolts (arrows). These barbacanes were placed in the breaches so as to form a continuation when the framework was lighted, and if the enemy came to take the walls, they prevailed it by turning and recruiting."

Tr. "In the XV th cent. Orleans was a parallelogram on the shore of the river, but the line of fortifications formed a more acute angle on the west. Here are the names and positions of the towers. At the angle of south-west ramparts, the famous tour Neuve, eleven of all on account of its air and its large fossés full of water. At the opposite

angle, tower of Marcel, near the Bishop or Tancoverie. Between them, the tower Blanche, the towers Avalon, Saint-Flon, Saint-Estienne d'Aulnay or Messire Baude, and Champ-Eyron. All these towers were distant one from another 60 or 65 metres. In the middle ground the gate of Bourgogne (Burgundy) [illegible] called Saint-Aignan, flanked itself by two towers. On the north side, going from east to west, were the towers, Plaidoyer, of the Bishop, of the church of Sainte-Croix and Salée, then the Paris gate, and following, the towers Jean-Thibaut, Aleu, Saint-Hermès, des Vergers de Saint-Samson, and Fraumer. At the north-west angle, the Bernier or Banner gate, then in ruins, on the west side, the gate Renart, and between the two the towers Richard-Quenteau, de l'Escliffer Saint-Paul, André and Barré Flambert. Along the river were the towers of Notre-Dame and Abreuvoir, the gate Port and its two towers, the large tower of Chastelet, then that of Maisiet Pierre-le-Queux and Croiche-Menffroy, then the postern Chesneau and finally the tower Aubert or Guichet, the tower à huit pans (or square), and the tower d'Foust or Jaumeurs. In all, 6 gates and 42 towers: and counting the fort of Tournelles and the north end of the bridge, the bastille Saint-Antoine upon the islet of that name, to two thirds the width of the river, towards the north, and the boulevards for the defense of the gates.

"These towers had 3 stories; the first almost at the bottom of the fosse: the second level with the ground, and the third above. These stories were separated

by a simple flooring pierced by a trap, for the placing of ladders and retiring when the enemy scaled the summit; when one despaired of being able to defend the edifice, one put fire to inflammables gathered in the cave and ground floor. The exterior ramparts, 2 to 2½ metres thick at the base, varied in height from 6 to 10 metres above the ground, and were defended by a fosse 13 metres wide by 6 metres 50 centimetres in depth. They were not terraced on the side of the city, but were mounted to them on ladders, which were burnt in case of retreat, being of wood:— "When one was forced to yield to the enemy and retire behind the second fosse, which was hollowed parallel with the first, in the interior of the city."

"The English had constructed bastilles & boulevards around the place and turned the siege into a blockade. A bastille was a fortress of stone or wood with double fosses. Boulevards were earthworks, consisting of simple fosses which circumscribed an inclosure. Isolated, or placed before a gate or around a bastille, they bristled over the crest with chevaux-de-frise" pieces of beams traversed by wooden, iron-tipped spikes fixed on six feet long, bristling. "When two English works were rectangular, with a belt of fosses to the town comes to defend the fronts. When the boulevards were forced they retired into the bastilles.

"Principal camp of English was at Chanda Saint-Jacques-des-Champs situated on height west of city; though they had garrison in the Tournelles. They had there a great boulevard and bastille ..... from which they communicated all the time with Paris, friends

they brought their munitions of war & provisions; and with other bulwarks situated on the other side of the river.

"Near these was the bulwark de la Croix-Boissée, which commanded the road to Blois; that of Colombier, called Foulons by the English, which commanded that of Chateaudun, and that of Prêcheur-Aux, very large & strong, well made, between Saint-Poman and Saint-Laurent. —— Siege of Orleans being a blockade, the English had the greatest interest to environ it with bastilles and keep at distances and troops. To attain this, they made their fort a kind of belt around it. North & at N.W. angle of ramparts opposite the gate Bannier was the bastille Rouen; and opposite Paris gate, that of Paris commanded by Talbot, large, fine and considerable circumference. All these fortifications were a great distance from the walls, and enveloped the outskirts (faubourgs). Eastward, near the river, on the ruins of a church, in a position similar to that of Saint-Laurent-des-Orgerils, was built the bastille Saint-Loup, which commanded the gate of that name on the road to Jargeau, whence the English also brought supplies. Thus the blockade was not complete on the south and east; & space 3/4 of a league remained free between the bastille of St. Loup and that of Paris. ---- The English intended to finish blockade but had not yet executed!

½ Troops bivouacked in barracks built of saplings & covered with thatch.

Arms: the lance; and the constillier - long narrow sword which managed with address penetrated joints of armor: the guisarme or bisaigüe which presented on one side a long point and on the other a hatchet of large edge. The point pierced along armor and the hatchet made terrible wounds. (Joanne carried a guisarme suspended at her side.) They knocked down also with the club and the

leaden hammer. From distance or the heights & ramparts or bastilles they used bows and cross-bows. The bows, lighter and less expensive, were more easily managed, but the cross-bows carried farther. In 1428 some of the towers of Orleans were still embarrassed with enormous machines called balistes, catapults or couillards by means of which great stones were thrown:—a forest of beams and joists. From 1412 the use of cannon and bombards had begun to prevail for the defence of the city. Orleans, when the Pucelle entered, had 71 mortars & fire, all made of copper. Of this number was the cannon leve by Montagis, the big cannon named Rifflard, and the large bombarde of Guillaume Dacier, very skilful workman, who threw bullets of stone weighing 120 pounds. (Bullets of iron were not substituted for bullets of stone until the next reign, Louis XI): he needed 22 horses to put it in place.

[The bombarde was a short large cannon [perhaps like a mortar:] — had bag-like holes. They charged them with a dipper and rammed the powder with a plug of wood. The tube consisted of a little pipe or tube of Iceland (white iron?) full of powder. There were two or three bags to each piece: when one was discharged, put in another. Carried a bullet of stone.

Nine of cannon or bombards were served by only a dozen master cannoniers who had aids or valets. Culverins were yet to be invented. Orleans had several, but only two are known, those of Master Jehan de Lorraine and Philippe Nicolas. Smaller & longer than the other pieces; they were charged with lead, and carried farther than bombards & cannon, which carried only 400 toises (fathoms: 6 ft X 400 = 2400 ft.)" However during the siege a bell-founder — Nandin Bouchard — invented a cannon long enough to carry 700 toises.

In the attack they used plain ladders + trestles, and mounted to the assault covered with a pavas, a kind of large buckler made of staves + covered with leather, attached to the shoulders by leather straps so as to cover the loins, back and head. These pavas seem to have been invented during the siege of Orleans. Fusees covered with sheepskin were thrown to set fire to the fortifications, but others were attached to long lances with which one put fire to the Chevaux de frise. In going to the attack one always had recourse to chausse-trapes (foot-traps?) which are thrown behind in retreat to retard the enemy. There were bits of four-pointed iron, one point being vertical which the others formed as base of the machine. The besieged to defend themselves, rained down all sorts of projectiles, even water, grease and boiling oil."

English and French forces nearly equal at Orleans. The besieged were in nearly equal parts bourgeois and men-at-arms. There were only as many as (?) Italians, Spaniards and Scotch sent by the king, as the demand of the inhabitants, who at the approach of the English, renounced the privilege of defending themselves. Then, that privilege was liable to tenaciously on account of the excesses of the undisciplined and badly paid troops.

The five or six thousand men which composed the garrison of Orleans, were in 13 different lots. —— Perhaps 500 Scots, 160 Aragonnais, 240 Italians &c. -

All population of faubourgs &c were inside the city; population about twenty thousand. Men in state to carry arms, about five thousand: a number which seems enormous when one considers the little space comprised within the walls. The population with the English was not changed, however, by arrival of the Pucelle, for Count de Clermont

(See in Orleans - rage Pot-de-fer - 3 stone bullets weighing a foot. Stone cannon balls.) - Pierres de canon.

head retreated with his 2000 lances, and the Battle of the Herring & other essays had depleted forces.

-- Pucelle raised in 3 days & siege which must hence effort had and increased for 7 months.

- Then were rendered French among the English. - Women, began Pucelle came, and helped carry projectiles to the defenders.

— Stone bullet falls in midst of La Hire's men near the Renard gate, without hurting one.

English used cannon of a size until then unknown. The French, Rippland and Montagis guns "lancaient sans cesse" and die Excution. — Balls 120 - to 192 lbs. Master Jehan who manned the culverin, would tumble down at discharge of English guns, pretend to be dead or mortally wounded. Then jump up and let them have it: his true eye established well. But the jolly cannonier fell into the hands of the English but his little chariot and culverin.

Amenities between the armies. They quit firing on Christmas day to arrange trumpets & clarions &c in concert. English (Talbot, Suffolk & Scales) sent plate of figs, raisins & dates, begging for [illegible] of pain noir (black bread) to live rebe with, on account scarcity of season. Dunois accepted, and gracious sent the pain noir. Then set to, tilting each other fast as possible. — Often had single combats. Children imitated their fathers. In combat of Jargeau, where the sling took place of bombard, some Jenny Friends lost their standard. When they returned into the field had not been heard (prisoners or killed) it was very evident in the return, by the weeping of the women of Orleans.

About 2.5 60 "false French."

— Her oath - pronounced in Lorraine — "En nome De."

- Carried the lances & armor shine at a distance.

Army returning with Dennis passed between Englis. bastides Andrés & Saint-Laurent.
—"En nom Dé! my counsel has told me that I must pass against the English!"

—The morning she is first wounded, the Gov. of Orleans refused to open the eighth gate by which she was going out. Crowd of soldiers pressing, increasing, angry. She rides up, calls him a wicked man, asks him to open it. He pities her, they ready to kill him if he not get the way: they rich through gate and a neighboring postern. (Chiefs had probably set him on to it.)

Materials for siege:- cannon, culverines, fusées (those tubes which carried inflammable stuff.) - échelles (ladders) - crocs (drag-hooks) - haches, (axes) - pics (pickaxes) - fascines (bundles) — materials inflammable, projectiles - gabions and all dimensions. (Seem to have had pressed fagots with hog's grease and resin added. Ground sharp arms like axes or hatchets.)

—La Hire's true name was Estienne de Vignolles.
—At siege of Les Tourelles:- Every arm was at work on the side of the assailants: these dug the ground with pickaxes, these carried earth in baskets to fill up the fosse: these pulled down pickets with drag-hooks, the others dragged them away with long pincers! ("They had at this siege 2 pincers weighing 54 lbs. They served only to pull down and drag off the palisades.") Others under a fire of projectiles cut them down with axes. The fusées to set fire, were shot as arrows and planted by their points of iron: while fagots accumulated at the ledge of the fosse and filled it. Grease & resin were rolled up and set on fire. The assailants planted ladders and mounted the breach,

protected by their bucklers. They are thrown down, and trampled.

When wounded in shoulder, Jeanne says — "It is long — it is our blood!" — as the soldiers just arrive, & blood drenches her.

When her standard floated towards the boulevard the Tourelles would be taken. (She sees a vision of Cherubim combating against the English.

English thought her dead of her wound. Stunned by seeing her return, flying on her horse against them. "To the assault! to the assault! All is ours!"

English soldiers said they saw white birds hovering on Jeanne's shoulders, in this assault.

She bursts out crying at the death and downfall of the English into the water. "Classidas, Classidas! Glasdale how called me ——. I grant pity to thy soul and those others."

"This assault passed almost under the eye of Talbot and Suffolk without their sending succor!

Jeanne's re-entry into the city a triumph. Bells ring. Crowds stop their passage. All the Te Deum chanted.

Next morning, the English, after long council, formed in line of battle to raise siege. French, thinking them about to attack, formed to meet them. Pucelle told them not to fight unless attacked: "for the law & honor of the holy Sabbath." She had an altar erected between the two armies, and two masses celebrated, attended with profound respect. Jeanne prostrate on ground. Not end 2d mass, when shouts about her if the English had "their faces turned

 [Man universally despises the victim whom he can plunder.]

toward us?" No; their backs. "Then they are going!"

Part went to Jargeau, with Suffolk, rest with Talbot to Meung & Beaugency, abandoned their artillery, their sick & prisoners & supplies. Jeanne pursued.

— Only 3 Lorraine people in this siege. Jeanne, Le-Bourg-de-Bar & Maistre Jehan the Culverriner. Le-B. was English prisoner. Talbot captured, an Augustin friar, set to guard him. Had iron on his leg: friar tried to make him follow in retreat: he seized the friar, (being Captain of English troops) and took him back prisoner. Told him he was too fat to Orleans. Forced the Augustin to carry him on his shoulders.

Leaving Orleans, Jeanne for a souvenir of her first entertainers "the blue hat ~~to~~ embroidered with gold" "le Chapeau de ~~blue~~ satin bleu brodé d'or" "that she had "portait" in the city & even in camp, when not obliged to protect her head with a helmet.

Her brother ~~Jean~~ Jean Jacquemin.

"the Pucelle armed all in white, save her head, & mounted on a ~~grey~~ black courser." — "her voix de femme" — woman's voice. ^ Had little axe in her hand.

According to Guy de Laval's letter, her brother "Jean Jacquemin" first met her at Selles.

"Her battlecries — 'Avys, avys, ayez bon courage! Sus! Sus! Ils sont tous vostres!" — "Friends, friends, have courage! Be of good heart, be of good heart! They are ours!"

"Avvis" = no.

"Rains" — (Rheims.) Jean started one day begging.

Brother Richard - Frère Richard — was a great preacher.

the famine began Troyes: and the council determining to turn back.

Jeanne's "bottines vermeilles" — red, or coral colored boots.

She had carried her red peasant dress with her, and gave it to Jean Morel, one of her fellow townsmen met at Chalons, to carry home.

King did not take any artillery with him on joining to Rheims always in anxiety because not prepared for sieges.

Club is always saying: "Never doubt, but advance hardily."

Trace her error in signing her letters with pennel & husband.

Did Jeanne's father come to Rheims in train of his duke - Duke of Bar? Jeanne?

Charles had not even a crown for his coming. One "for riche" was on the way, but did not arrive in time and was one made, found in the treasure of the Cathedral.

The coronation: After King took his oath, while several peers sustained the crown on his head, two other ecclesiastical peers lifted the chair on which he sat and held him up before the people, in memory of the elevation of the French kings on the shield. Then the archbishop of Rheims consecrated him with the holy chrism. King knelt before the altar to receive the holy unction.

See Maison Rouge in Rheims, when Jeanne's father lodged. ——— "Son frère Pierre."

Broke her sword in the camp-folowers at St. Denis. Felt then that her mission was certainly ended. It was considered a bad augury.

The Parisians were English to the core.

She took a sword from English chevalier - disarmed him. at siege of Paris.

Jeanne loved the Duke of Alençon fraternally, "doing for him what she would not do for another."
"At Gien the Duke quitted the Pucelle, going to his Duchess & his "vicomté de Beaumont."

Duchess of Bedford sister of the Duke of Burgundy.
— Had Jeanne 3 voices, as pelerin & worldly "seems to indicate," Jacqueminn, Jean, et Pierre or Pierrelot"?

"Charles desired further" (then simply knighthood & lineage) — "that she should wear rich vestments to the end that she might wear under her armor a hauque, hucque or hoqueton, a robe shaped like a dalmatique of cloth of gold, slashed & jagged on all sides. Dressed in guise of a man, she wore her hair cut round, hood (or not slashed, "gipon" and boots tied, attached with many strings." Probably laced with many points.
Wore two brilliant rings on her fingers: one given with 3 crosses & words Jhesus Maria: and at least 1 came from her parents, and having this ring on her hand she told Catherine Saint Catherine. Looked at it tenderly in the moment of going to combat. ("It is the time when a man's honor is in question in moment of danger.")

"Aside from war she knew nothing: but 200 the most simple, gentle, quiet and ever ignorant child that ever pleased parents' wish!" Confessed often: received Sacrament about every week. Used to slip up in the night & pray for the King and the blessed realm of France. Sometimes to God-father. Said she had been sent for the consolation of the unhappy. Said she had no peasants against being wounded.

It seems at that time they had no military hospitals. When soldiers were wounded, the "procureurs de ville" distributed money to them "pour refaire pauvre"

to get their wounds dressed and to keep them.

Part of the English garrison leaving Melun to plunder surrounding country, the French shut the gates & would-not let them in again.

— "Misery in France extreme." The poor cultivators and children, and peasants and travellers the country: Several were taken & put to exercise of their incapable industry. It was decided that 24 of principal ones should pay for all: a dozen hanged & a dozen beheaded. Eleventh victim, dimpled, was having his eyes bandaged. One 25 yrs. old. One crime had been hunger. Girl ran out & resolutely demanded him for her husband. Judges let him go back to prison: then married his "libératrice."

Pasquerel de Jeanne did not return home after king's release was clear "her mission had been given another shape. Certain captains had represented her work not achieved while the English remained in France: the king was not yet master of his capital. Archbishop of Rheims himself said of Joan explains his presence in Compiègne far from the court after the escape of the Pucelle."

Jeanne: "It seems to me that one wins finer peace at the point of a lance!"

Jeanne. When taken, were over her armour a rich tunique or tunic "of velours, couleur de pourpre, brodé d'or et d'argent:" — or, Chastellain: - "une longue de riche drap d'or vermeil."

"In my hand ... the wants to depict ... [illegible]

#

Opposite Gibbet in hospital [illegible] garden. — "Deserted children lay stretched by [illegible] upon the [illegible] (in Paris) stripped and frozen. Boys and [illegible] women and children wandered about the streets crying 'I am dying,' or cried 'I am dying of cold!'" Mahon in St. Louis,

Spanish Tomb at Toledo.

Emile Marcellay. "Paris was then a pleasant city. She stood over against the churches crowned, its bridges fair and covered, its fortress lightened by towers and decorations newly introduced, and everywhere were gardens, orchards and vineyards. Saint Germain was ancient [illegible], Chapel Palace a pavement in a grove of chestnut trees, the Pantheon in the midst of a park."

'Hennins' — high headdresses of Calais. Children in street yelled at poor old people [illegible] "au lennin, au lennin!"

Miss Parr's "Life & Death of Jeanne d'Arc".

Contemporary with Jeanne: "Three Popes" hurling thunderbolts at one another: Hussite wars raging Germany: Turks gaining on Christians in the East: Rheims with prophets and prophetesses in abundance.

"All who ever knew Jeanne spoke of her frequent tears."
——"Exempt from all the weakness of her sex but tears."

The document of the Doctors' opinions concerning the Maid:- copied: one found its way into Germany: another into English camp — at Orleans?

Extract - 2nd paragraph:- "The King, since the coming of the Maid has thus sought to prove her - keeping her near him for six weeks, and causing her birth, her life, her conduct, and her intentions to be inquired into by all manner of people, - scholars, Churchmen, men of piety, many men, wise, midwives, and others. Publicly and privately she has conversed with them; and have find in her any evil, but only chastity, humility, devotion, simplicity, and honour; and of her birth and life many marvelous things are told for true."

"Jeanne had come from Vaucouleurs in simple serviceable costume of man-at-arms - cuirass of steel, and jacket and tunic of gray cloth; but now — provided with rich habits, velvet and scarlet."

Jeanne went from Jouy to St. Flaurent-sur-Sauldre.

Orleans." — besiegers had eight fortresses encompassing

the city, with smaller redoubts between. In the Beauce, westward, was the bastile of Saint-Laurent on the river bank, and the bastile of London: on the north was the bastile of Rouen, opposite the gate Barnier, and the bastile of Paris, opposite the gate Parisis, on the old road to the capitol; and on the north-east was the bastile of Saint-Loup, constructed upon the ruins of a church near the gate of Burgundy. In the Solange was the bastile of Saint-Jean-le-Blanc: the Tournelles on the bridge, which had been refortified with two new ramparts, one toward the city and one towards the fields: and the bastile of the Augustines, about half a cannon-shot from the Tournelles.

"Between these redoubts the besiegers had dug deep trenches by which they could pass under cover from one fortress to another. The army had been divided into two bodies, to act on each side of the Loire, and the soldiers who were not lodged in the bastiles were bivouacked in huts, formed of the trunks of trees and roofed with thatch. There were 3 of these field-camps: one in the Solange near the Augustines, and two across the Loire in the Beauce, between the bastiles of Saint-Laurent and Paris. In the Tournelles and on the south of the river Sir William Glasdale had the chief command. In the Beauce were Suffolk, Talbot and Scales, who had

easy communication with the other side of the River by means of the redoubt of Saint-Privé, near Augustin Saint-Laurent, and of another redoubt constructed on a little island in middle of stream.

"Thereby did not remain one gun in reserve of approach to the city."

Her oath, "By my Martin." (Martin-bâton, short staff carried by military commanders.)

400 head of oxen, cows, sheep & swine, 60 wagons bread & military stores, big train horses loaded with sacks flour & grain: for Orleans.

Priests chant "Veni Creator Spiritus."

"Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Lord: in glory to be Thine,
Fill with Thy grace each heart that Thou hast formed.
O Comforter, ever present with God most high: plead for us
at the time of eternal justice.
Thou art the source of life: the sacred fire of Charity.
Thou art the holy unction which sanctifieth us
of God." &c.

Army did not enter Orleans with Joan on account of lack of food.

Joan's fare: cup of wine & water, and "five or six pieces of toasted bread, such as were used with soup."

Joan lodged in Orleans in treasurer's house near gate Regnier.

"Her innocence which was not ignorance."

"Her ordinary garb was the knight, a blouse of rich cloth descending to the knee, which, when in camp, she wore over her armor, and at other times under a kerite — a long,

flowing, sleeved mantle. Such a huque and kirtle were made for her in Orleans – gift from the duke: the huque of dark green, nearly black, and the kirtle of fine crimson Brussels cloth, lined with white satin. Rest of the suit also of white satin. Only part of her armor that much fatigued her was her sabaton: and in Orleans, except when fighting, she wore instead a pair of blue satin, bound and looped with four braids of gold." With duke's livery emblems embroidered as border to her tunics.

First attack on English: "She went into the old fortified church amongst dead & dying English, and climbed up into the bell. Cover with carpeins – in arms after fugitives.

"In Jeanne's guard proud of her: declared she rode as well and armed as fast – as any knight in army or King's court."

She struck with flat of her sword hard & heavy.

The procession around the city with tapers, after siege was raised & English gone: "prayers said & praise to God every in all places where the enemy had fortified themselves against it."

King & Alencon, Beaugency &c (after Orleans) "her brother Pierre beside her armed like herself in white," & Jean de Coulon carrying her standard folded up.

Maid had a long visit.

Jeanne stone broken on her steel cap.

King just began starting to Rheims could not pay for pair of new spatterdashes, so Johannes would not let him have

them. Orders his old ones pressed :- Queen said he was dirty
dandy ish : courtiers jokes on poverty. Queen did not go to
Rheims both because he doubted dangers of journey for her
and because he could not take her decently in suitable
state.
Joanne's brother Jean (2nd brother) insignificant young man.
Pierre has permits. Jean told her at Sunday folks thought
she was making witchcraft :- Joanne answered.
"Joanne d'Arc had not counted without reason on the
national sentiment of the people, which in her had at-
tained the force of a passion." (Jouvenel.)
King made truce with Duke of Burgundy for
15 days, expecting Duke would so the opportune sur-
render Paris at end of that time. When King
learned of Joanne marching direct from Rheims to
Paris. Truce with Burgundy did not include
a truce with the English.
— for the title." The Maid knew Reims & the
title ; King "Reims & King for" the guidance of
her divine counsel : and her voice spoke with an
uncertain sound."
"Maid's best friends now being gradually separ-
ated from main army. King had accompanied the ser-
vices of Jean de Dunois by appointing him governor of
Vernandois, and Gallant Poton de Saintrailles
now made governor of Chateau-Thierry."

"Her voices said neither yea nor nay to the enterprise (before
Paris)" but it was always said, she thought, good in all
reasons and all circumstances, to go against the enemy."

100 — "the immodest woman who haunted the purlieus of the camp she would not suffer in her sight, and very eagerly — heard they were made to cease it.

— "But one day at St. Denis, the minions of a magistrate ventured to come flaunting by, mounted on his horse, when Jeanne was riding with the Duke of Alençon. Fearing at the instant the Pucelle drew her sword, and as the woman started in terror, Jeanne rode after her, overtook her and struck her with the flat of the blade. By the force of the blow the blade was broken, and fell ringing on the stones. The sword was the sacred sword of St. Katherine de Fierbois. Charles told her that she should have taken a good stick, and not have broken her good sword. He was much displeased at the mishap, and she was bitterly ashamed of her unchristian rage. The sword was sent to the armourer as to be refounded, but they could not do it; and the people and soldiers always declared the failure of the Maid's good luck from the day when it was broken."

Battle of Paris.

— "early 11 when royal army took up its position in an open space, called the Swine-Market, which extended from the gate of Saint Honoré, to a piece of elevated ground where stood a windmill, the scene of many a skirmish during the past week. The artillery was placed at various points, and opened a vigorous fire at once on the ramparts, which was as vigorously answered. Being a great feast-day, all the churches were full; and while the trembling people stayed until about noon, when suddenly there arose a cry through the city that the enemy had forced their way in, and all was lost. At this alarm the priests were left alone at the altars, and everybody fled to his home and made fast his door. Among the many quaking hearts in Paris that day, there could

friendly town even more anxious than that of Queen Isabeau who was living neglected and degraded in the palace of the Count of Saint-Pol. The panic in the city was, however, remarkable. There was many slaughter both on and under the walls, but the assault was a bold, & gallant one & Sampiero and his men made a dashing attack on the advanced bastille & Saint-Honoré and set it on fire, compelling its defenders to retire into the city. There was some stiff hand-to-hand fighting here and the Maid who engaged in it took a bride from one of the enemy. In anticipation that a sally would be made from the gate of Saint-Denis, Alençon and Clermont formed an ambuscade near the windmill; but their plans were foiled. —— Elsie's caution emboldened the assailants and about 2 o' Clock the Maid determined to lead the attack to the foot of the wall. With her standard flying, and followed by a great company of soldiers, commanded by Messire de Retz, she crossed the dry moat and mounted the narrow ridge dividing it from the inner moat, which was deep with water and mud: the latter the depth of a man's height. Here she planted her standard at various points, under a hail of fire, and a violent lance at various points, under a hail of fire, and a violent discharge of arrows and cross-bolts, while her men brought logs and fagots in great quantities to fill a passage over. She was thus engaged when the soldier who carried her standard was wounded in the foot by an arrow. He raised the visor of his helmet to see to draw it out; when a second arrow struck him between the eyes and pierced to the brain. He fell dead at the Maid's side - a very brave and faithful soldier, of whom she said she could hardly spare any forty men in her company.

The Burgundians on the walls mingled curses & expostulations with their flights of shafts: but Jeanne paid them no heed.

except to cry 'Surrender the city to the King of Heaven and King Charles!' She herself was presently wounded in the thigh with an arrow; but the sharp pain only stirred her to fiercer exertions. ---- Encouraged them to bridge moat so the might reach wall, where city would certainly be won. But water was high in moat - hour after hour passed before they appeared to have made any advance. (Why on earth didn't they have portable bridges for such use?) "Burgundians stood steadily at their posts at depend of fort and well, and inflicted terrible losses on crowd of assailants. Sun set -- town flagged. Joanne insisted if they would preserve place [illegible] -- was showing signs of wavering. She herself had been wounded by long lance, and could not on the exhausted for at a moment when if she had listened to her fellow-commanders, the troops would have been withdrawn & day's labour in vain. But she had not now to deal with Jean Dunois and La Hire, but with Raoul de Gaucourt who had discountenanced the enterprise he had undertaken to conduct, and, with old soldier's jealousy of new ways, and new fame higher than his own, was not displeased to see it fail. In defiance of her wishes, he ordered retreat sounded: and when, after several messages, with two or three others, took her forcibly into the town, set her on a horseback and brought her off.

"By my Martin!" cried Joanne, indignant and enraged, "the place might have been taken!"

"He led her away to La Chapelle with the rest of the discomfited army, and at her lodgings in the village sent word up to Jean d'Arc, who had by some means got

wait for him down to sleep. But very early in the morning she was awake and up — sent for Stengon to whom he would have implicitly trusted — for Paris: — she never went far away from the city until she had it. Duke and many captains had as God will for the enterprise as herself — but de Gaucourt and others opposed: What discussion fixing on, arrival from within Paris Baron de Montmorency, who had sided with Burgundy & England, but now pretended himself with 60 or 80 gentlemen to make submission to King & join royal army.

"But news of repulse and threats upon had been carried to Charles at St. Denis, and before army could set out, Duke of Bar & Count of Clermont arrive, bring special command from King to abandon enterprise against the capital altogether.

"Joanne stole through & getting at Paris from another side, across bridge over Seine. Charles had bridge taken down.

"Joanne would never receive any visitor after sunset."

— "Powder, saltpetre, sulphur, arrows, slings, cross-bows, and other munitions of war." (to take to Orleans.)

Orleans sent her "money, two culverins, and a hundred stout men, well and warmly clothed in blouses of thick blue woollen cloth, marked with a white cross."

— After her ennoblin "Charles required her to sport an the toga, a long and stately robe worn only by princes and grandees." — She had now the household and income of a Count, files of noble birth were her companions. — He presented her with such a robe lined, made of precious cloth of gold: and dressed in the fashion of a man, she appeared in her armor, her hair trimmed round, her hat looped, her tunic short, and her scarlet hose fastened with a multiplicity of tags.

——"La Hire took Louviers, an important town of Normandy, by escalade, with only 60 soldiers; and establishing himself in that stronghold, rode from within sight of Rouen, sweeping it both right and left as he went. Thus the young peasant's heart felt great compassion"—(that the common people should so suffer.—Why didn't La Hire try to rescue her afterwards?"

Her Capture.

"Joan ... rode into Compiègne" (with her queen) "a little before sunrise, without the enemy giving her any hindrance or being apparently aware of her arrival. She was in no fear of her own safety that day, and ready to dare anything: She concerted her plans with Guillaume de Flavy, with Valperga the Lombard, Jean d'Aulon, and one or two captains besides; and about five o'clock in the evening, she led a sally out of the bridge-gate, intending to descend on the camp of Baude de Noyelle, and drive him out of Margny, and then to fall on the Duke of Burgundy at Condren. She carried her standard, and was splendidly mounted and equipped, wearing over her armour a cuirass of scarlet cloth of gold.

"At the hour when the sally was made, Jean of Luxembourg, the vicomte de Crépi, and ten or twelve gentlemen besides, happened to be riding about the environs of the city, to spy the weak points of the ramparts for an assault. From a distance they recognized the conspicuous figure of the Maid, sweeping down towards Margny, with a following of about 600 men. They instantly raised a cry to arms in their quarters, and by the time the troops at Margny had succumbed to the impetuous attack of the French, more

Burgundians came hurrying from Clairoy, three to one of the Maid's men. A furious fight ensued. Crépi was terribly wounded in the face, and twice the Burgundians were driven back to their tents by the rushing charge of the maid. But their numbers multiplied every moment. The English arrived on the field from Vendeuil, and were taking her company in the rear, when a soldier gave the alarm, crying to her, "Jeanne, to regain the city or you and we are all lost!"

"Hold your peace!" replied Jeanne. "I think of nothing but falling on them: it depends only on ourselves to discomfit them."

But the flight had begun, and she was forced to follow — following, however, always the ringleaders. Charging back to cover the retreat, and doing her utmost to rally the fugitives, to keep them together, and save them from loss: the Burgundians, aware what help was on every side, pressed after the fugitives, and Guillaume de Flavy, in a panic lest the city should be entered by the enemy in the rush and confusion, ordered the drawbridge to be raised and the gate closed. The Maid, seeing this retreat cut off, endeavored to escape with her men into the fields Picardy-way, but only three who formed her body-guard followed her, and she was soon surrounded. Then Franchise soldiers fought hard for her, and the Burgundians went on killing and killing to come at her, until at last five or six together laid their hands, some on her and some on her mare. She made a fierce battle for her liberty, but when she found it was useless, and that they were determined to take her alive, she surrendered to an archer in the company of the Bastard of Wandonne, who belonged to Jean of Luxembourg's

army. Jean d'Arlon and her brother Pierre surrendered at the same time, while the rest of her force had not fallen.

"The luck which has captured the Maid leads her to think her fault.

"I hope during and given my faith to another than her, and I shall keep my oath." Upon hearing these words she was led away to the quarters of Jean of Luxembourg.

"A few minutes after arrive the Duke of Burgundy in hot haste from Compiègne, and hear the great news. The English and their allies assembled from every quarter, are making -- day with their usual shouts of triumph & delight." In No one seems so much to be aware.

Duke went into Jean de Luxembourg's tent to see her. Spoke a few unrecorded words to her; left her & his stepson Jean for night. Wrote letter to send the news. — "That she who is called the Maid has been taken and with her many captains, knights & squires. Of this capture we are sure there will be everywhere great news and the error and foolish belief of those who favorably inclined to her, will be made known." &c

"Atrocious letter of Archbishop of Rheims may serve as key to the treasons that had brought the failure of Jeanne d'Arc." Wrote to his flock that shepherd of Luxembourg mountains & Germandeur had said she was permitted by God to be captured for her pride, for wearing rich clothes, and taking her own way.

"She was a person of such high chivalry that there was no knight in Christendom whose fame was not shadowed by hers." — Burgundy." thereupon his alliance with England.

had never forgotten that she was a princess of France, and that it was an alien race he had helped to crown. The inevitable tendency of events was now towards the restoration of Charles. It must be done or it might be late, but it must come. To sacrifice the heroine who had given events this forward impetus, might put new difficulty between himself + king. Did nothing, therefore." (would not give her up to Inquisition or University of Paris) Jean of Luxembourg "frankly refused to give up his prize (unless some part for her." "Charles might then bought her if regent had not come forward to outbid him. But Charles was absolutely guiltless." "English, also, not in a hurry as long as she was in prisons of Burgundy. Neither did Inquisition show any stomach for the prosecution. The University sought to thrust upon it. Inquisition (Dominican friars, servants of the Court of Rome) considered Joanne "good Catholic + good Christian."

-"No city - not even Orleans - seems the noblest honour of having agreed to pay, or help to pay, her ransom." No memorial list any of the great princes and lords, etc mentioned as companions-in-arms, ever made one effort to rescue her by force.

At Beaurevoir Joanne allowed to take the air on top of high tower. ... Many bright heroic days must she have watched over bare brown levels for rescue that never came. ... Ah, if Charles were at Beaurevoir and she at Chinon, would she not have come stumping at its gates to release him! — Would not Orleans and Jean and Blois remember the day of their peril, and succour her in hers? Would not Alençon — would not de Rais, Dunois, or Xaintrailles try to lead a rescue?

One afternoon nearly end of Sept. the Lord Bishop of Beauvais had arrived at Bruxelles. Price had at last been settled ..." Burgundy wanted the quiet acquiescence of regent while he despatched his agent Margaret of Brabant Brussels and Louvain: Jean of Luxemburg granted the quiet acquiescence of his kinsman and liege lord, Burgundy, while he appropriated the estates of Dizy & Mont-Pol, to the confiscate of his elder brother." (Comtesse of Dizy had died). There was the ten thousand francs ransom for them to share besides, after fifty had gone to the Bastard of Wandonne."

— Joan whispered to Jeanne that she was safe, and about to be given up. — "Jeanne rather die than fall into hands of the English!"

Flew to my of Louvain. — Voices. "Be patient - God will help Compiègne, and He will help us." (English were fifty & put all down) to the sword, & taken.

Despite or climbed from Louvain, fled. Taken up for dead. — No broken bones or either despairing but shock, but despair.

Still not made yet.

Siege of Compiègne raised in Oct.

English widened their area more & more & more like Jeanne's.

Rouen.

"Pierre Cusquel, an inquisitor citizen of Rouen, who obtained admittance to Jeanne's prison soon after her coming, by interest with the master-mason of the castle, was in middle chamber of first tower, to which he mounted from courtyard by 8 steps. Large room and had light looking toward fields. He was told that she had been kept in iron cage, made to lodge her in erect position, confined by neck, wrists & ankles, when

first brought to Rouen. She was then chained by feet to Cauchon's log & road. Eating, she was always tied to the log & road: sleeping, she was tied by the legs with two pairs of heavy fetters locked to her bed. She kept on to wear in prison clothes as she lay down when on the march with the army." 3 English guards.

More than 5 months in Rouen castle. Earl of Warwick, Lord [illegible] with man had arranged prison arrangements. Always dressed by English keepers.

— Practically excommunicated. Last Sacrament at Easter. ("Her hallucinations returned vividly."

St. Michael (trumpet-tongue) silent after she left Easter: "Go — Joan, Joan, and fight — in sweet Church bells of Rouen. St. Catherine & St. Margaret talked with as friend with friend."

— Her spirit was day breaking. Uplifted to last expecting triumphant delivery.

Duchess of Bedford sent her a tailor with a petticoat for her. "The man had been bidden to employ persuasion, argument, and possibly some petty fraud to induce her to accept it; for when she espied the put his hand softly on her bosom as if to undress her jacket. But the Maid [illegible] and was [illegible] indignant at his presumption she dealt him a slap on the face which caused him to run away."

Charles & he would, might have had her tried moved to Rome, or to Bâle, where a General Council of Church was about to meet. — But Archbishop of Rheims, Gallic French ecclesiastic, who had presided at Poitiers — had intervening changed his views.

6 Public sessions of her trial.

She asked legal first session to have more: & required

"as many ecclesiastics adhering to the French King as to the English, for her trial." Daniel.

"There sat on the tribunal as cavaliers or assessors at the opening of the cause, 15 doctors of divinity, 4 doctors of canon law, seven bachelors of divinity, 12 bachelors of canon law, and 4 licentiates of civil law — 42 ecclesiastics, of whom all but 8 belonged to body of secular clergy. The regulars were the abbots of Fécamp, Jumièges, Corneilles & Saint-Katherine-du-Mont, the prior of Longueville-Gifford, and of the Dominican convent at Rouen, Jacques Lepicer, a Franciscan, & Jean Lefèvre, an Augustine monk.

"Business of court began by reading of King's letter surrendering Maid to Bishop of Beauvais, and letter of chapter of Rouen cathedral authorising him to act in that diocese. The prosecutor, Jean d'Estivet, then read the citation of judge adjourning to prison, and his citation to the clergy. Then followed Massieu's relation of their presentment, containing Jeanne's demand for answers of the French party and her petition to hear mass. The promoter required that she should appear at once before tribunal as then constituted. — While Massieu went to bring her from prison, bishop informed court .... before divine service had been opened her because of iniquities she stood charged of, & became penitent in immodest habit of a man.

"When bishop opening, Jeanne led in, placed in front tribunal. — 3 judges: John Gray, William Talbot, John Berwick. Had chair set: appeared to cross of spectators thronging every corner of chapel — a

very young girl. Her air perfect dignity & self possession. Hair cut round: wore ordinary dress of women: No sign of her age, except that form which nature had put upon her. She her armor in which she delighted taken away all her knights brave besides, down to her shield, Maria ring. Garb in which she presented herself to Judges, black.

Bishop then — after long preamble, "Wherefore, Jeanne — you will speak the pure truth concerning those things of which you are accused respecting the faith." Bidden to take her oath on Gospels. Jeanne ignorant of law & forms. Did not — understand for long time the sentence tendered to her oath. Bishop dulcet, but cared not hide his malevolence. She saw into it through him. ——"When the price of her salvation depended on her, it developed all her intellectual powers."

Would not say her Pater Noster unless he would hear her in confession.

Would not promise not to escape. Her friends enjoin on her scruples to keep her strictly & permit no one to have speech or sight of her without leave of Bishop. Taken back to prison appointed to appear at 8 next morning. Bishop sent his officers guarding. Cauchon left him alone with her. The knights honorable! Nicolas Loiseleur, a canon of Rouen cathedral. Told her he was prisoner, too, from his own county. Warwick & 2 archers listening in next room. Stole in with "pomme de rameau of his village — Talked of the Oak-wood. Talked of her voices."

"Loiseleur had to appear many times across in court — to meet the part of her director in his net-

weak character: but she never required him as her personal friend from her own country. Her jealousy about his affairs took to others.

2nd Session. "The turmoil in chapel has determined bishop to hold future public sessions in small hall, adjoining great hall of the castle". 2 English guards at door, excluding all without permission. Ecclesiastics made entries.

"In crossing castle-yard from prison tower to great hall, Joanne had to pass chapel. Begged Massieu to let her pray before door. Granted. Then knelt low to court, near ecclesiastics. But Loiseleur did not appear. In great customs window, where English secretaries usually sat. Regulars entered in place below tribunal. Paris Counsellor Jean Beaupère conducted public interrogatories. Séance permitted to 8 o. Court opened at 6, closed at 11. Examined by all three.

"I came yesterday — that ought to surprise you. You brought me two meals." But she lost both.

Jean Beaupère pre-supposed she was "not corrupt, but subtle, with the subtlety of woman. Her visions to be traceable to physical causes, & part invention.

"You may ask me some things about which I could tell you the truth, and others about which I could tell you. If you were well informed about me, you ought to wish that out of your hands. I have done nothing save by revelation."

"I learned to sew and spin. I do not fear any woman in Rouen at sewing and spinning: but at home with my father and mother I took charge of the housework."

"I confessed to my own priest, and when he was absent to some other. So I had been. Once or twice I confessed to mendicant friars — that was at Vaucouleurs. And I received the sacrament of the Eucharist at Easter.

"I was about thirteen when I had a voice from God, to help me to rule myself. The first time I heard it I was very much afraid. It was in my father's garden, at noon, in the summer." — "I had fasted the day before. The voice came from the right hand, by the Church, and there was a great light with it. When I came into France I heard it frequently." — "If I was in a wood, I heard the voice coming to me. It was a fine voice, and I believe it was sent me from God. After I had heard it three times I knew it was the voice of an angel. It has always kept me well, and I understand perfectly what it says." — "It bade me be good, and to change my life; and told me I must go into France."

In what shape?

"I shall not tell you. Two or three times a week it said I must go into France, until I came at last where I was. It told me I should raise the siege of Orleans, and that Robert de Baudricourt would give me people to conduct me. Twice he repulsed me, but the third time he received me, and gave me as my escort, appointed me a knight, an esquire, and four servants for company. He made them swear to take me safely; and when I left him, he said 'Go! and let what will come of it, come!'"

Would not say who advised her to put on male clothing.

One main point of examination was to find out what impelled them to take the king. Would listen

—"I have never asked of my counsel any kind recompense but the deliverance of my soul."

"The voice bade me stay at Saint-Denis, and I wished to stay; but against my will I was made to leave. But I should not have left had I not been wounded:—I was wounded in the assault at Paris; in five days, however, I was healed. Yes, I made a skirmish before Paris."

3rd Session. "Twelve more ecclesiastics took their seats, raising number to 63."

Jeanne. "Sir, you have spoken! By my faith, you may ask me many things touching my revelations about which I will not tell the truth. If you constrain me to tell what I have sworn not to tell, you make me forsake myself, which I ought not to desire. I shall tell what you do, since you say you are my judge: for you take a great charge on yourself, and trouble me."

Declined counsel & advice how whether to swear or to take her oath or not. He told her the ecclesiastics were conniving.

Passionately, "I am come on the part of God, and have nothing to do here. You are not my judges. Leave me to the judgment of God, who sent me;" —At last said was ready to tell truth on what she knew concerned trial. Civil lawyer said he never saw woman of Jeanne's age give her examiners so much trouble as she did.

"Did you kneel and thank the voice?"

"I thanked it sitting in my bed, and clasping my hands."

"Why did it come?"
"Because I had either to help."
"And what did it bid you do?"
"It bade me answer you boldly."
Said to the Bishop. "You say you are my judge. You are my adversary."

Does Nicodemus in its counsels?
"Never have I found the least contradiction in its words."
"Sometimes 2 or 3 or four questions of the Pupillus, and a fourth or fifth stroke in before there were answered. Notemus had no chance. Jeanne had no chance either. When confusion of tongues hindered she held her peace. Appeals to Bishop not to let more than two at a time question her.

"I do not tell you clearly what I think about it" (voices) "because I am much afraid to err in saying something that might displease the voices than I am of not answering you."

"If it were not for the grace of God I should not myself know how to act."
"Light comes with the voices."
Had voices face and eyes?
"You will not learn this from me now. I have not forgotten what is said to little children — that sometimes people have been hanged for telling the truth!"

Instruction of trial tended to form her voices from dreams.

—"But after I knew I had to come into France, I do not remember ever to have dreamed."

4th Session. Jean Tolida, famous Norman lawyer ~~from~~ tells Bishop Castle examining minutes of trial – that it is quite nothing. Because, has not form of ordinary trial. Carried on with closed doors. 3rd, treats thing concerning the honor of King = France, without calling any in his name. Last, no bill in articles given to accused, nor any counsel. Bishop angry.

Massieu permits Jeanne to rest a few minutes in front of chapel to pray. Jean d'Estivet passes, says brutally, "How dare you let that excommunicated witch approach the church!" Jeanne dies with imprisonment.

"How you fasted each day this week?"
"Yes. I have fasted always this week."

"Is it the voice of an angel or a saint or the voice of God without a medium that comes to you?"
"It is the voice of Ste. Katherine and Ste. Margaret. Their faces are crowned with beautiful crowns, very rich and very precious. Of that I have leave of my God to speak."

"Did you see St. Michael and the angels corporally and really?"
"I saw them with my bodily eyes as well as I see you." – –

– – – – –

"My mare's dress is a very trifling matter – the most trifling."

"Jacques Triplaue, one of the physicians from Paris, marveled at her audacity of speech that morning.

What about King's head when you saw him first time?
"By the blessed Mary, by then was I do not know; I saw none."
Any light then?
"More than 300 chandeliers and 50 flambeaux, beside the spiritual light."

"When I was at Jargeau, wrote ecclesiastics of Tierbois to beg them to let me have sword in church of Ste. Katherine behind altar. It was in the earth, and rusty; there were five crosses on it, and I knew it by my voices. I think it was not very deep in the earth; ecclesiastics had it searched, and must find it easily. - - - - - - - - -
When I left it I shall not tell you. I loved that sword very much -- became found in church Ste. Katherine. —
Found one at Compiègne taken from Burgundian: a fine sword of war it was, and five to six fine blows & cloths."

"I like to carry my Standard forty times better than my sword. And I always carried my Standard myself when I attacked the enemy, to avoid killing anyone: and, indeed I never did kill anyone."

Jacques Jouvin: "Has she really never found herself when English were being slain?"

Laughing contempt. "What have I! It was useless for talk! Why did they not quit France and bepone into their own country?

How many men had she at first?
"From ten to twelve thousand. At the raising siege at Orleans I began with bastille of Saint-Jean, and finished with that of bridge. I know by revelation that I should raise siege."

Fifth Session. Jean d'Estivet planted in front of chapel door & pawed her kneeling.

Asked which she believed the true Pope? Answered, "Are there two?"

They couple her letter about the Popes. Said she did not believe it was all hers. ——"She held to him who lives at Rome."

—Putting cross + Jhesus Maria at head of her letters:—

"I put them in some and in others not. Sometimes I put one cross, which signifies that those of my party to whom I wrote were not to do what I sent orders for"—letters for enemy.

—"Before 7 yrs. are at an end the English shall abandon a greater sum than they abandoned before Orleans, and they shall lose all in France. Greater ruin shall come upon them than ever they have had yet; and it shall be by a victory that God will give the French.

—Of Stes. C. & M. "I see them always in the same form... I see a face. ——I do not know if there is anything in the shape of arms or other members figured. —They are crowned.—Of their vestments I cannot speak. —I know them by the sound of their voices. ——They are sweet and humble.—They speak very well and in beautiful language, and I understand them perfectly."

Vow about her rings.

Said indignantly she had no mandragora.

St. Michael: "I did not see that he had horns: of his vestments I know nothing."

—"I feel a great joy when I do see him: and it appears to me that I am not often in mortal sin."

(du Chastellet + Bishop discover about question, and Bishop dismisses him. Bishop always ready to dismiss anyone who defended Jeanne or showed any independence from him.)

Her answer about mortal sin: "I do not know if I am in mortal sin, and I do not believe I have done it unto. Please God that I never may have been in it! Please God that I never may do, or may have done, such deeds as may burthen my soul!"

About King's crown, and they keep on persecuting her about the sign. — Jean Pressier, her usher, cruel for being kind to her.

Sixth Session.

Never able to get unconditional notes from Jeanne. Total examiners now declined to forty.

Subject—St. Michael & apparitions. "I have told you all I know of them, and I can tell you no more."

——"By my faith, I know neither the day nor the hour when I should escape."

Had not voices told her in general way?

"Yes, truly. They have told me that I should be delivered (but I know neither the day nor hour), and that I may boldly wear a cheerful countenance."

Her entourage: "I said to my men, 'So in any the English boldly,' and I went myself."

"When at Jargeau did she not wear something round at the back of her cuisse?"

"No, by my faith, there was nothing on it!" (When dinner was broken on her head.)

"I never caused any images or pictures to be made in my likeness, and never saw but one — at Tours, painted by a Scot. Represented me in arms, kneeling on one knee and presenting letter to King."

"I the kissed my hands and clothes. I could not help it. The poor people came about me gladly, because I never did them any displeasure, but succored them as I was able."

(In christening) "The boys I named Charles in honor of my king, and the girls Jeanne: and sometimes I named them differently at their mothers wished."

"Many, many women have touched my hands and my rings, but I do not know what was their intention."

"Did you receive sacrament in your maid dress?"

"Yes, but I do not remember that to have received it in arms."

(Then interrogate about the infant at Jargeau quickened at her breast, to be baptized — and about Katherine of Rochelle — who had been prisoner to ecclesiastics in Paris, but let go again — this insignificant. Elder woman burnt — maintained Jeanne was good, and inspired.)

"I never blasphemed the name of God, nor the name of any saint. I am not accustomed to blaspheme,

but I would rather give up my soul to God than be in the hands of the English."

(End of 6 th Session. Manchon's reports always full & correct. The English secretaries not.)

Doctors then deliberated 6 days.

Examinations in Prison.

Jeanne not relieved of her fetters. 3 hrs. morning session, 2 hrs afternoon. Continued 6 days.

At Compiègne: "I crossed the bridge and the rampart, and rode with a company of my people against the Lord of Burgundy's men, and drove them back to their tents twice, and the third time half way. The English then took us in the rear, and cut off our retreat to the bridge; and I was drawing my men toward the fields Picardy-way, when I was taken."

"I had 5 chargers bought with King's money, besides mine, of which I had 7."

"I never asked of my King anything but food & arms, good lances and money to pay the people of my household."

(Stile tormented her about the King's oath, and she began the evasions and allegories in which they finally netted and destroyed her.)

"They (the Voices) come often amongst Christians who do not see them!" — — "They called me Jeanne the Maid, Daughter of God."

Her father dream about her going with men-at-arms. Said to her brothers he would rather drown her than

how it happens
Her dress. "If I were now with my own party and had it on, I think it would be a very good thing for France if I should still do as I did before I was taken!"
"My term was less than 3 years and more than one."

To Beaurevoir costs. "Did you intend to kill yourself?"
"No. I commended myself to God as I leaped. I thought to escape & avoid being given up to the English."

"Ste. Katherine answers me at once: but sometimes I cannot hear for the noise of my parents, and the uproar of the prison."
"St. K. has told me that I shall have succour. I do not know whether — deliverance out of prison or — battle: one or the other. — — as to me 'Fort est ma vie pour ma martyrdom: then shall I come at last to the kingdom of Paradise.' " — — "adversity in prison they call my martyrdom."
(Made her certainty of salvation one article of her condemnation: — twelve articles.)

— — "In one a dress like a citizen's daughter of a long coat and a woman's hood, and I was put there in to go and hear mass."
("Jeanne did not pretend to despise her sex. She wanted to put about peasant dress on her. She stipulated for long dress of a lady, or modest dress of citizen's daughter: — but only for mass.)

——————"And if I am brought to death, and I must be enclothed to die, I beg of you, my lords of the Church, that you will have the charity to allow me a woman's long shift, and a kerchief on my head. ... for I will rather die than revoke what God has caused me to do."

Act of Accusation contained 70 articles charges, occupied two days in reputation.

First, her refusal of submission to the Church.
"I believe that our holy father, the Pope of Rome, the bishops & other churchmen, are to guard the Christian faith, and to punish them who offend against it: but as for me and my deeds, I will submit them only to the Church in Heaven, to God, the Virgin Mary & the saints. And I firmly believe that I have not failed in the Christian faith, nor would I fail."
2nd. Sorcery & divination, & consulting divine beings. Denied.
4th. Legendary fairies &c. "I do not know what they are."
5th & 6th. The Bearded Man (Devil) & familiar haunts good spirits; and her hanging garlands.
7th. Keeping unconsecrated in her room.
8th. Flight from her parents; and her service in inns &c.
9th. Her disappointed lovers said they refused her for her consorting with bad company.
11th. Cruel she made to Robert de Baudricourt about 5 years.
12th & 13th. Male attire: pompous clothing: precious cloth & gold & rich furs: & her wearing not only the short tunic & ordinary garments of other boys, but putting on cuisses & hose: wearing her hair round like a man.

"I know well why I put it on, but I do not know how to reveal it!"

17th. Boasting divine mission to King. — "I did bring news on the part of God to my King."

18th. Refusing peace & inciting bloodshed. — "The only peace for the English is that they be gone into their own country!"

21st. Presumption & pride in sending summons to regent. "I did not send it in pride and presumption, but by the command of God."

25th. Cruel in war.

30th. When she asked counsel of her voices she invoked demons. Provoked them.

— She recited her secret prayer to God before consulted them: - "Very tender God, in Honour of your holy passion, I pray you, if you love me, that you will reveal to me how I ought to answer these churchmen. I know well, as to this habit, the commandment why I took it, but I do not know in what manner I ought to receive it. Be pleased therefore to teach me."

53rd. Had proudly & presumptuously assumed dominion over Paris. "If I were chief of war, it was best the English!"

54th. Desire her father's house & living among men. — "In my lodging and in my chamber I always had a woman with me, and in camp I lay clothed to sleep dressed and armed.

56th - One of Katherine's lies. "Dieu help Jeanne."

60th. Refusing to answer canonically.

61st. Refused of submission to Church Militant. "I must refer my acts to God who caused me to

do them." (Beauvais whispered her "Appeal to Council of Bâle!") Bishop told him to hold his peace in devil's name. She asked her examiner: "What is Council of Bâle?" He told her. She said her acts & appeals to it Bishop would not let the appeal be recorded. "Ah, what makes against me, that you write! what would make for me, that you leave out!" — Confusion. She used to respond to any charge afterwards.

"I will submit to the Church Militant provided it will not command me to do anything impossible. — What our Lord commanded or shall command me to do, I will not revoke for any man that lives."

When they reduced the 70 Accusations to Twelve Latin Articles, — as practice of Inquisition in case of heresy — Articles not even read to Jeanne.

Chapter of Rouen puzzled by them, compared to what they heard in Court. Referred them to University of Paris. Said they might be well explained to accused.

Jeanne falls sick in prison. Easter, fasting & humiliation. Dead weight of Chains. Guards hated & were afraid of her: bar United English. Often found her telling her she was going to be killed: in order to Hunger, thirst, mean indignities. Gaoler when she approaches them weeping! Cries & howls in her terror. Thought Bishop meant to poison her with Soup he sent.

Doctors bled her. She thought the treatment death. Entreated for Sacraments. Bishop visited her, & left

occasion to give her the last 3 monitions or warnings the Inquisition always gave its victims. Gave her a long lecture. She begged for sacrament & burial in holy ground. It said she must then submit to the Church.

She got better, and they kept up their admonitions, warnings, & exhortations &c. She finally spoke out with passion, "I have a five master in God, and to Him I will submit and to none other!"

Then they told her if she would not obey Church &c she should be burnt.

Then they took her to torture chamber. She despised Bishop to his face. Hubert de Chatillon spoke out and defended her. Bishop abused him, but sent Jeanne back to prison.

Then sessions & deliberations, & letter from University of Paris to King Henry &c.

Then Jean de Luxembourg was brought to visit her. Promised her ransom if she would never take up arms against them again. "You are mocking me. You have neither the will nor the power."

Day or two after, brought before judges again. Read her the 12 articles

She said if she had the fire kindled, she would say no more, and maintain what she had said.

Case Concluded.

Their next scheme was to make her in some way abjure.

"In centre of vast graveyard of Abbey of Saint-Ouen 2 scaffolds erected, facing each other.

On one, the two judges, Cardinal of England, Bishops of

Norwich, Reym. Kuneume, Abbots de Fécamp, Saint-Ouen
Conseillers, Jurisps, Bec. Hellouin, Mont-St-Michael, &
Mentenon. Prior de Longueville, & 30 assessors, & distinguished
strangers & English Count. On 2nd, Evod the preacher,
& Jeanne d'Arc. Clerc de Luc, Maraden & Manger Par-
adentes. Joisellem also: & notaries Manchon & Bois-
guillaume. Grand crowd.

Jean Moreau, a man from her own country, in crowd.
She refers to preacher, "Say of me what you like. But
be the King be."

"I will answer you. As for submission to the Church,
I have told them all the works I have done, and
they may be sent to Rome, to our holy father the Pope,
to them, and to God first, I refer myself. For as to
the things I have said & done I have done them on the
part of God."

"I do not know what it is to abjure."

Massieu (reluctantly) "To abjure, Jeanne, means that if
you ever do contrary to any of the points written in this
schedule you will be burnt. And therefore I advise you
to appeal to the Church Universal whether you ought
to abjure or not."

Jean cried out on him. She appeals to the Church
Universal.

Preacher turns at her. She should abjure at once
or be burnt.

Joisellem, tenderly on other side. "Jeanne, you must
yield, one cannot wear a woman's dress."

Jeanne. "All that I have done, all that I do, is well done

are I have done well to do it!"

Then they tried to frighten her. "She had been brought to Saint-Ouen in a state of carriage drawn by 4 horses. Executioner was there, waiting to carry her away to be burnt. Two sentences had been prepared: one of condemnation, the other of pardon in case she abjured.

While Bishop was reading first sentence, preacher kneeling with her to abjure.

"Oh, Jeanne, why will you die?"

Then cries & writhings in cruel agony when she felt the heat.

She said, "I will submit!"

Bishop read one reading, virtually abjure.

"My lord of Beauvais turns the woman," grumbled an English priest, Chaplain of Cardinal.

"There is no turning in such a case!" Bishop angrily, "it is the duty of my profession to work for the salvation of her soul. You have insulted me and I will not leave her without reparation."

Cardinal interfered: told his man to hold his tongue.

Jeanne could not read. Massieu pronounced each phrase of abjuration & she repeated after him. She calmly declined as she went through formula.

"I, Jeanne, called the Maid, miserable sinner, since I have learned the evil of error in which I was held, and by God's grace am returned to our holy Mother Church, confess that I have grievously sinned, in lying & feigning to have had revelations and ap-

pardons from God, by the angels, and Ste. Marguerite & Ste. Katherine; in wearing a dissolute dress, against the decency of nature, and armour, and my hair cut round like a man. In many ways I have erred in the faith which by the grace of God and the good counsel of the doctors, with free heart and will I now abjure, in everything submitting myself to the correction of our holy mother church and your good justice."

As soon as recited, the Lords schedule was put before her to sign.

"If this schedule be seen by the clergy & Church, in whose hands I ought to be put: and if they counsel me to sign it - and do the things I am bidden, I will sign them."

"Sign now, or end thy life in fire today!" yelled Erard.

Jeanne murmured: "Better sign than burn!" She laughed, took pen, made O at first & stopped. "I cannot write."

An English secretary seized her hand and finished it: "Jehanne." She made a cross beside Erard.

Then they multiplied her sentence.

... "as you have worked your errors cloud & publicly abjured your heresy ... we release you from excommunication ... & you return into true & sincere heart and obedy the things we shall prescribe. But ..." condemned to pass her life in prison on bread & sorrow & water & anguish &c

Jeanne felt that she had been entrapped & false from-

1920. "Now, Jeanne of the Church, you have condemned me, take me, some of you, into the Church prisons: do not leave me any longer in the hands of these English!"

English stares at clergy because she was not at once burnt.

But they took her back to the prison. Brought her women's clothes. Made her unclothe herself in presence of council & put them on.

Then shamed, crying, "Would they now take her into their prison?"

No.

English soldiers never expected to pamper in any which she lived. "Witch of the Carcagnacs."

Four Paris leading counsellors still stayed in Rouen.

Four Englishmen were guarded her.

Her anguish after recanting. Five horrible days.

Third evening (Trinity Sunday, rode at Rouen & church bells) asked guards to unchain & let her rise.

One of them unlocked her fetters, took away her female clothing, threw over her the dress in bag & left room. The others stood by. She pleaded for shirt: the judges commanded her to wear.

"Sirs, Jesus Christ is forbidden me."

They shocked her: put her woman's dress into bag. An hour, 2 hours, till noon she implored. When the

tried them. They struck her. One tried to violate her, and pounded her for resisting. Better death than these evil men! When they left her, she looked at the forbidden garments; and to cover herself, put them on.

"Behold the Witch has relapsed!" And Warwick & her Messengers sent to Bishop; & priests & Clerks came. Folding arms at them asking why she had put it on. Beat them and drive them over the bridge. Nolary (Manchon) whom sent for again, refused to be without safe conduct from Warwick.

Jeanne kept it on, though so broken down that Brother Isambard could hardly look at her. Jeanne had often told him & Massieu how evilly treated her; but she never told the others.

She said the Churchmen did not keep their promise to her. - - - - "I would rather die than live in chains. But if you will take me out of them, and let me before a council, and put me into a quiet prison, and give me a woman to keep me, I will be loyal — I will do what the Church bids me!"

Then asked if she had heard her Voices. Said she had. "God sent me word by St. Katherine & St. Margaret how great was the pity that I had consented to the treason & abjuring to save my life: and that I damned myself to save my life."

—"I call that preacher a false preacher, for he said many things of me that I never did."

Then, from point to point, she re-asserted her beliefs. "I never meant to deny that my apparitions were St. Katherine & St. Margaret. ——— as for what was in the schedule of objections, I did not understand it. If you will put me in a safe place I will take again any woman's dress: but as to the rest I will do nothing."

Her Execution.

"Near the church of Saint-Sauveur, in the Old Market, there a vast open space, they raised a lofty mound of rubbish, on which was piled the wood to burn her.

"Two scaffolds set opposite at some distance: one for judges & secular magistrates & Monk Nicolas, who preached both sermons, and for the Maid until sentenced: the other for Cardinal-bishop of Winchester & prelates &c.

Early in morning her death announced to her. "How can thy hate me so terribly! And my ashes defiled body turned to ashes! Oh, I would rather be beheaded seven times over! If they had put me in the prison of the church it would not so have befallen me. Oh, I appeal to God the great Judge, against the wrongs & dishonour they do me!"

It was not death — but this death & shame!

"For a brief moment her faith in the inspiration & her lofty dreams to waver."

Brother Martin, with Bishop's permission, confessed her & gave her sacrament. "Père Massia went to chapel & brought Eucharist from the altar, but without Cope or stole for the priest. Brother Martin displeased at negligence & irreverence, sent Massoden to fetch a light: and while procession & monks bearing torches & chanting a litany, 'Pro fratribus' were bringing the host with solemn pomp through thronged streets; it was being quietly administered to her in presence & only a few friends.

"Do you believe that this is the body of Jesus Christ?"

"I do believe, and that He alone can set me free!"

"Mass in the morning rite in which Inquisition always sent its penitents to the fire." The thing on her head. — Drawn by carriage with 4 horses. Guard 500 or 600 soldiers; "drums & lances flattering."

Martin l'Advenu & Massieu in carriage with him. About to turn, when Isabelle, sent with remorse, broke through guards, climbed up, flung himself at her feet — "Pardon, Jeanne, pardon!" Soldiers dragged him off, whether she saw or understood him. Warwick told him to get out of Rouen to save his life.

Nearly 9 o'clock when procession moved.
Ten thousand people gathered to see her burnt:
Cullen Cabrid & their English masters. Pitied her.
Judges & civil magistrates in place. Cardinal
of England there, & Bishops of Normandy & Rouen.
Brothers Martin & Isambard, stages & benches set.
After sermon, she fell on her knees and prayed
for near half an hour, crying to God. Then all
cried.
The cross - the words on an English gilding
made. Crucifix brought from church of St. Vincent
for priest to hold up before her. She took it her-
self & kept it close embraced, weeping & her very life
must flow in tears. " Bishop denounced her.
Soldiers: " Come, Jean priest, are you going to make
us dine here?"
No civil sentence was given.
"When Jeanne descended into the crowd, the sol-
diers hurried her with fury to the pile." "The
ecclesiastics began to flee, denouncing their ex-
cessive rigor. Executioner kindly in terms
of his task. "Bid to bind her about the wood,
so when the fire was kindled he would not be able
to reach her, mercifully to expedite death."
Both Isambard & Martin remained pale with her.
She fainted & sleeth. Soldiers drove, rank
on rank.

Executioner set fire to pile from below, & fortunate burning of scene made some slight delay.

She made the two priests go down. "And hold high the crucifix before me, and speak loud words for me to hear for until I die."

When the fire touched her she shuddered. "Water, holy water!" "Jesus! Jesus!" "Jesus! Jesus!"

Strange confirmation of the flames.

Brother Martin, almost standing in midst of flame, heard: "My voice has not deceived me!" "Vita dura via — "Jesus!"

"Draw back the fire and show her dead to the people, that none may say she has escaped!"

Hoarse whisper: "She was unjustly condemned — unjustly condemned!"

The executioner, in confession: "Her heart, it would not burn, it would not burn, it was full of blood!"

Petitot Collection. Tome VIII

Orleans. "Hume & several other historians remark that this was the first siege where artillery became important as arms: they served bombards which threw balls of stone weighing 100 pounds." ——
"It was the first example of fortified redoubts."

Charles' kingdom (says Daniel comp.) reduced to Provinces of Dauphiné, Languedoc, Bourbonnais, & Auvergne, Berri, Poitou, Saintonge, Touraine, & Orleans, ... —
and in some of these Provinces very many seigniors had profited by his troubles to declare themselves independent and take "pris des engagemens avec l'ennemi."
"Regency of Scotland & Duke of Milan gave to aid Charles, but could make only feeble efforts in his favor.
King of Sicily," who was Count of Provence & Duke of Anjou, and who had been able to furnish him soldiers, departed for Naples with all his troops.
"The English occupied Normandy, Champagne, Picardy, Ile de France & Guyenne."
Duke of Bedford said as the regent of Paris depended the mastery of the realm. English held the richest and most populous provinces. Almost all the seaports were in their power. King was even able to keep the heart of Orleans from Scotland.
Charles possessed qualities which made a sovereign popular — but lost to some enthusiasm.
Duke of Bedford one of the best captains and ablest politicians of the century. Salisbury, Warwick, Arundel, Somerset, Suffolk, Talbot & other illustrious generals, accomplished him.

The Duke of Bretagne (Brittany) after embracing in 1423 the English party, renounced it the following year.

Bedford had so little confidence in the fait of the French to England that immediately after death Chas. VI he called all citizens of Paris to hotel de ville, made everyone - rich & offices, servants, priests, artisans - take individual oath to England. Similar oaths administered in every city where he held away. Same to uphold treaty of Troyes.

Chas. VII was proclaimed king at château d'Espally, then went to Mehun sur Yèvre, Poitiers, accompanied by Clermont, d'Alençon & other nobles.

The duke de Bretagne and count of Richemont were brothers.

At siege of Orleans first example of fortified redoubts. (Redoubt, an outwork within another "outwork.)
— Had not yet imagined blowing up ramparts with powder after mining them.

"In spite of the animosity of the two parties the war had not a barbaric character. - - - - "In midst of disasters the French kept their faith and never abandons them."

"Already armed to stay "[city of Orleans]" had frowned the Duke of Orleans, prisoner in England since the battle of Agincourt, to demand neutrality for his appanage; which he was not able to degard; but the duke refused to subscribe to the treaty of Troyes. The English would listen to no other negociation. The inhabitants then pressed to "remettre la ville en séquestre entre les mains" of duke of Burgundy: hoping the hate which divided the houses of Burgundy & Orleans, but founding some hopes on the character of Philip-le-Bon.

Duke of Burgundy went to Paris to confer with duke of Bedford whose consent was necessary. Bedford haughtily rejected proposition. Said he would take that city of Orleans in his power and the people of Orleans should see him what they are not. Duke of Burgundy then ordered some his troops, but they were a small number of the besiegers.

Orleanists indignant: resolved to bury themselves under ruins of city rather than submit to Bedford's yoke.

"Charles had used all his resources to save Orleans. ..... He was now reduced that the desperation of an army of 3 thousand men meant the loss of France.

— Of Jeanne. "No man ever saw her battle or purge: that was done always secretly. When she lodged in the field with men-at-arms she were disarmed."

"It was Jean de Metz who paid the expenses of Jeanne's journey (during the route) into France. The registers of the chambre des comptes prove that the King did not reimburse him until 21 April, 1429: that is, after the Pucelle had been examined and had been charged to conduct the succor of Orleans."

The men of this escort (the only ones, not De Metz or Poulengy, between whom the slightly dressed) "struck with her beauty, formed criminal designs — after going round to distort her as a witch. Approached her several times to speak of

their desires, but struck with sudden shame before her, retired.

According to prejudices of the time, demons were not able to make themselves visible to virgins.

When Queen of Sicily (Chas Martin-in-Card) examined with her women, as to Jeanne's virginity - discovered that she, though 17 or 18 yrs. old, "n'avait point encore été sujette aux incommodités de son sexe. Elle en les éprouva pas jusqu'à sa mort. Suivant la déposition de Jean Pasquerel, il paroîtroit qu'on avoit voulu constater le sexe de Jeanne avant de s'assurer de sa virginité, et qu'ainsi elle fut examinée à deux reprises différentes."

The arms of Ste. Catherine entered in a tomb in the church of Fierbois.

Jeanne crying out "distending & tearing her hair" "Mon Embarras to burn." "detendre et arracher les cheveux."

"Almost all who contributed to the death of the Pucelle -- perished miserably."

"If Jeanne had not certainly been burned" - upon the appeal afterwards & hearing des témoins - "the representations of the Bishop who appeared as Rehabilitation, would not have been received to prove the

general amnesty which King has accorded after Conquest of Normandy !!

"Her father died of chagrin after her condemnation: the Orleanists called her martyr & their city and settled a pension on her. After her death the pension was continued to one of her sons. Brothers of Pucelle received many favors from court. Their children enjoyed excellent consideration. - - - ... One of the two brothers was ~~accused~~ prévôt of Vaucouleurs during the process of rehabilitation.

— Père Selny, said her family became éteint in 1760: and he presents as last scion, Colombe Du Lys, comm of Champagny + frior of Cintras, who receive pension from King. Another, then exists still in Nancy & at Strasbourg Messieurs Du Lys, who prove by their genealogy that they descend from brothers of Pucelle. Parliament had, by an arrêt in 1614, in spite of the ordinance of Chas. VII, reduced the title of nobility & the males of the family.

Every 8th of May the Orleanists make procession & fête in her honor. Panegyric pronounced. All inquisitors take part.

A statue in cathedral in ~~Tours~~ Toul. of Pucelle, on her knees, in armor. Beautiful: but no certainty of resemblance.

Her blue suit kept by in Orleans: "it was of blue velours, trimmed of an [illegible] and with gold." Orleanists kept it blunt in a box of red morocco, ornamented with fleurs de lis.

Orleanists get close to strangers the house where Jeanne slayed, the room where she slept. House ornamented with little antique columns: chamber very small; one remarks in the vault figures cut in stone, very well preserved.

More than 400 authors have written about Pucelle; catalogue published of them and this list not complete. But judgments framed in her in 15th cent. by strange writers, not without interest. Her heroism generally recognized, even by enemies of France.

Paulus Hondericus, Flemish historian, says in 1434, says some persons believe the Pucelle had been existed: was a fable of the time of Chas. VII.

"Frère Richard, cordelier," was sent on pilgrimage to Holy Land, whence he did not return until the month of April, 1429. Arriving in Paris, he proclaimed against Armagnacs, and showed enthusiasm for Burgundians. Did not embrace myth came until after taking of Troyes.

From the Articles of Accusation (Petitot) Article 5.
"She says that God has ordered her to wear the habit of a man: that she ought to take a short garment ("robe courte") — "une jaquette" — "the sleeves and the shoes attached with many "aiguillettes": to wear short hair cut of around her ears: and to wear nothing on her which indicates the feminine, excepting that which Nature has put in her as the difference of sex."

Journal de Paris. — Jeanne, burning, "was seen all naked by all the people. — dead, borne to the stake. And when she was burned the executioner put out the fire on the poor charred carcass and bone + flesh reduced to cinders. Some were there who said she was a martyr: others said no, that evil had made what it had so much scandal... But had or [illegible] she was burnt this day."

Henri de Gorkum (Holland theologian) says of Jeanne she was "of an innocence which nothing begrudges: she ignores entirely the passing of ordinary affairs."

Jean Nider — German Dominican. "Sentiments different and ordinarily contradictory on her indignation"

Battista Fulgose. Doge de Genes (Gênes) en 1478.
"Son courage inspiré une si grande terreur aux

Anglois" — — —

Creasy, 'Fifteen Decisive Battles.'

— "Impossible to deny her (France's) paramount importance in history. ... and it may be asserted without exaggeration that the future career of every nation was involved in the result of the struggle by which the unconscious heroine of France, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, rescued her country from becoming a second Ireland under the yoke of the triumphant English."

"De Serres, quoted in Southey's 'Joan of Arc?' — "In truth, the estate of France was then most miserable. There appeared nothing but a horrible face, confusion, poverty, desolation, solitariness, and fear. The lean and bare labourers in the country did terrific even thieves themselves, who had nothing left them to spoil but the carkasses of these sorrie miserable creatures, wandering up and down like ghosts drawn out of their graves. The best towns and hamlets were fortified by these robbers, English, Burgueignons and French, every one striving to do his worst; all men of war were well agreed to spoile the countryman and merchant. Even the cattell, accustomed to the known bell, the signe of the enemy's approach, would runne home of themselves without any guide by this accustomed misery."

My own Impressions of Rouen.

The air is white, chalky looking. The Seine, full of lovely islands, winds luxuriously like Nymph city. Old Rouen was center of modern Rouen — more on one bank of Seine. Slimy hills around, holding Rouen in their lap. Many poplars, and horsechestnuts and other trees: deep lush shadows of greenery. No vineyards. Purple pensive and polite: women fairly beautiful — the common women. Sun warm: but wine cool. & moist delicious country, not arid.

The market place seemed to me flat around the statue on spot where she was burnt. I think we went down to it from higher streets. The tower for instance, is on a slope above. The tower evidently under a restoration, except the very bottom. One round chamber below: where you enter. Then fortune chamber. Up many winding stairs another chamber like it a little smaller. The fireplace with pent top: narrow slit of chimney, and fireback like rock: latticed no mouth.

Yellow cowslips, many poppies going wild: a thistle like flower, small; but no thistle.

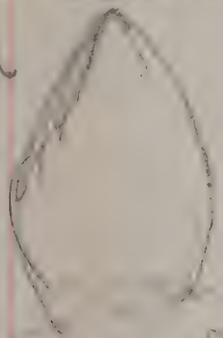
Last impressions of Cathedral.

The stone foundations of pillars form a seat on alternate octagonal sides. These seats formed by terrace rise of foundation stone of cathedral above pavement. The pavement at pillars at least 3 feet above pavement of church, hardly a seat formed alongside each pillar.

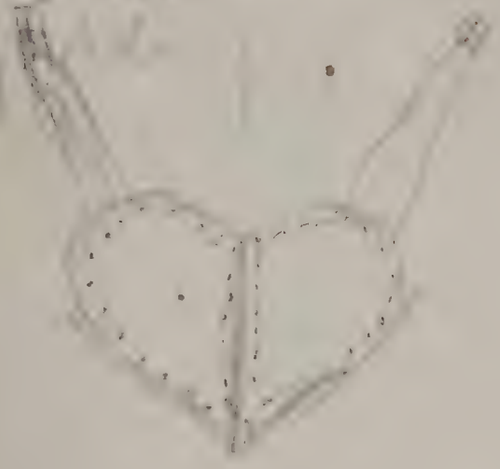
1. 150

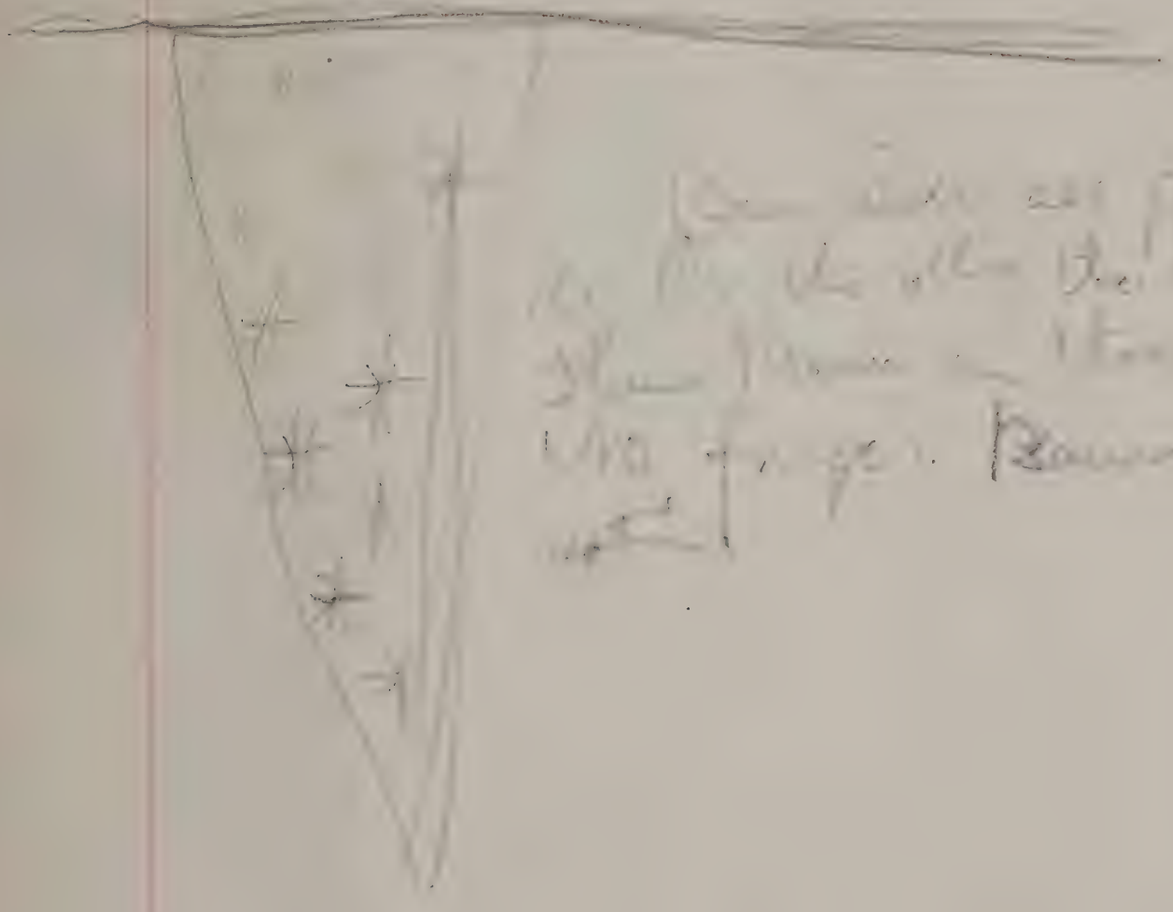
Standard bearer (for Count in Wilton Procession)
Pale cotton dress. Green cotton [illegible] Vest
in pale side; large white [illegible] in [illegible]
in his hand, purple [illegible] in [illegible]
side. Banner sprinkled with gold flowers de lis.
Cut at end so as to hang in two points. Edged
with white and gold fringe. Staff white, striped
round with blue to [illegible] Gilt ornament
for top a spear point of gold, like flowers de lis.
A gold scarf to match from [illegible] under pages
holding up top of banner about the last.
Artist draw and this. Picture I Arbuthnot
on blue field in shape in gold of the shape
irregular shield

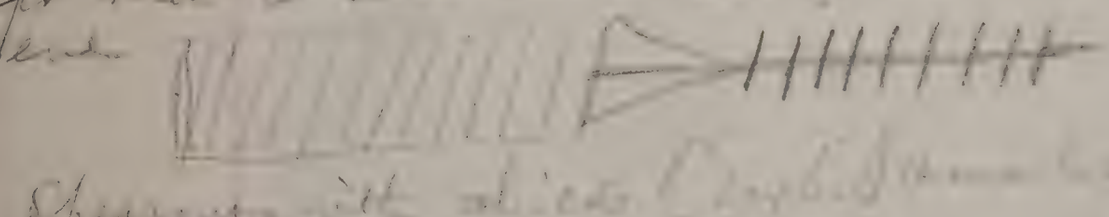
Picture J Count in same kind of suit
+ bazaar but fifteen years. To wit a pale buff
with cloak underneath of pale buff
[illegible] Hose pale buff. Shoes black
in red. White + gold cord
+ tassels at top. Plume of
[illegible]

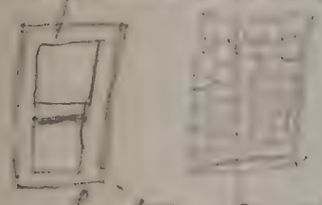


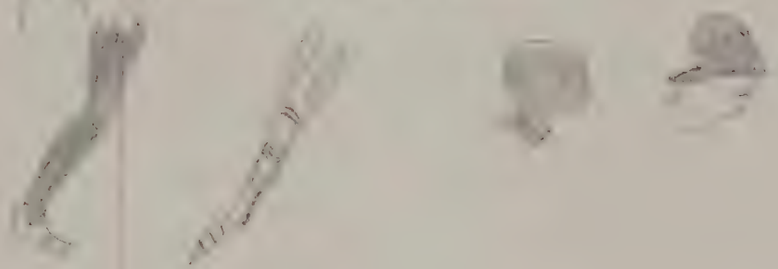
side. Wizard in other



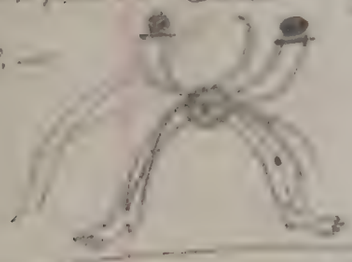








French Lion. A chair [illegible] in arms. Chair with canopy [illegible] arts:—



Queen Catherine of Charles VII (1422).

She has crown, flat cap [illegible] dress, long, cape with [illegible]

In Battle of Tolbiac a Cupid appears for the white boy + one black.

Early 15th French [illegible] Cupid Cupid holds [illegible]

Letter of Jacques by the French (1433). Cupid Boy + female, one [illegible] + one black, [illegible] Here the [illegible] arms [illegible] in [illegible] of [illegible] arms inside. Dark underneath.

In [illegible] of Charles, French [illegible] arms [illegible]

"Apollinaire — Alcools"

Mr Jeanne Mrs Lane by train a former office or by
Mrs Lane's office, dogs & Jacques Le Mercier, based &
certain Le Maistre &c.

— "Pierre, called the charming Duc Hyp, after having
accompanied his sister Utopia the fête, was, but
borne a long captivity, quelle chose! Et ~~retourné~~ to
Cardinal Richelieu in Orléans, in the chateau de Beau-
meaux, greffonné to the domain of the Sole & Rouge
in the time. Bound to Blanche and Gaston de
Duke of Orleans; afterwards Cardinal Lord in Orléans &
Count of Anjou for his family. A little costume from
Jean Lane for his Orléans Lord in Orléans, Bourbon
by the Bourbons get famous Orléanists.

Catherine d'Orléans is a famous Orléanist Orléanist
Roger de Beaufort-Orléans Orléanist Orléanist Orléanist
went with Jean Orléans to the chapel of Fontainebleau
Mrs Roger Jean Orléans who defend in France: her of
not indicated. Tradition that she no longer Orléans in 1429
Pucelle, Admitted that she no longer Orléans in 1429
became Jean Orléans and not offer in the Orléans
Nobility. Orléans was Maire de Orléans. She was dead
before Jeanne commanded Orléans Orléans
"Mr Jean in defense of Catherine Orléans; Comme
issue the Germain de Orléans Mère of the Orléans
Count Vaucouleurs Jeanne Orléans Jean Orléans
In the Jeanne Catherine, for Jean dead Orléans.
1429 — Orléans Orléans the Orléans Orléans.
Jeanne Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans
Mère Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans
Mère Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans
Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans
(by Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans Orléans

Bib. d'Orléans. — Ms. 40.

Souvenirs de Jeanne d'Arc dans la [illegible] Charles VII
Par. 84, Doc. Inédits. (One of the English books lent.)

"Charlemagne, the revival of the Roman Empire."

"Charles VII visited (the French [illegible] 1432,
Under years after the death of Joan of Arc."

"Upon the restoration of Orleans and many
other towns to the obedience of Charles, he visited
the scene of the recent exploits, and after
the [illegible] the mother & brother of Joan of Arc, and
[illegible] who [illegible] with the usual solemnities
[illegible] the [illegible]. in Nov. 1417

"Charles VI. The ancient [illegible] Joan of Arc [illegible]
was on the first entry of [illegible] Henry V
[illegible]

Ms 9 Bib. Bibl. d'Orléans)

"Renaud de Charles, archbishop of Rheims, who
crowned Charles VII" did not take [illegible]
clergy would favour him."

Hist. Charles [illegible] Bibl. d'Orléans
capitulation of Charles. Was crowned in Rheims

LIBRAIRIE TECHENER

LE VIANDIER

DE

GUILLAUME TIREL DIT TAILLEVENT

Enfant de cuisine de la reine Jehanne d'Évreux,
Queu du roi Philippe de Valois et du duc de Normandie, Dauphin de Viennois,
Premier queu et sergent d'armes de Charles V,
Maistre des garnisons de cuisine de Charles VI.

1326-1395

Publié sur le Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Nationale
et celui de la Bibliothèque du Vatican, avec les variantes des Manuscrits
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PAR

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Président de la Société des Bibliophiles françois

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Châteaudun. — Imp. de la Société Typographique.

"Les Mémoires Secrets de la Cour de Charles VII"
par Madame D— . 1734.

The Duchess of Orléans has refused to play the
"fille de Gaumont."
Petite figure Small role, but it has thrilling situations.

To be found also at the:
(bibliothèque nationale)

~~Vient de paraître~~

LE

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Plan of Cathedral

(The ... and tracery of bells ...
(bottom.)
Nave ... Choir ... Legatt. ... of ...
... Choir ...
The ... of ...

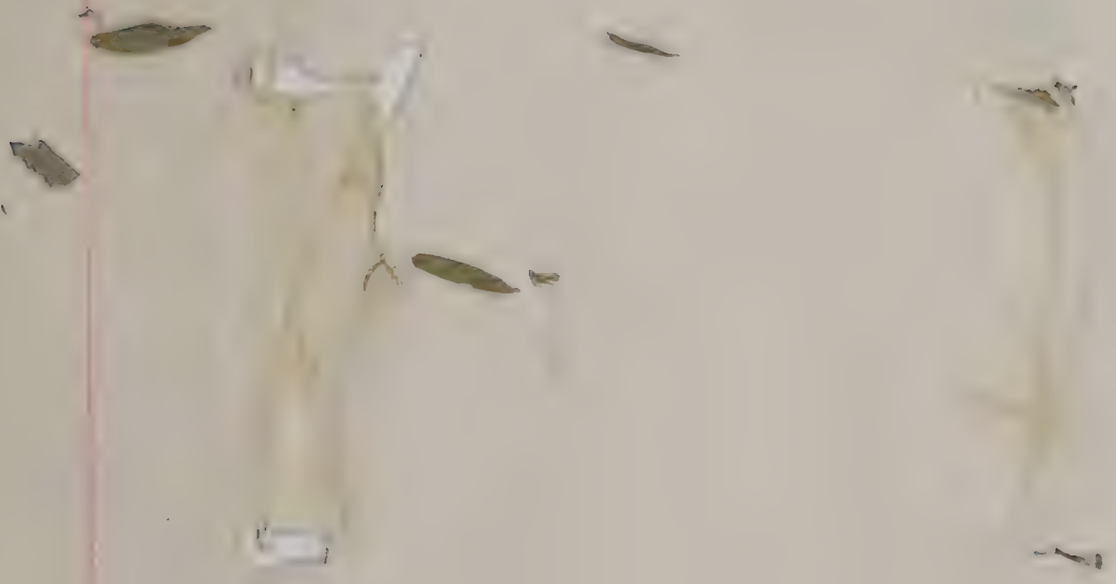
The ... Altar ... Altar ... Altar ...
... Chapels ... Chapel ... Chapel ...
... Chapel ... Chapel ... Chapel ...
... Chapel ... Chapel ... Chapel ...
... Chapel

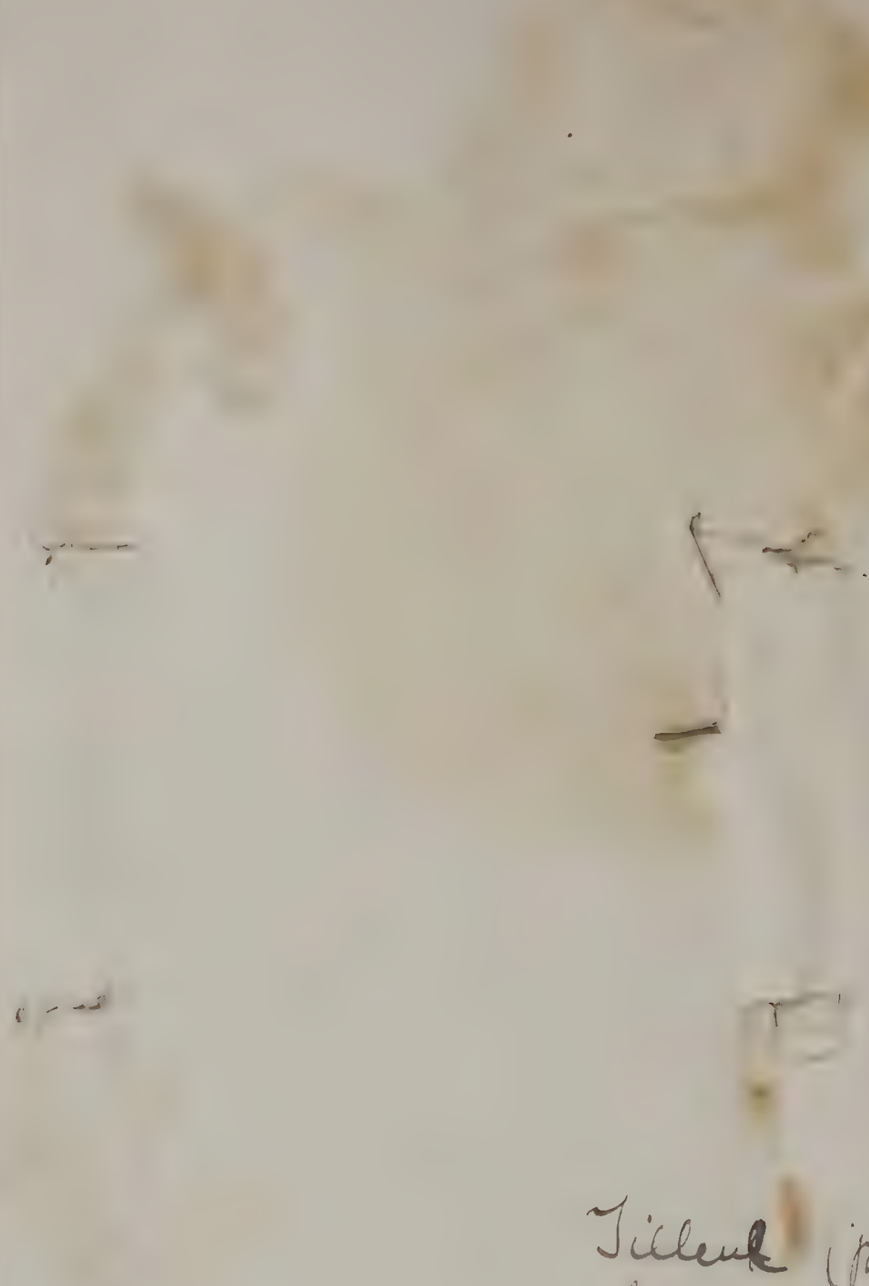
Clean [illegible] with permanganate
[illegible] under the [illegible]
Add [illegible] about 1/2 as much [illegible]
[illegible] Use [illegible]

Then cork and [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible]
keep [illegible] Use [illegible] [illegible] Take
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Vinegar look like [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Chapel of Bonnet-Le-Chateau (Loire) Sanctuary
with stone Triptych.





Tilleul (pron. teûl)
Linden or lime tree

Luzerne

Luzern

Lamp for Lute.

Church and Square. Little [illegible] with low side steps of wood [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

17178

Vancouver

United Charles VI, [illegible] Corset worn fashionable, modified
empl. Jacket [illegible] linen Chemise & tied with bows.
Fichu [illegible] Sleeves & other Chemises. Queen Chemise
[illegible] under time of Louis XI. Cotton robes. Ringed.
Hair usually [illegible] confined within normal limits.
Loosely [illegible] of Middle Ages. Fair hair always considered
beautiful.
Hats were worn covered under Charles VI & Charles VII, and
were worn at all times.

La Chevalerie. Par Léon Gautier. 1

Dress & Decorations of the Middle Ages. Many Char-
acters [illegible] to Parliament in long Crimson robes of ermine,
mantle open in front & lined with white: brocade & gold.
Cut in folds round cap on head, same color & material

Cyclopedia of Costumes.

Coat Armory — 14th century. Previous to the close fitting body
garment [illegible] were close fronts, worn both in 14th
& 15th centuries in France & England & generally on Continent.
The coat-hardy [illegible] worn just across the hips, round which
was buckled [illegible] are [illegible] & knee length, sometimes the sleeves
tight, & were worn with the jupon. That of ladies varied in
length, some reaching the ground, others but just below
the knee; but in all cases fitting body tightly as possible.

Pattern of Dress. Just the usual costume of Middle
Ages, two folds of [illegible] the face,
[illegible] the [illegible] drapery falling from shoulder back of the
[illegible] long [illegible] dark [illegible] round [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

20 [illegible]

Public Library, March 16th 1894.

Dear Charles, Charles [illegible] was a man of [illegible] nature; [illegible] delicious [illegible] extract [illegible] infants a day.

[illegible]

Picture [illegible]
also [illegible]

[illegible]
Kind [illegible]
Directions for
Kind of Ring?

[illegible]

Jeanette Sage [illegible] father was a Unitarian Clergyman but a learned man. His library was [illegible] and where travelling would [illegible] be the property of his wife. [illegible] offered."

Early in a time when women [illegible] Louisa, she used to go with her brother to take her father's Breakfast & the invalid [illegible] the Château des Dolce, where they [illegible] "the [illegible] for part of the soldiers."

So fond of the [illegible] she [illegible] the superfluous [illegible] for the [illegible] in the evenings.

[illegible] "Maid of Orleans" contains [illegible] of Joan of Arc, [illegible] dramatic moments [illegible] (Act I. Scene 1), [illegible]

Catholic Profile [illegible] Dominicans [illegible] Franciscans [illegible] well [illegible] [illegible] Jesuits [illegible] Ursulines [illegible] Visitation [illegible] [illegible] Franciscans [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Madden's "Phantasmata – Illusions + Fanaticisms."

"The vast hosts which surrounded Domremy in 15th cent. seem to a great extent disappeared. Sacred Groves & Duke's Chapels, in its vicinity, places of great Strength and visitation Fountains, have passed away, and only left a trace behind."

Jeanne called France, "la Sainte France." It was holy to her: dear than her country: God's country, Chosen to incarnation.

At Compiègne Joan promised to keep the English in check & from following the white Jeanne made the entire. Estelle, her cruel fate.

"Jacobus de Bergomo (in his description of the Maid of Orleans) who derived his information from an Italian Gentleman who had seen the Pucelle, and had official knowledge of her history, says: 'The stature of the Pucelle was moderately short, her face of a rustic cast, and her hair black, but her visage full of vigor. — Her discourse sufficiently mild and gentle, though provincial."

John Foster Kirk's "Charles the Bold."

"Burgundians – a tribe of somewhat uncertain origin, but commonly supposed to have been a branch of the great Teutonic race. [In 5th century] forced their way across Rhine and Alps and founded one of those semi-Teutonic kingdoms which arose on ruins of Roman Empire." (1364) King John of France, "in fulfilment of knightly pledge was glad to return to English prison – he dispatched with chancellor of Burgundy an instrument whereby he granted that duchy as fief to his youngest and favorite son Philip, surnamed the Bold, who rode a dozen leagues and fought gallantly at his side at Poictiers and shared earlier years of his captivity."

"Published & confirmed by his successor Charles V." "in strict accordance with prevailing ideas & policy of age. Feudal obligations were regarded as natural ligaments of monarchy. – & strengthened when fiefs were restored on new relations of monarch."

– "Yet France had already experienced the fatal effects of that division of territory. – – – This cause, and not any natural hostility of races ... made the long & desolating wars waged on French soil, between England & France. The Plantagenets were vassals of the French crown: had permanent foothold in French territory, and this first excited their ambition to establish supremacy in France, & enabled them to seize opportunity for invasion whenever our kingdom was strong & the other divided – & powerless.

"But the Norman sovereigns of England were not

related, at least by any close affinity, to the Capetian race. Had acquired their chief dominions in France as had acquired English crown - not by grant or inheritance, but by arms. They were foreigners & open enemies.

"Dukes of Burgundy branch of the house of Valois, two princes of the blood claimed there in reigning kingdom. Independent sway in their own dominions. Beyond limits of the monarchy they acquired territory & dominion, became sovereigns - foreign states & vassals & foreign sovereigns. Were rebellious or traitors & all the civil dissensions of the time. Their court the refuge of the disaffected: - under their standard feudalism maintained its last struggle with royalty.

"In 4 generations of house of Valois, children & descendants of King John - remarkable contrast between mental characteristics of eldest and youngest branch. --- Eldest had certain regiment & organization, sometimes exhibited in keenness of intellect, sometimes in delicacy & feeling or taste or sensitiveness of conscience, sometimes in indolence, timidity of purpose, or aversion to conflict, or to arrogant or ostentatious: were recklessly extravagant. Sometimes filiable, always impressionable. --- ~~Both sons~~

In the 4th duke of Burgundy the material coarser and more robust. Physically superior. Charles VII in one case had imposing stature & when erect in long robe that came up to his ankles & drooping legs. -- Dukes of Burgundy sinewy & compact. Terrible in battle-field. Mental qualities same kind inflexible stuff. Arrogant: headstrong. Fought to carry every point by overbearing presumptive & indomitable will. Epistolary style & thoughts -

"the Bold," "the Rash," "the Fearless!" No strain of delicate intuition perception. No foot among them. --- But were more equitable, more trustworthy. Better fathers & sons. Of unrelenting in hate, never deserted an ally; never kept fidelity unrewarded.

House of Valois.

Eldest Branch		Youngest Branch
Charles V		Philip the Bold of Burgundy
Charles VI	Louis of Orleans.	John the Fearless
Charles VII	Charles of Orleans	~~John the Fearless~~ Philip the Good
Louis XI	Chas. of Berri	Charles the Bold

Tenacious of its feebleness. France did not aspire to action: it longed only for repose.

-- "Paris & Lower Cities regarded duke of Orleans as author of their calamities: duke of Burgundy as their deliverer: the latter would be able to carry on the government without taxes. The lord of wealthy Flanders would not need to wring from the impoverished citizens their miserable earnings." -- He declared -- the revenues from royal domain ought to suffice for ordinary expenses of State. People gave him easy credence.

"Duke of Orleans supported not only by his own vassals but by great body of nobility.

Dark nights. Torch-lessons in Paris.

John the Fearless of Burgundy, had Louis of Orleans assassinated, Nov. 23, 1407.

"Country covered with armed bands, wearing the badges of Burgundy or the Armagnacs, but subject to no leader but him who could best accept plunder. -- Those brigands infested every highway, ravaged villages & farms ... without fear. Peasants fled in troops to the forests" —

"France had never been so ——cial country: had few great market towns, few public fairs, those scarcely visited by foreign merchants. But now even domestic trade disappeared. Production at stand-still. -- returned to cultivation of wild land. An eyewitness describes vast & fertile plains of Normandy, Picardy, Champagne & Ile de France almost depopulated, overgrown with bushes & wild brambles - ever with dense forests - so long did this state last. Fields tilled only little distance from towns & castles: laborers when enemy came in sight, crammed help with horns. --- Patches of further harvest --- immense region desolate and deserted.

"In walled cities, isolated by perpetual blockade, same fearful spectacle. -- Seeds chosen for their physical strength & ferocity. — Paris filled slaughter-houses: ... bodies men, women, children, at short intervals through principal streets. Carcasses & offices of dogs, horses outside desolate fields. Price of bread continually rising. Rats taken down, cooked. Only those who had wealth from down for any. Watches searched for offal, or outside walls ate slaughtered dogs. — Winter more ominous in same latitude than ever. "I am dying of cold! - I am dying of hunger!" In 1418 - 50.000 persons came to near died in Paris in less than 5 weeks. Bodies flung in

huge pits. Pestilence. Packs of famished wolves came at night & feasted in cemeteries: some in broad daylight among the living."

"Vitality of France indestructible. Only nation that has main tained uninterrupted existence from fall of Roman power until today. More than once overrun, conquered, dismembered: prey to civil war: ... yet oldest power of Christendom.

"People so deficient in calmness of solidity, but so full of ardor & intelligence .... this combines olympics always sign of regeneration.

"Joan of Arc represents the religious & heroic elements of the reaction. But other elements .. contributed to its success. Some sources of discussion in kingdom had dried up. ... English .... last main pillar by death of Henry V. England beginning .. divided councils, civil war ... feeble-minded young prince.

"Charles VII like Charles II of England. .. but greater talents.

Philip, son of John the Fearless, had married Michelle, sister of Charles VII. "Your brother has assassinated my father."

"Franche-Comté, or the Free County of Burgundy – the country of the ancient Sequani – had been the original seat of the Burgundian power in Gaul. .. Bordered by the duchy on the west, and on east & south by Switzerland, it presents a gradually ascending surface, that reaches its highest point in the summits of the Jura. .. Forms main & rises up to glaciers.

(Note." The feudal nobles in the 14th & 15th centuries

dressed in the costliest satins and velvets, but seem to have considered clean linen as a luxury, and a night-dress as an absolute superfluity."

— "Court of Philip the Good shone with a magnificence unequalled by that of any Sovereign in Christendom. When this prince was in attendance on his liege lord the king of France, the number and superb equipments of his retinue threw royal state completely into the shade. He made his entrance into a town preceded by bands of Musicians with trumpets and other instruments of silver, and escorted by a numerous troop of cavaliers and men-at-arms, whose lances were caparisoned with cloth of gold studded with jewels and precious stones. Wherever he fixed his residence — at Brussels, at Dijon, or at Paris — his apartments were furnished and adorned with the costliest productions of Flemish industry and art. His palace was a scene of perpetual festivities, of sumptuous banquets and gorgeous pageantries that remind us of the early barbaric pomp of Eastern despots. His library consisted of rarest manuscripts and the earliest specimens of printed books splendidly bound and illuminated. ---- He had accumulated treasure to an almost incredible amount, in gold, silver and precious stones, comprising images, crucifixes, reliquaries, plate of every description, jems of the largest size and purest water, and heaps of glittering coin. His household — afterwards adopted as a

model by the Spanish sovereigns --- embraced a multitude of officers arranged under four great divisions, and constituted a hierarchy the grades of which ascended from the menial duties of the kitchen to the highest dignities of the state."
*(The Panetrie, Echansonnerie, Cuisine, & Ecurie.)
--- "It was an age in which every petty seigneur aped the regal style in his mode of living --- and made his castle in short a little court. But what was elsewhere --abridged -- was lonely & daily enacted --in all its pomp --at the court of Burgundy. The lever, the procession, the council, the audience, the service of offices" (to ambassadors & distinguished guests, became rare) "the banquet of state -- & countless usages --- formed daily regulations of Philip the Good & his nobles. (Chronicles of Olivier de la Marche & other writers & store house of precedent to masters of ceremonies.)
in presence of royalty
Even duchesses, had to carry their own trains in their own arms, instead of being lifted by attendants, as could when out of the presence.

At Burgundian court had five sins: at banquet one was allowed to consume entire buffet. Buffet- "one of those elaborate pieces of architectural upholstery of which specimens still exist to attest the

mechanical skill and surprising habits of the Middle Ages — was loaded with gold & silver vessels of every form and size."

"The tables, three in number [Thomas in 1404, at Lille to proclamation of crusade] were covered with pendent decorations that must have taken infinity with sugar & cakes & confections, but artificers in every department of mechanics. Above a fortress, surrounded by walls and ditches, and flanked by towers, was attacked by a besieging army: lake to be seen with castles & vessels on its borders, and boats sailing on its surface. On one table was a church, with its lofty steeple and stained windows, and within it an organ and a choir of singers: on another a mammoth pasty, in which a band of 38 musicians were concealed. There were, besides, a forest filled with wild animals of every species; a prairie enamelled with flowers, and surrounded by high rocks formed of sapphires and rubies; a [illegible] birds flew from summit to summit and were caught by sportsmen hunters and their gallant cavaliers; a barrack or sally, larger than the ordinary size, completely rigged and manned by sailors, who took in the cargo, pulled at the ropes, and went through all the manoeuvres of setting sail; a mountain with its summit covered with ice: a desert where tigers and serpents were engaged in furious combat; and statues of water boys which served as fountains and scattered rose-water around in streams.

"On a raised platform at the head of the first table sat the duke. He was arrayed in his accustomed splendour — his dress of black velvet serving as a dark [illegible]

that heightened the brilliancy of the precious stones, valued at a million of gold crowns; with which it was profusely studded. (Pictures of Philip show him almost always en noir.) Among guests numerous lady & knights who had passed months in tilting-field, and fair Flemish dames whose flaunting beauty had inspired their martial efforts. Each course comprised of 44 dishes, which were placed on chariots painted in gold and azure, and which were moved along the table by concealed machinery. As soon as the company was seated the bells in the church began to chime, and three little choristers, issuing from the edifice, sang with melodious and well attuned voices, a little chanson. The musicians in the party also performed on various instruments: one of ~~them~~ accompanied with flute & tabor: to complete the harmony two trumpeters, seated back to back on horse, artistically caparisoned and made to move backwards through hall, blew lustily from time to time.

"In intervals of repast a variety of uncouth amusements introduced (like Shakespeare's Falconing.) Mock wild boar - puffin mounted on its back: then flying dragon flapping wings. Entremets - or entertainments to be looked at, not eaten. Curtain of green silk at one end of apartment drew up revealing stage: pageant of Jason & Golden Fleece. At last came grand scene - ~~Diana~~ was to announce & ordain pageant of festival. Giant appeared, leading elephant. On its back a tower, where sat person in female attire - who was the Chronicler Olivier de Lamarche representing Holy Christian Church. Recited long complaint in verse, setting forth how to

which she was refused from Infidels: appelled to Candies.
Then with great ceremony, pheasant with collar of gold gar-
nished with pearls & gems, brought in by a king-at-arms:
duke caused pheasant placed in which he made vow
- to God first, then to Virgin, lastly to ladies & pheasant
- that, except in case of contingencies and to occur,
he would himself take part in enterprise against Moslems
&c. Knight after knight in order of dubbing excitement,
came forward & took oath. Then chivalrous vows
were registered — one vow saying if did not
obtain leave of his sovereign he must at least he would
marry in his return first woman he met who had
twenty thousand crowns. Then ball closed: and
dancing.
— "fondness for ceremony and magnificent display in
Burgundian dukes."

Chastellain:- "Philip was of middle height: his limbs
firmly set and finely proportioned: his bones large:
his veins swelling and full of blood: his face long
like those of his ancestors; lips of a deep red: nose
long and straight: complexion somewhat dark: eyes
full of expression: hair between blond and black:
eyebrows thick, and curling up like horns in mo-
ments of passion.

Charles VIII rather discouraged the display of tourna-
ments. But Burgundy & the Flemish very fond of them.
Tilted with ash lances & spears.

St. Andrew the patron saint of Burgundy.

In 1445 "the duke's different titles – duke of Burgundy & Brabant, and Limburg, count of Flanders, Artois &c.

"Philip of Burgundy, though not a king, ruled over the wealthiest states in Europe :– was the acknowledged head of chivalry.

(His order of the Golden Fleece.)

"Yet he was a vassal, not subject but only of king of France, but of emperor of Germany.

"Nor did Philip's states even constitute a group enclosed within a common boundary. The two Burgundies were separated from the Netherlands & Alsace and Lorraine. When he traveled from one part of his dominions to another, was obliged to pass over foreign territory. ——— In time of war his presence could been equally necessary at Dijon and at Brussels. ——— In spite of his early hatred of France he stood in his French character, & his dealings to the throne: in his precedence at court – in his feasts as 'premier pair' of France, in his right to place down with his own hands on king's head and to be first to do him homage & primate obedience."

Did not want to be made king of his provinces.

"Dijon, the ancient capital of Burgundy."

25

Le petit couvent

17 Rue d'Hampstead, Auteuil, Paris.

Remember to picture the tortures which Christian people in all ages have suffered from one another.

Suspicious character.

MRS. CATHERWOOD'S EARLY EXPERIMENTS WITH CRITICAL REALISM

By

Robert Price

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MRS. CATHERWOOD'S EARLY EXPERIMENTS WITH CRITICAL REALISM

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MRS. MARY HARTWELL Catherwood probably never thought of herself as a realist. In the nineties she declared herself firmly on the side of the romanticists, and Hamlin Garland, who found her his chief and most annoying critical opponent in the Middle West, agreed with her very energetically in this definition of her stand. To him, Mrs. Catherwood and the facile historical romances upon which her fame largely rested after 1888,[1] epitomized everything which was the opposite of Veritism.[2]

Mrs. Catherwood had arrived at her skill in writing these popular novels, however, only after ten years of practice with Middle Western local color. She had been the first short-story writer to exploit the material of the old corn belt that lies east of the Mississippi in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.[3] Furthermore, her stories of this region, although they later assumed a characteristic coating of sentiment and glamorous retrospect, passed through an early stage of development, especially between 1878 and 1882, when they were concerned largely with recording the unpleasant present as the author herself had experienced it in various farm and small-town communities. Nine years before Joseph Kirkland's *Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County* (1887), Mrs. Catherwood published "A Little God" (1878-1879), a novelette concerned with the vulgar-

[1] *The Romance of Dollard,* serialized in *Century Magazine,* Nov., 1888, to Feb., 1889, before issuance in book form (New York, 1889), ushered in the vogue for historical romance that characterized the next fifteen years.

[2] See Garland's account of his debate with Mrs. Catherwood at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1894, on the subject of realism *vs.* romanticism, in *Roadside Meetings* (New York, 1930), chap. xix. A less biased account appears in Charles H. Dennis, *Eugene Field's Creative Years* (Garden City, 1924), pp. 130-134. All the biographical facts supporting the present article are to be found in the author's "A Critical Biography of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood: A Study of Middle Western Regional Authorship, 1847-1902" (unpublished doctoral dissertation, Ohio State University, 1943).

[3] Most of these stories, gathered together in *The Queen of the Swamp, and Other Plain Americans* (Boston, 1899), were written from 1882 to 1886. "The Stirring-Off," one of the best, is reprinted in Harry R. Warfel and G. Harrison Orians, *American Local-Color Stories* (New York, 1941), pp. 383-393.

ities of a prairie town, the material for which came first-hand from the same Vermilion County, Illinois, where Kirkland later found both his plot and his setting. Three years before *The Story of a Country Town* (1883), Mrs. Catherwood was writing caustic short stories about Fairfield, Indiana, in the very Wabash Valley where Ed Howe was born. In 1881 her novel *Craque-o'-Doom* pictured in bitterest terms an Ohio village that is probably the first of all the Winesburgs. Professor Pattee, basing his conclusions upon later local-color work, once remarked that Mrs. Catherwood might have been the Mary E. Wilkins of the West, and other historians, thinking chiefly of *The Spirit of an Illinois Town* (1896), have usually felt the necessity of mentioning Mrs. Catherwood's part in putting the corn-belt country town into literature.[4] But the true evidence of Mrs. Catherwood's realistic capabilities—which she never completely fulfilled—is to be found in her work of an earlier period.

I

Mrs. Catherwood was to have a lifelong dislike for much that was characteristic of Middle Western rural communities. Although she was probably the first woman west of the Alleghenies to win self-support as a writer, she had done so only by the severest of efforts against very difficult odds.[5] There had been a series of unusually bitter experiences during girlhood and young womanhood in various Ohio and Illinois villages. Between the ages of twenty-seven and thirty, from 1874 to 1877, she escaped from this environment just long enough to have a pleasant taste of something more congenial as a successful free-lancer, first in Newburgh on the Hudson, then in Cincinnati. The economic difficulties that bothered publishers in the midseventies drove her back to dependence upon friends and relatives in Illinois, and thereafter she was never able to extricate herself completely, except for short periods, from an environment in which, although she made admirable adjustments to it, she could always find much to resent.

[4] Fred Lewis Pattee, *A History of American Literature since 1870* (New York, 1915), p. 259; Ima Honaker Herron, *The Small Town in American Literature* (Durham, N. C., 1939), pp. 230-231; Warfel and Orians, *op. cit.*, p. xxiii.

[5] Pattee has pointed out that she was "the first woman novelist of the period to be born west of the Alleghenies" and "the first woman of any prominence in American literary ranks to acquire a college education, graduating not in the East, as one might suppose, but from a new college in the new West. The fact is significant" (*op. cit.*, p. 258).

Up to late 1877, when she married and went to housekeeping over a country store in the isolated hamlet of Oakford, Indiana, Mrs. Catherwood's writing showed very little individuality. Although she had been publishing since 1863, her sixteenth year, and had been selling regularly since 1873, she had modeled her work only after what was popularly acceptable. Few of the dozens of stories, poems, serials that can now be identified as hers rose above the postwar mediocrity which Grant C. Knight once called a perfunctory romanticism "that degenerated into a compound of sentimentality, platitude, and imitation."[6]

In 1878, however, a critical strain suddenly came to the fore in Mrs. Catherwood's work. The months immediately preceding her marriage she had spent with friends and relatives in Danville and Hoopeston, Illinois. Settled a few months later in an obscure Indiana village, she began utilizing the raw materials of prairie farm and town life, of which she had seen much in Vermilion County. This life she had found at various times distinctly unsatisfactory, and she was now in a mood to say so. Besides, this writing that she began here in rural Oakford was being done, not with thought of financial returns from *Wood's Household Magazine, Hearth and Home,* or *Golden Hours,* but of publication with little or no remuneration in the local Kokomo, Indiana, *Weekly Dispatch.* She could say, therefore, much of what she actually felt.

One item, a readable sketch entitled "The Monument of the First Mrs. Smith," gave a bleak picture of the life a farm woman had led on an undeveloped prairie farm.[7] Susan Smith was dead, worn out by her inhuman labors during the years when she was helping her husband conquer the soil and get ahead. Smith had been intending for a year to put a stone over her grave, but "the times, you know." Besides, he had just married again, incurring quite an expense, for the second wife would have everything in style, and Smith, having profited from the loyalty of his first companion, was able to cater to the second's demands. Their house was being modernized. Smith could not have afforded conveniences in the old days:

[6] *American Literature and Culture* (New York, 1932), p. 289.

[7] "The Monument of the First Mrs. Smith. A True Story of Today by 'Lewtrahl,'" dated from Oakford, Oct. 31, 1878, in the Kokomo (Ind.) *Weekly Dispatch,* IX, 1 (Nov. 7, 1878). In her earlier writing, Mrs. Catherwood often used the nom de plume "Lewtrahl," an anagram of "Hartwell."

> The farm had to be paid for before cistern or well could be dug; so Susan cheerfully carried water from neighboring wells or distant streams. She never minded wearing her wedding bonnet seven years, while they were paying for the farm; and as for ribbons and pretty dresses, the poor gaunt soul soon grew so ugly that she felt most at home in her three calicoes.

The whole piece, though its plot is slight, is bitter in its criticism of the life women led in developing the Illinois farmlands.

"A Little God," serialized in the *Weekly Dispatch* from December 19, 1878, to January 16, 1879, gave an equally unlovely and a more extended glimpse of prairie life.[8] Mrs. Catherwood had known the neighborhood of Hoopeston, Illinois, ever since her girlhood, when it had been only rolling farmland along the dividing swell that rises between the Wabash and Illinois rivers. She had been teaching in Danville, twenty-four miles south, at the time when two railroads had crossed on the open prairie at the site of future Hoopeston and set going the usual race for speculation in a prospective settlement. She had seen the monstrous birth of a boomtown—of three separate towns, in fact, which had been laid out by opposing factions. The competition had been neither dignified nor kindly. Mrs. Catherwood had watched most of the gargantuan growth that had been taking place there through the past eight years. Now, in "A Little God," she gave a satirical picture of life in this early prairie settlement. Even the name of the boomtown in the story, varyingly Whoopertown or Whooper City, was only a thin disguise for Hoopeston.

The plot of "A Little God" does not matter much now. A young genius from New York, having lost a family fortune, tries his luck as a newspaperman in the new Illinois town. The Whooper City *Mail,* backed by a local speculator, becomes successful in six months, for economic victory is easy to the energetic and the practical-minded in the mushroom communities of the West.

The setting, on the other hand, stands out with vivid seaminess. Not only does it seem real, but almost every detail of it is verifiable now by reference to histories of Hoopeston published in later years.[9] Mrs. Catherwood was reporting from direct observation. The fol-

[8] "A Little God" (serial), Kokomo (Ind.) *Weekly Dispatch,* IX, 1 (Dec. 19, 1878); 6 (Dec. 26, 1878); 1 (Jan. 2, 1879); 1 (Jan. 9, 1879); 1 (Jan. 16, 1879).

[9] Cf. H. W. Beckwith, *History of Iroquois County, Illinois* (Chicago, 1880), p. 709.

lowing passages show typical specimens of the realistic details Mrs. Catherwood chose for her story and her ungloved manner of handling them:

There was great excitement on an Illinois prairie where two railroads intersected each other. For a town was springing up like a toadstool and all creation rushing to it pell-mell. . . .

The old rattle-snake fighting, vegetating farmers, whom the whistling winds had flayed in loneliness for fifteen years, lifted their eyes and beheld their vicinity suddenly taking on importance. The north and south railroad was completed, and the east and west one laid out before their wary minds would allow them to be convinced that they were to have a town. But the junction of the roads settled the matter. They at once rose in a body, each one howling and refusing to be comforted because the junction did not touch his land. Those nearest the roads wiped their tears first; and the others solaced themselves by grabbing for town lots. Of course, the town would make the junction its nucleus. Nevertheless, there were people who tried to pull it a mile east, others who by main strength dragged it a mile west; still another part primed the poor little village north, and the partisans for the south were not a few. The result was that a city four miles square was laid off, divided by streets running from north to south, and intersected by avenues from east to west; and then the little frame houses, somewhat larger than chicken coops but as innocent of paint began to rise! Land speculators poured in from twenty different states. Eastern capitalists invested in town lots. One firm got control of the whole eastern wing of this young city. Loud outcry was made against monopoly; but there they were, and determined to make money out of their investments, too! . . .

Every train which passed through Whooper City brought crowds of workmen and their families. The families were speedily settled in shanties, and the men went straight to building. . . . Speculators stood about the corner, watching the laborers and prophesying that this place would kill Chicago. . . .

Here was a population already as mixed and bizarre as the population of a mining town far out by the Sierras. Irish, Germans, Swedes, English, a heavy per cent of the ague-tinted old inhabitants, and even a few dashing gamblers and sharks. . . .

Whooper City offered all kinds of material success, but no satisfaction to the spirit. It was no place for an artist or an idealist. The young editor in "A Little God" had to go back eventually to New York for fulfillment of love and of life.

Eighteen years after "A Little God," Mrs. Catherwood worked the same materials over into her novelette *The Spirit of an Illinois Town,*[10] which made a reviewer in the *Critic* declare that no one had "ever shown more convincingly the squalor, the rush, the intensity, the intoxication of life in a growing western town."[11] Pattee has called it "a realistic story of a typical boom town," "the very soul of the New West."[12] In spite of such high praise, however, the book has not lived. By 1896 Mrs. Catherwood had been an actual resident of Hoopeston for twelve years. The town had prospered economically and grown in graces. She had found it a pleasant home. Although she kept much realistic detail of the pioneer town and even some touches of her earlier bitterness and criticism, she neutralized these with the sort of sentimentalism and unreality which characterized most of her later novels. By 1897 both Hamlin Garland and Elia Peattie had given the prairie a more nearly genuine literary record than this. The only significant fact about *The Spirit of an Illinois Town* now is that the initial version of it published in 1877-1878 had been both authentic in material and pioneering in spirit.

"The Career of a Prairie Farmer," which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June, 1880, was of equally genuine rawness, but was much more skillfully handled.[13] The plot was simple, merely the life story of young Ohioans who took up holdings on the Illinois prairie in the fifties and stuck out their bleak existence for thirty years till the land could be conquered. The narrative was developed by a succession of scenes, incidents, and personalities so real that they could have been set down only by someone who had seen with the eyes of an Ohioan these Illinois lands in the early years. There was a vivid portrayal of the "rolling wilderness of sedgy slews, grass, flowers, rosin-weed and rich black loam; a sea, with only two or three small arks of houses within its horizon; a whistling shrubless plain, with a wonderful sky shifting over it. . . ." The bottomless mud was there, and the ague-infested swamps, the osage-orange fences in later years, the groves of catalpa and locust

[10] *Atlantic Monthly,* LXXVIII, 168-174, 338-347, 480-491 (Aug.-Oct., 1896); *The Spirit of an Illinois Town, and The Little Renault; Two Stories of Illinois at Different Periods* (Boston, 1897).

[11] *Critic,* n.s. XXX, 247-248 (April 10, 1897).

[12] *Op. cit.,* p. 262.

[13] *Lippincott's Magazine,* XXV, 706-713 (June, 1880).

trees, the slow accumulation of buildings, the coming of the railroad, and the sudden appearances of little wooden towns. Although a romantic overtone of success held all these realistic bits together, the whole recording was frank even to the point of ugliness. Mrs. Catherwood showed clearly that she sensed the tragedy which the harshness of the struggle brought into many lives. The "monotonous years set their mark on the family." "That medallion-like clearness of profile which the farmer brought to his work became blunted, and the enthusiasm of his gaze turned to shrewdness."

Such bits suggest the greater story of the soil that Mrs. Catherwood might have written. Similar indications occurred in other stories from time to time, especially in "The Old Colony House" (1883).[14] Mrs. Catherwood could, when she tried, report the Illinois prairie with firmness and conviction. But all these stories are only partial accomplishments—as if Mrs. Catherwood, knowing the substance only too well, was afraid to set down the untouched truth. "The Career of a Prairie Farmer" was the best of her Illinois cornlands stories. Though never reprinted, it is one of the finest early fictional accounts of life on the Western soil.

II

The village of Oakford, Indiana, Mrs. Catherwood used first in "Mallston's Youngest," a local-color story published shortly after her removal from that place to Indianapolis late in 1879.[15] Although the plot and the principal character in the story develop the essentially romantic theme of the diamond-in-the-rough, Mrs. Catherwood was still close enough to having actually experienced life in the original village to retain some twinges of personal hostility toward it and to express them frankly. After Newburgh and Cincinnati, she had found this country village, except for a few congenial families, cramped, backward, isolated. Thus she pictured it in all her stories about it. She even used Oakford's early name, "Fairfield," and peopled the place with the poor whites of Southern extraction whom one could usually find mingling with Eastern stock all along this east-west corn-belt strip of the Old Northwest. Here is a characteristic passage:

[14] *Lippincott's Magazine*, XXXII, 578-595 (Dec., 1883).
[15] *Lippincott's Magazine*, XXVI, 189-197 (Aug., 1880).

The Fairfield loungers were famously lazy savages, though to the last degree good-natured and obliging. They wore butternut overalls and colored shirts, a few adding the picturesque touch of bright handkerchiefs and broad straw hats: there were a few coats in various stages of rags and grease, and one or two pairs of boots, but the wearers of these put on no airs over the long ankles and sprawling toes which blossomed around them. The whole smoking, stoop-shouldered, ill-scented throng were descendents of that Tennessee and Carolina element which more enterprising Hoosiers deplore, because in every generation it repeats this ignorance and unthrift branded so many years ago into the "poor white" of the South.

The town itself was "one land of rickety dwellings crossed at right angles by the Peru railroad, a stern brick building, a wooden elevator, and a mill. It was a squalid sight, through the festive season of the year, and the glamorous air peculiar to Indiana brooded over it."[16]

"Mallston's Youngest" remains one of the best local-color stories of the early eighties. One is surprised that Mrs. Catherwood did not revive it and "The Career of a Prairie Farmer" when she made the selections for *The Queen of the Swamp, and Other Plain Americans* in 1899. She reprinted other much less effective stories. Although the plot of "Mallston's Youngest" has a touch of romantic idealization, the well-made pattern is excellently established in the characters of dingy but genuine angularity, and in an evironment that is unmistakably authentic.

The suffocating narrowness which Mrs. Catherwood preferred to associate with Oakford furnished the setting also for a rather weak serial *Lilith* (1881)[17] and for a bitterly tragic though highly sentimental short story, "The Fairfield Poet" in 1885.[18]

III

Another village that brought unpleasant recollections was very much in Mrs. Catherwood's thoughts during the years 1880-1882. Hebron, in Licking County, Ohio, at the eastern extreme of this corn-belt strip, had been the scene of her girlhood in the home of

[16] The stern brick building by the railroad, still standing, was Mrs. Catherwood's home most of the time between December, 1877, and December, 1879. Mr. Catherwood was storekeeper-postmaster-station agent there.

[17] *Lippincott's Magazine*, XXVII, 28-41, 130-143, 238-251 (Jan.-March, 1881).

[18] *Harper's Bazaar*, XVIII, 35 (Jan. 10, 1885).

her maternal grandparents, following the death of both her parents in Milford, Illinois, when she was ten years old. That period she always remembered, for reasons not wholly clear, as most unhappy and humiliating. Hebron, like all the other corn-belt communities she described, was probably no worse than any of its fellows in the Middle West of the period. But she always thought of it as odious and degenerate. Thus she presented it in the novel *Craque-o'-Doom*, which she wrote during the first two years of her marriage.[19] It was Mrs. Catherwood's best book-length work to date and the finest long effort she was ever to make on the adult level with the realistic materials of her Ohio background.[20] *Craque-o'-Doom* even suggests in moments that Mrs. Catherwood was consciously attempting a revolt against the current idealization of village and rural life. In spite of its own sentimental failings at times, this novel has some severe things to say about the weaknesses of popular fiction in general. F. L. Pattee does *Craque-o'-Doom* an injustice by coupling it with the work of E. P. Roe.[21] Sentimentality the story does have, it is true, but of religiosity absolutely none, and its critical attitude is something radically new.

Although one feels quite certain from the opening pages of *Craque-o'-Doom* that the downtrodden young girl of the story will escape from the wretched conditions in the village Barnet (Hebron), just as the author had once done, the setting itself remains unredeemed by the slightest touch of hope or beauty except for the presence of one fine family through whose contacts with the outside world release comes to the unhappy girl. The town is described as being in a period of decadence following an early boom. "The bisection of the National Road and Ohio Canal made this place, and the increase of railway-traffic everywhere else killed it."[22] It was distasteful and ugly in almost every phase. A winter thaw made it the most dismal place on earth. "The pike stood up like a causeway between sluggish streams of water. A landscape of mud and fog, through which the canal crept like a yellow snake, cheered

[19] Serialized in *Lippincott's Magazine*, XXVII-XXVIII (April-Aug., 1881); first edition, Philadelphia, 1881. The title was suggested by a poem of James Whitcomb Riley, Mrs. Catherwood's intimate literary associate since February, 1878.

[20] She had previously published *A Woman in Armor* (New York, 1875), three book-length juveniles, various serials, and many short items.

[21] *Op. cit.*, p. 259.

[22] *Craque-o'-Doom* (New York, 1902), p. 73.

the looker-out. A smell of stables, of fat burnt half a mile away, and an all prevailing odor of old clothes, invaded the most unlikely places."[23] There was only one really attractive home, located so as to be far removed from the owner's distillery, which, half a mile distant, "discharged slops into the canal at its side and vast clouds of blackness from its monumental chimney into the sky."[24]

Social patterns were equally decadent. "Like every country town over fifty years old," this place had "its solid people who formed its society—people whose goods increased with every generation, who lived in time-tinted, hospitable-looking homesteads, sent their sons to college, their daughters to seminaries, and loved to prove to all strangers that they were not a whit behind the age." But one found also "instead of the provincial manners you have a right to look for, a jealous conformity to what these villages consider city life." Whereas the city dweller was a free agent, the villager was hampered by a servile imitation of what he considered standard models. This village society was much "averse to dancing and card-playing." It "was not intellectual, but it had long since discarded the plays and marching chants which belonged to primitive society." At its fashionable assemblies "it stood up straight and conversed with miserable effort, or promenaded, or listened with hypocritical enjoyment to piano-playing."[25]

The plot of *Craque-o'-Doom* had some very difficult material for a writer to handle convincingly. A middle-aged dwarf—cultured, well-to-do, and of definitely refined feelings—marries a miserable seventeen-year-old girl from the village scum. For both, the marriage is an escape from wretchedness. Cinderella's growth in social graces, the dwarf's transformation into a spiritual Prince Charming, and the eventual realization that true love has blessed the union make the story. The author has avoided sensational episodes and coincidences and has told a simple story of developing personality and affection against a cynical background of life-in-general, in which the *beau monde* contrasts sharply with village poverty, and gracious culture with narrow provinciality.

The chief complication of the story arises not so much from a situation as from a philosophy. Sentiment and sentimentality are vigorously attacked. Common sense is named as the clue to straight

[23] *Ibid.*, p. 85. [24] *Ibid.*, p. 30. [25] *Ibid.*, pp. 38-39.

thinking in the postwar period. The romantic gush about self-sacrifice and broken hearts, which passes for literature with the common reader, is characterized as nothing short of mawkish. "If there is anything on earth I am sick and tired of," the author has a chief character declare, "it is all this nonsense about sentiment. . . . I'm going to have everything I ever wanted, and a comfortable husband who knows my untamed ways and won't thwart me. . . . Don't you know that the key-note of the time is not sentimental, but practical sense?" She continues:

> Just after the war, when the country was wrought to a high pitch of nerves, current literature overflowed with self-sacrifice . . . everybody was running around trying to outdo his neighbor in the broken-heart and self-renunciation business. . . . All that sort of thing was "noble." I think it was mawkish. . . . I know to my own satisfaction that poverty causes more evil than perhaps anything else in the world.[26]

Such pragmatism was skirting very close to the classic attitude of the realists.[27]

IV

Mrs. Catherwood's critical mood was not permitted to find expression very long. Although her cleverest knack was for catching local-color realities, she was not the sort of writer who prefers to face harshness directly or to maintain a sustained critical mood. "Serena," a short story in the June, 1882, *Atlantic Monthly,* marked the beginning of her really characteristic corn-belt writing. It and its successors during the next several years record regional color with faithfulness and good effect, but Mrs. Catherwood had transferred her technique from contemporary life to the Ohio farmlands of her girlhood and of her parents' generation before her. Here it was easy to find quaintness and kindliness, just as easy to forget ugliness and discomfort. Perhaps her intimacy with Jim Riley from 1878 to 1882 was partially responsible for this shift of her surest skill to a reconstruction of the pleasant "airly days." Such charming stories as "Serena," "The Queen of the Swamp," and "The Stirring-Off" were the result.

From these retrospective corn-belt stories, it was a natural tran-

[26] *Ibid.*, pp. 30-33.

[27] "Stephen Guthrie," serialized in *Lippincott's* in 1882, again used the Hebron setting in a condemnatory way, but to a much slighter effect (XXIX, Jan.-June, 1882).

sition to the even earlier historical period that Mrs. Catherwood entered with her novel *The Romance of Dollard* in 1888. Thereafter, most of her voluminous writing would be devoted to interpreting the old French regime in America. The stuff of these later stories came almost entirely from books and imagination, unembarrassed by the realities of personal experience or recollection. The result seems now most insubstantial. Fortunately, however, Mrs. Catherwood was able, in the midnineties, to integrate once more her fine sense of detail with this romantic tendency of plot, in the striking series of regional short stories that are usually represented in the anthologies now by such tales as "The Windigo" or "Pontiac's Lookout."

As for Mrs. Catherwood's early experiments with critical realism, those stories must be thought of as transitional between her apprentice work and her characteristic local-color romanticism. In the main story of literature in the Middle West, they help to emphasize the difficulty of binding down to any particular set of chronological "firsts" an impulse that is present to some degree in all generations—the impulse to write of the unpleasant present in a frankly critical way.[28]

[28] Cf. John T. Flanagan, "Joseph Kirkland, Pioneer Realist," *American Literature*, XI, 273-284 (Nov., 1939); and Hamlin Garland, *Roadside Meetings* (New York, 1930), p. 94.

promised oration on Lundy and was requested to put it in written form for publication in a future number of the *Genius*.

This was the final chapter in the record of Lundy's newspaper. It was the twelfth Illinois issue and it bore the whole number 316. The first number had appeared at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, in July, 1821, and thereafter the *Genius* had been published in Tennessee, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Pennsylvania and finally in Illinois. Sometimes it was a monthly, sometimes it was a weekly, sometimes it appeared in both forms. There were frequent lapses in publication, due to Lundy's frequent absences or for other causes. Yet, as the prospectus of the last volume declared:

> During the whole of this period, the principles maintained, the measures proposed, and the prime objects of the publication have been the same. There has been no change of opinion on the part of the editor—no alteration in the general course pursued by him—and none is contemplated. . . . Its principal design has ever been, and will continue to be, the advocacy of free discussion, the total abolition of slavery, and the firm establishment of the constitutional, unalienable and universal rights of man.

published by Zebina Eastman and Hooper Warren at Lowell between December 19, 1840, and April, 1842. Beginning July, 1841, it became the organ of the Illinois Anti-slavery Society. The paper suspended publication in April, 1842, but was revived three months later in Chicago as the *Western Citizen*, a temperance and anti-slavery paper and the organ of the Liberty Party in Illinois. See Scott, *Newspapers of Illinois*, 55, 229.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

A Bibliography

BY ROBERT PRICE

MRS. Mary (Hartwell) Catherwood, one of the most widely recognized writers of historical fiction during the great popularity of that genre in America just at the close of the nineteenth century, was a resident of Illinois throughout a large portion of her life. Born in Luray, Ohio, December 16, 1847, she moved with her family to Milford, Illinois, in 1856. Although she was taken back to Ohio after the death of her parents within the next two years and grew up with grandparents in Hebron, Licking County, she returned to Illinois after her graduation from the Granville (Ohio) Female College in 1868, to teach in the public schools of Danville. In 1877 she married James Steele Catherwood of Hoopeston. They lived for a time in Fairfield and Indianapolis, Indiana, but in 1882 settled in Hoopeston, which with Chicago remained Mrs. Catherwood's home for the rest of her life. She died in Chicago, December 26, 1902, and is buried in Floral Hill Cemetery, Hoopeston.

Mrs. Catherwood's first widely popular novel, *The Romance of Dollard* (1888) prompted Francis Parkman to hail the author as "a pioneer in what may be called a new departure in American fiction," viz., in the field of historical romance with the old French regime

of Canada, the Lakes, and the Mississippi Valley as sources of inspiration. Throughout a long series of novels and stories, culminating in the best-seller, *Lazarre* (1901), Mrs. Catherwood continued pre-eminent in this particular realm of romance. Today, most of the novels are of interest chiefly because of their place in the literary progress of a period. On the other hand, the short stories continue to be reprinted and read as the best work of the sort ever done in their peculiar areas of local color. Many of the novels and stories are concerned with Illinois.

The only published biographical study of Mrs. Catherwood is that of M. L. Wilson, *Biography of Mary Hartwell Catherwood* (Newark, Ohio, 1904). An adequate account of Mrs. Catherwood's life and work remains to be written. Her bibliography has never before been printed:

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Most of Mrs. Catherwood's writing previous to 1875 cannot be traced today. Her first published items were news "locals" and poems submitted to the Newark (Ohio) *American* in 1863 when she was sixteen years old. One of the poems of that year, entitled "Pocahontas," was sent by the editor of the *American*, M. L. Wilson, to a children's magazine in Philadelphia where it was accepted. Another poem, "The Broken Hearted," appeared in *The Voice*, published by Mr. Wilson in December, 1863. Three other known poems are "To Ira Marsh of Company H, 31st O.V.I., who was Killed at the Battle of Resaca, Georgia," in the Newark *American* of July 8, 1864; "Rebuked" written in 1867, and "My Secret" of about the same time, reprinted in

Mr. Wilson's *Biography of Mary H. Catherwood* (1904), original place of publication not known.

Mrs. Catherwood's first published story, "The Hospital Nurse," appeared in the *American*, March 25, 1864. By 1870 she seems to have been writing fluently and finding a market in numerous publications, chiefly juvenile. Much of this output was published unsigned or under pseudonyms. She is known to have won a short story prize from *Wood's Household Magazine*. At least one short serial ran in *Leslie's Weekly*. Other material that has not been identified appeared in *Youth's Companion*, *Golden Hours*, *Wide Awake*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Outing*, *Independent*, *Delineator*, *Chicago Tribune*, and *Chicago Graphic*.

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1902

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"The Queen Bee," Mrs. Catherwood's last story, based upon the assassination of President McKinley, was never published, but it is preserved in manuscript.

ILLINOIS IN 1939

BY MILDRED EVERSOLE

JANUARY 4

The sixty-first session of the Illinois General Assembly convenes in Springfield. George M. Maypole of Chicago is chosen President pro tempore of the Senate and Hugh W. Cross of Jerseyville is elected Speaker of the House. The former takes the place of Lieutenant Governor Stelle who is Acting Governor during Governor Horner's absence from the state. The Governor is in Florida recovering from an illness contracted in November, 1938.

JANUARY 5

The Illinois River at Havana is at the lowest level noted during the twenty-five years in which records have been kept. The present stage is 5.25 feet.

Dr. Hugh T. Patrick, emeritus professor of nervous and mental diseases at Northwestern University, dies at the age of seventy-eight. He was the author of numerous articles published in scientific journals.

JANUARY 9

Inaugural ceremonies are held for Louie E. Lewis, state treasurer, and John A. Wieland, superintendent of public instruction. Following the exercises, the Governor's message is read to the sixty-first General Assembly.

The title of "corn king" of Illinois goes to Richmond

(1)

Dec. 25, 1902

ORD-HERA

—SIXTEEN PAGES. [TWO PARTS]

NOTED NOVELIST DIES

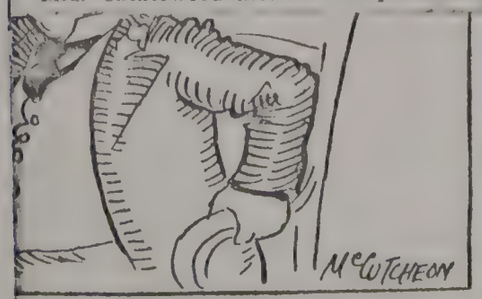
Mary Hartwell Catherwood Passes Away at Her Home in Chicago.

CANCER ENDS A BUSY LIFE

Unfinished Book Left by the Famous Writer—Funeral to Be Held To-day.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the novelist, died at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at her home, 4852 Washington avenue, after an illness of three months' duration.

Mrs. Catherwood attended the presenta-



SPECT OF IT."

tion of the play from her most successful novel, "Lazarre," the only one of her books dramatized, at Green Bay, Mich., in September. Shortly after her return to Chicago she was taken ill. An operation performed Oct. 25 apparently was successful, and she recovered rapidly, and it was thought for several weeks she was out of danger, but a cancer unexpectedly developed.

FRIENDS ABANDON HOPE.

Three weeks ago she began to sink, and soon hopes of her recovery were given up. Friends and relatives learned yesterday that

(2)

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, POPULAR AMERICAN NOVELIST, WHO DIED YESTERDAY.

NOTED NOVELIST DIES.

[Continued from First Page.]

she hardly would survive the day, so her death in the afternoon was not unexpected. She expired the day preceding the anniversary of her marriage to James Steele Catherwood. Besides her husband, one daughter, Hazel, a girl of 18, survives her.

The funeral will be held this morning at 10:30 o'clock at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Kenwood, where Rev. Herman Page will preach. The remains will be taken to Hoopeston, Ill., at 1:30 this afternoon. The body will be buried in the family lot in the Hoopeston cemetery to-morrow morning.

LEAVES WORK UNFINISHED.

Prior to her illness Mrs. Catherwood was engaged on a novel which she expected to send to her publishers in March. It is a story of which Robert Owen, who founded a colony in Posey County, Indiana, was the hero. No arrangements have been made for the completion of the work. Robert Catherwood, nephew of the deceased novelist, said last night that members of the family were familiar with the work and with her ideas upon the subject, but the question of completing it had not been considered.

Mrs. Catherwood was one of the most widely read novelists in the country. She was a devoted admirer of the region in which she was born, and preferred to write with a historical background selected from it. Her most successful novels, however, dealt with other localities, although those most familiar with her books insist that she wrote only from her heart when she was dealing with some story relating to the middle West.

HER CAREER SKETCHED.

(3)

Mrs. Catherwood was born Dec. 16, 1847, in Luray, Ohio. Her parents died when she was 10 years of age, practically leaving her dependent upon her own resources for her existence. She attended the Female College in Granville, Ohio, from which she was graduated in 1868. She went to Newburg-on-the-Hudson, in New York, where she obtained employment. She sent some short stories to the New York papers, which found favor in the sight of the publishers. Finally one of them accepted her children's stories, and they made her popular throughout the country.

She turned toward the West again in 1876, and reaching Hoopeston, Ill., she decided to make it her home. On Dec. 27, 1877, she was married to Mr. Catherwood. They remained at Hoopeston until 1885, when they moved to Indianapolis, Ind., but only to remain a short time, returning to Hoopeston again.

COMES TO CHICAGO.

Two years ago Mrs. Catherwood came to Chicago to make her home at 4852 Washington avenue. Her daughter Hazel, her nephew, Robert Catherwood, and his sister, Miss Naomi Catherwood, lived with them.

Mrs. Catherwood's work never ceased. Early in life she met Francis Parkman, the historian who interested her in historical writing, and being a voracious reader of history, she extended her studies to the annals of other countries. Sir John Bourinot, clerk of the Canadian parliament, was deeply interested in her work, and supplied her with much of the data which she found necessary for her romances.

Her early children's stories having been so well received, Mrs. Catherwood decided to send some of them forth in book form. In 1881 she published "Cracque o' Doom," and a year later followed it with "Rocky Fork." In 1884 she published "Old Caravan Days," followed four years later by "Secrets of the Rose Ladies." All had been written especially for young readers, although they proved great favorites with older readers, too.

NOTABLE WORKS APPEAR.

In 1889 her first pretentious novel appeared, entitled "The Romance of Dollard." "Stories of Tonty," a history of the trials of De La-Salle's great lieutenant; "Old Kaskaskia," "The White Islander," "Chase St. Castin" and "Days of Jeanne D'Arc" were published early in the '90s. A novel that appealed to the people of Illinois even more than "Old Kaskaskia" was "Spanish Peggy." The location of the characters was in New Salem, Ill., where Lincoln was called upon to defend one of them.

Then Mrs. Catherwood returned for a brief period to short story writing, publishing a collection under the title, "Queen of the Swamp." They dealt especially with characters whom she had met or heard of in her life in the Mississippi Valley, particularly in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois.

She visited Europe and studied the history of the court of France to obtain color for what is considered by many to have been her greatest book, "Lazarre." It at least was the most widely read, its circulation exceeding the expectations of the author and the publishers.

SUCCESS OF "LAZARRE."

The dramatization of novels having become popular, Otis Skinner selected "Lazarre" as the most satisfactory of the new books. It was dramatized, and with the aid of an excellent company Mr. Skinner spent last summer in preparing it for the stage. The first performance was given in Grand Rapids, Mich., where Mrs. Catherwood went to see it. The drama proved as successful as the book had been, and when Mr. Skinner brought it to Chicago in September it grew in favor from the start. Since then he has presented it throughout the country. The company returned to Chicago for Christmas and yesterday morning Mr. Skinner was informed of the illness of the author of "Lazarre." He immediately sought out his wife and the two called at the home of the sick novelist to present their regrets at her illness.

"Mrs. Catherwood's death is a great shock to me," said Hobart Chatfield-Taylor last evening. "She occupied a unique place in American literature because of her early novels regarding the settlement and exploration of the Northwest. These books always appealed to me with peculiar force and I think have earned for themselves a permanent usefulness. I have known Mrs. Catherwood for some years and have a distinct personal sorrow at her sudden death.

Rozwadowski, Italian consul, three detectives broke into the room, and after letting upon the constable and pummeling him ejected him from the room and forced him into an elevator which carried him to the ground floor.

GUESTS HEAR STRUGGLE.

Many guests on the same floor of the hotel were aroused by the shouts of the struggling men. Manager Heard and his lawyer, Geo. I. Hicks, were involved in the scrimmage, and the result would have been different had not three more attaches of the hotel come to the rescue of the detectives.

After being ejected, and unable to get satisfaction from the clerk, Constable McCarthy and the lawyer and Manager Heard went to the Harrison street police station, where they obtained the services of Officers Mechi and Peepe. When the uniformed patrolmen entered the hotel the employes capitulated, and the constable again went to the composer's apartments. Mascagni was attired in evening dress, with a large muffler about his throat, which he has worn since he became ill. There were roses on the table and two bottles of champagne on ice, unopened. Bond in the sum of $10,000 was furnished for Mascagni's appearance before Justice Underwood.

NEW PLAN PROPOSED.

Before the constable arrived the composer had been discussing a proposition from Mittenthal Brothers of New York, who were managers of himself and his orchestra during the first part of his calamitous American tour. It was proposed to arrange other dates for him at the head of an American orchestra, and to withdraw the suits that had been filed against him.

But Manager Heard, who had a verbal agreement with Mascagni to appear under his management until Feb. 1, wants a settlement. He claims the composer holds or held $5,000 of the opera company's funds, and that he was entitled to his percentage of the amount. He has been unable to see Mascagni since last Tuesday. His own hotel bill being unpaid, and the hotel company having become vociferous in its requests for payment, the whilom manager resorted to desperate measures.

Mascagni, disgusted by his failures and harassed by attachment suits and injunctions, fell ill last Sunday night. Tuesday he paid out $2,500 for the transportation of eighty members of his troupe to Italy, intending soon to follow them, never to return to this country.

HEARD EXPLAINS ACTION.

"I saw no other way of getting justice for myself," said Mr. Heard. "Mascagni's wife and his Italian friends have prejudiced him against me. The $5,000 funds were held in common. The two concerts given in Chicago were successful and I was ready to continue the tour, but he suddenly determined to end it and, without consulting me, sent his troupe back to New York, whence they sail Dec. 30 for Italy."

The proposition from the Mittenthal brothers was made through Joseph Smith, personal representative of Signora Duse. The exact terms of it will not be made public until Mascagni has read the letter, which will be presented to him to-day.

Still another proposition has been received by the composer, which, in the event of his refusal of the Mittenthals' offer, may enable him to return to Italy with an American triumph to his credit after all. From New York Edmond Gerson has written [illegible]

NOTED NOVELIST DIES

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ORD-

Reprinted from ABSTRACTS OF DOCTORAL DISSERTATIONS, No. 43
The Ohio State University Press, 1944

A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD: A STUDY OF MIDDLE WESTERN REGIONAL AUTHORSHIP, 1847–1902

ROBERT PRICE
B.Ph., Denison University, 1928
M.A., The Ohio State University, 1930

Department of English
(Approved by Leonard B. Beach)

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood was a central figure in Middle Western American authorship during the period between the close of the Civil War and the opening of the twentieth century. The later remarkable outburst of distinctive writing in Middle America, during the years immediately before and after 1914, was preceded by two generations of unusual writers. Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, and Sinclair Lewis grew up during the stirring days of the earlier Hamlin Garland, young Theodore Dreiser, Henry Blake Fuller, and George Ade. The latter men in the nineties had been in conscious revolt against a post–Civil War generation of romanticists who, though they seemed to the young realists only an entrenchment of decadent conservatism, had given the West its first important claims to literary fame and had established in nearly every crossroads community, especially in the states just under the Great Lakes, a literary awareness that contributed immeasurably to the creative impulses of the next fifty years. Mrs. Catherwood was an important force in that first postwar generation.

The story of these early Middle Western writers has not yet been adequately told. For a quarter of a century, in fact, critics looked upon them more or less askance. Lew Wallace, they said, had devoted his fine talents to false ideals of rococo romance. James Whitcomb Riley, when not slavishly imitating Longfellow and Poe, was only a showman or a sentimentalist. It was an age of blundering and superficiality, in writing as in politics and social thought. "The notion that there was anything of value buried beneath the debris came tardily," says Lewis Mumford in *The Brown Decades,* "for what our elders pointed to with genuine delight was obviously not very valuable." But the notion did arrive. Now, although the literary history of the period has not yet been completely resurrected, the critical revaluation has begun. An important chapter in American letters will eventually be restored.

Mrs. Catherwood seemed for a time to have been laid aside completely. When she died in 1902, at the age of fifty-five, her novel *Lazarre* of the year before was still an important popular seller. But it had been only one of many historical romances which now mark something of a ten-years' wonder in American reading at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries. The fad soon passed, and new literary ideals caught on among both writers and readers. It was easy to forget not only Mrs. Catherwood's rather flimsy romances of her later years but also her earlier less famous but more substantial work.

Professor Fred Lewis Pattee in 1915 was the first of the later critics to recall Mrs. Catherwood's stories and novels for a fair evaluation. In *A History of American Literature since 1870,* he reported that her work was not only entitled to a permanent record but was being unjustly neglected. Other critics have consistently upheld Professor Pattee's judgment. Since the early nineteen twenties, Mrs. Catherwood's writing, particularly her short stories (which she herself probably considered minor accomplishments in their day), have been recalled by an increasing number of readers as an important regional contribution of much originality and charm.

Mrs. Catherwood's importance during her lifetime had been in a very large measure the result of an unusual personality, a fact that was partially responsible for the neglect of her reputation in later years. Her personal associations had been chiefly regional and her activities peculiarly of the eighties and nineties. Furthermore the writing for which she won contemporary renown lost its significance almost immediately after her death, and the small remainder of fine stories in which critics now find permanent worth had to wait rediscovery. In her day, however, Mrs. Catherwood was so vital a force, at the center of literary activity, that no student of literary biography or history in the Middle West, from the Civil War to the opening of the twentieth century, can escape reckoning with her sooner or later. William Dean Howells recognized her as a major contributor to the Eastern journals. Hamlin Garland found her an able opponent in literary controversies. Francis Parkman, Richard Watson Gilder, James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, David Ross Locke, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Henry H. Krehbiel, Gail Hamilton, Maurice Thompson, Lew Wallace, George Cable, Joseph Kirkland, and many lesser writers, particularly in the Middle West, found her life touching theirs, often in very important ways. Her work and personality assume a richly interesting role that affected at least a half dozen major episodes in American literary history.

Mrs. Catherwood was the first American woman novelist of any significance born west of the Appalachians. That fact when viewed by itself is of little worth in the main story of American fiction except as an interesting chronological "first." It assumes considerable significance, on the other hand, when one considers that Mrs. Catherwood was also the first woman of any prominence in American literature to acquire a college education, that she was graduated not from a school in the East but from a new college sprung up in Ohio, that she won this education by her own efforts against extremely difficult odds, and that she was probably the first woman writer from the new West to support herself independently, even for a short time, by free-lance authorship. Mary Hartwell Catherwood was not merely one more gifted woman among the large number of such American writers who appeared in the generation after Emerson. She was the pioneer woman writer in the first generation of Middle Western authorship. Her career epitomizes the struggle faced by any woman of her region and generation who chose writing for a vocation. Her work stands as a significant product of the forces necessarily at work in that particular milieu.

Mrs. Catherwood was most widely known during her lifetime for her numerous historical romances. From *The Romance of Dollard* in 1888, through a long succession of novels ending with *Lazarre*, she worked the romantic treasures of French traditions and history, especially those of the Canadian-American border and contiguous areas, more extensively than any other author. Though these books are all nearly or quite lifeless today, there can be no doubt now that their successes led in the vogue for historical fiction that marked the extremes of romantic revolt against realism during the eighteen-nineties. Half a century afterward, this portion of Mrs. Catherwood's writing and its influence are likely to be looked upon as negative contributions to American letters. To our present generation, that sees realism as the central creative literary force for the past fifty years, the romanticism at the end of the nineteenth century appears to have been both reactionary and decadent. Mrs. Catherwood's contribution to it, even though not actually her most enduring accomplishment, has been given more generous critical attention than any other part of her work. This fact alone has been unfortunate for her reputation.

Mrs. Catherwood was, it is true, the chief spokesman for the conservatives among Middle Westerners in the debate that raged through the late eighties and early nineties over the new realism. The Western phase of the controversy came to a significant culmination during the summer of 1893 at the Chicago World's Fair with young Hamlin Garland as the chief apostle for the new faith

and Mrs. Catherwood a vigorous defendant of the older point of view. Her association at the time with romantic excesses in the popular historical vein more or less justified the position which she filled. On the other hand, the reputation which Mrs. Catherwood thus acquired appears now to have been both unfair and unfortunate when one considers her fine accomplishment in regional short stories, first those of the corn belt in the eighties, then those of the old French border in the middle nineties.

Earlier than the period of her corn-belt, local-color tales, in fact, Mrs. Catherwood had even pioneered for a short time in that phase of Middle Western realism that has come to be called critical realism. This critical vein in American writing, now commonly considered an exceptionally important one, is usually dated from E. W. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town,* 1883, and Joseph Kirkland's *Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County,* 1887. Though Mrs. Catherwood has never been given credit for it, she was chronicling bitterness against the realities of farms and villages in the Middle West as early as 1878. Her novelette "A Little God" published in the Kokomo, Indiana, *Weekly Dispatch* contained a scathing indictment of the crudity and selfishness which could appear in a new Illinois settlement. Her short story "The Career of a Prairie Farmer" (*Lippincott's Magazine,* June, 1880) gave frank recognition to the many hardships that went with border farming. Her novel *Craque-o'-Doom* (1881) portrayed an Ohio village that must have been the forerunner of all the later Winesburgs.

Mrs. Catherwood did not choose to develop her powers of frank expression, however. Had she done so, she could have become, Professor Pattee has declared, the Mary E. Wilkins of the West. (Mr. Pattee was speaking not from knowledge of these early stories but from implications that he found in later ones.) She was not temperamentally suited to this sort of expression, and the circumstances of her life guided her inevitably into others more closely consistent with her romantic and optimistic inclinations. Mrs. Catherwood deserves credit, nevertheless, for being one of the earliest western writers to explore a field of realism now considered of prime significance.

For another contribution, also, Mrs. Catherwood has not yet been given sufficient critical praise. The corn-belt stories which she created in the eighties were the pioneers in corn-belt regional writing. The June, 1882, issue of William Dean Howells' *Atlantic Monthly* included a short story by Mrs. Catherwood entitled "Serena," a rather obviously constructed little story (for Mrs. Catherwood's forte was never to be the well-made plot) but chock-

full of perfectly recorded and integrated human-interest details of manners, customs, and incidents, which Howells may well have recognized as authentic reporting from a previously untouched section of his own Middle West. Other stories of the same sort by Mrs. Catherwood were being printed in *Lippincott's Magazine, The Ladies' Repository,* and several of Harper's publications. They continued to appear occasionally through the rest of Mrs. Catherwood's life. Some of them, it is true, are inferior, but a few are excellent. Editors in their day saw genuine promise in them. Some of them have continued to live in the anthologies by virtue of sheer vitality. They deserve critical attention both for their regional importance and for their power as stories.

During the eighteen-nineties, Mrs. Catherwood produced a second notable group of regional short stories which are now her best known work. These dealt with French life, particularly that along the American-Canadian border. Although nearly all of them contain some historical material, reflecting the long romances which Mrs. Catherwood was turning out as her major work during these years, they are essentially regional in quality, taking their central interest from the vivid minutiae of speech, manners, emotions, and incidents which Mrs. Catherwood delighted in. These stories that follow the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes all the way from colonial Acadia, as in "The Chase of Saint-Castin" (*Atlantic Monthly,* July, 1893), to primitive Sault Sainte Marie in "The Windigo" (*Atlantic Monthly,* April, 1894), or to nineteenth century Mackinac Island in "The Mothers of Honoré" (*Harper's Magazine,* June, 1899), represent the most nearly perfect integration of Mrs. Catherwood's particular narrative powers. They have been justifiably remembered.

Behind the writing were a remarkable personality and an eventful life richly worth the describing for their own sake. Mrs. Catherwood was born in Luray, Licking County, Ohio, December 16, 1847. The period of her growing up was that of the greatest westward rush in the American saga. In fact, she grew to girlhood with the steady stream of westward migration actually flowing past her door. Her family joined the moving column when she was nine or ten, just old enough for her to feel the full tide of hope which enthusiastic young parents saw in an undeveloped neighborhood on the Illinois prairies. The migration and the feelings attending that experience probably colored the rest of her life, for even in the severest of adversities—and she suffered many—Mrs. Catherwood never lost the peculiar optimism of outlook which the West still symbolized in American thought during her formative years.

Orphaned at twelve by the death of both parents in Milford, Illinois, she was brought back to grow up among uncongenial conditions in a decadent Ohio village (described under the name "Barnet" in her novel *Craque-o'-Doom*). Living under the smart of poverty and dependence, she was forced very young into a struggle for self-support and for personal expression that was remarkable both for the energy of the fight and for the degree of success attained. By teaching country schools she was able to place herself in the Granville, Ohio, Female College, from which she graduated in 1868. Later while teaching, first in Granville, then in Danville, Illinois, she practiced her chosen craft of writing until in 1874 she had won sufficient recognition from Eastern publications to warrant her risking a full-time literary career, first in Newburgh, New York, later in Cincinnati, Ohio. The accomplishment was an unusual one for an obscure Middle Western woman in the eighteen-seventies.

Once an escape into a dream has been accomplished, the technique that has succeeded can easily become one's way of life, justifying the past and shaping the future. In the case of Mary Hartwell Catherwood, it was to affect not only her struggles and achievements but her philosophy of living and—of particular interest in the present study—the writing that reflected that philosophy.

Ugliness cannot be denied no matter how hard one prays for beauty. Sometimes, though, the particular ugliness of the moment can be evaded or compromised. Better than any other Middle Western writer of her time, Mrs. Catherwood found a literary technique for looking away from the immediately unpleasant. Mrs. Catherwood was never able to escape completely from all the unloveliness which could be found close to the core of everyday living, but she found a fairly satisfactory way of concentrating upon the ideality that the reality suggests.

Probably the happiest years of her life were those brief periods when she was living in the midst of creative literary activity—the few months in New York, the two years in Cincinnati, another short time in Indianapolis. She would have preferred remaining in those literary centers. Instead, circumstances doomed her to spend most of her years in small Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois towns close to ugliness of living and narrowness of thinking and feeling that she had grown to dislike. The economic depression of the middle seventies drove her in 1877 from a successfully independent writing career back to friends and relatives. She married the same year and thereafter for the next twenty-two years continued to live wherever her husband's business dictated, in Oakford, Indiana (1877-79), in Indianapolis (1878-82), and in Hoopeston, Illinois

(1882-99). She continued to dislike many small town characteristics. But more significant, she deliberately found ways in her life and in her writing of drawing away from them. Sometimes it was a physical withdrawal, more often a spiritual or at least an imaginative one. Both tendencies reached a consistent climax in her closing years, the one in her forsaking of small town life completely in 1899 for a residence in Chicago until her death in 1902, and the other in the historical romances far removed from mauve-decade realities, to which she devoted increasingly heavy portions of time and energy during her last ten years. An account of her remarkable life, a critical evaluation of her voluminous writings, and the relationship of both to the main story of American literature are presented in this critical biography of Mrs. Catherwood.

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ESTABLISHED 1884.

LAZARRE. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. With illustrations by André Castaigne. 12mo. Pp. 436. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

The legend that the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette of France did not die in the Temple Prison at the time of the French Revolution, but that another child was smuggled into his place and the young Dauphin spirited away to America by the court painter Bellenger, is the basis upon which Mrs. Catherwood has built her romantic novel. The young Prince grows up among the Indians of the Northwest under the name of Eleazer Williams—softened by them to Lazarre. The child, having been reduced to imbecility by the harshness of the treatment to which he was subjected in prison, readily believes himself to be the son of the Indian chief in whose care he has been placed, and thus grows to manhood.

But he is soon recognized, however, by a party of royalists, the Marquis de Ferrier, his daughter Eagle and her cousin Philippe. Through their hints and innuendos the lad begins to doubt his humble origin. Under the healthful influence of the pure climate he had grown in strength and vigor, and with bodily improvement comes mental strength. At last, when he has fully regained his reason, he learns from Eagle the true secret of his birth, and with the determination of establishing his identity returns to France. The scenes shift back to the French capital, among the exiled Bourbons, and the court of Napoleon Bonaparte. His mission proves unsuccessful, however, and his claim coming to naught he returns once more to America. When, years later, the Bourbons turn to him as their last staff upon which to lean and offer him the crown of France, he has learned too well the grand lessons of freedom and refuses their offer. The love element of the story is furnished by Eagle, and with the other dramatic situations in the story make a strong and readable novel.

Men, ... London, ... Illustrated by Phil. May, Joseph Pennell, and L. Raven-Hill. 8vo. With full index, rich cover, gilt top. Pp. 364. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

NEW CENTURY LIBRARY. Pocket Size. Standard Novels. Thackeray, 14 vols.; Dickens, 17 vols.; Scott, 25 vols. Printed on the thinnest printing paper. 4¼x6¼ inches. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. Cloth, $1 per vol.; limp leather, $1.50 per vol.

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romance.

"Lazarre" (Bowen-Merrill, $1.50), by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is a carefully written romance of placidly sustained interest. It touches history lightly and moulds it to the purposes of fiction without much regard to probability or psychic consistency. The hero is a person who supposed himself to be the Dauphin of France whom history, outside of foot-notes, states to have died of ill-treatment in the Temple. In this story he is brought to America, where an idiot boy is substituted for him, to foster the ambitions of his uncle Orleans, but both are supported by Bourbon subsidies. Lazarre grows up among the Indians, somewhat dull of wit, till a wound in the head, received in diving, restores him to a dim consciousness of his ancestry. He has, however, at critical moments, occasional lapses from sanity, as indeed other characters in the story have, in a fashion that becomes at last, in the case of the heroine, somewhat irritatingly comic, though tragedy is intended. The best thing in the book is the way in which the democratic environment is made to interpenetrate the Capetian heredity, until Lazarre deliberately makes the great renunciation of royalty, partly for the sake of his beloved, but partly, too, for the cause of freedom.

Books for Boys and Girls.

There is a mechanical way of telling fairy stories—almost any of us can manage that—and there is the genial way. It is as impossible to fail to recognize those who have the real art, the Open Sesame of fairyland, as it was for the prince to fail to recognize Cinderella when her pretty foot slid into the glass slipper. Evelyn Sharp's Fairyland is a distinct creation of genius. The very name that she has chosen for her imps, "The Wymps," has a whimsicality about it that is full of promise, and she has let her inventive fancy play with these creatures

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E 84.

"Lazarre." Mary Hartwell Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Press.) La Tsar or Lazarr-one. Jokai found the Dauphin's sister in Hungary; Mrs. Catherwood, the Dauphin in Chicago. The transfers and re-transfers of the Dauphin from the Tuileries to the wilds of Illinois, and back again, are bewildering in their lightning shiftings. The work is crude, and lacks cohesion. We have all the old devices: suspended animation, restored by a blow on the head; the escape from prison in the garments of a priest; the sliding panel disclosing hidden treasures. We leave the heroine gliding through a secret panel in France and find her a demented creature in the Northwest Territory. Andrew Jackson, Burr, Blennahassett, Jerome Bonaparte, Jefferson Davis, are thrown in like currants to make the bun edible. We are afraid that the Dauphin, like Marechal Ney, Booth, and the Man With the Iron Mask, is doomed to the fate of the Wandering Jew, and will suffer continued resurrections. The end of the book is the best—wherein the hero turns his back on the glittering dangers of royal life and finds his throne in the heart of the woman he loves.

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Est. 1884.

is an ignorant young Indian-bred hunter who is by birth Louis XVII, King of France. At the time of the French revolution, at the age of 9, the dauphine spent six months in a dungeon and was brutalized by drink and confinement until he was carried out for dead; he was privily rescued and taken to America, where his rascally guardian gave him to an Indian.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.—The Bowen Merrill Company, [illegible]

no. Cloth. $1.50

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"A vivid story, well told. Pure in tone and uplifting in thought.....A veritable oasis. Deborah is one of the most beautiful characters of present day fiction."—*Washington Star.*

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much estate, they have preserved much o their independence and fidelity to ideals that marks the Puritan type. It is in the picture of Ellen's girlhood, its environment, the problems of life and living that confront her people and those of her class that Miss Wilkins' strongest work in the book is found. (By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper's.)

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

It is hardly correct terminology to call Miss Runkle's book a historical novel; it does not properly fall within that category. It is no more a historical novel than Dumas' "Three Guardsmen" series are historical novels. They are romances, pure and simple, and Miss Runkle's work belongs in the same class. It is not intended to intimate that

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HIGH PRAISE FOR "LAZARRE"

"In these days, when the spurious is offered up on every side, what a blessing it is to happen once in a while upon a real thing. I have found the real thing in Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's 'Lazarre.'"

Lillian Bell begins in this way a most appreciative and characteristic notice of this book, which is one of the few that "the particular and the artistic and the captious may read with safety and delight." Mrs. Catherwood's story has the quality that we call "charm," and possibly this, more than any other one thing, has gained for "Lazarre" praise from the press such as has been accorded no other book this season.

EST. 1884.

Teeth, with a uneasy smile, as he twisted 'is 'ead round. 'Call 'im off, Sam.'

"'Hush,' ses Ginger, and they 'eard Ted Reddish and 'is wife coming back. They came in, sat down agin, and after Ted 'ad 'ad another good look at the wild man and prodded 'im all over an' looked at 'is teeth, he spoke up and said they'd decided to give a 'undered pun for 'im at the end o' three days if 'e suited.

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Date Nov 3rd

Mary Hatwell Catherwood has a large circle of readers, who look forward with eagerness to the coming out of a new book from her pen. Mrs. Catherwood's latest book, "Lazarre" (Bowen, Merrill Co.), tells her version of the tale of the last Dauphin, eldest son of Louis XVI and the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, heir to the throne of France. Around the fate of this mysterious and romantic lad clusters many a legend and curious story, both in the old world and the new. Mrs. Catherwood has told the story as she has found it and as she believes it, in a most entertaining manner. In "Lazarre" Mrs. Catherwood has made a notable contribution to historical literature and presented us with a delightful romance.

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residents of Omah
a wide sweep over
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From NEW YORK PRESS

Address

Date DEC 7 1900

The widespread public interest that Mrs. Catherwood's new novel, "Lazarre," has created in the life and personality of Eleazer Williams is remarkable. After discussing this man's belief that he was the son of Louis XVI. of France—a belief that was shared enthusiastically by those who knew him best—the Critic for November says:

"It is, however, wholly beside the point to analyze Williams's equities as a pretender to the French throne. This is, in short, a romance, and not a brief for the claimant—a love story, if you please, and one whose leading figures possess unusual qualities of distinction. The hero's relation to history is so shadowy as to be no burden, and yet sufficiently well defined to serve as a lure to the imagination."

ESTAB

"The Story of Architecture" ($3.00 and $5.00), an outline of the styles of all countries; Radcliffe's "Schools and Masters of Painting" and "Schools and Masters of

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IN "Lazarre" (Mary Hartwell Catherwood) the young Dauphin who would have been Louis XVII. of France is made to live as the ward of an Indian chief in America. To his romance in the woods and colonies is added the narrative of a perilous trip to France in the endeavor to force his claims to the throne. In the end, of course, his only crown is love.

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From Bookseller Newsdealer & Stationer

Address New York City

Date DEC 1-1901

Lazarre, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is one of the novels that is bound to be of importance to the trade, so cleverly is it being advertised. It is a capital story, full of excitement and adventure and love. Lazarre is no less a personage than the rightful heir to the throne of France, that unfortunate dauphin who was said to have died of ill-treatment and starvation in the Temple prison during the first orgie of the French Revolution. Instead of dying he was rescued in a demented condition, sent to America and adoption purchased for him in an Indian tribe. When on the verge of manhood reason and some faint memory return to Lazarre. He is recognized as white by a neighboring grand seigneur, who gives him an education. The while some of the great ladies, emigrés, half recognize him and into his life comes the idea of looking into his claims to royalty, and at the same time comes love. Both urge him to France, where he meets those who welcome him with open arms and those who would welcome him to an open grave. Between them he loses all that he had got, even his love, and Lazarre returns to America as poor in purse and as starved in heart as when he left it. The reunion between him and the poor girl, whom Fate seemed to delight in cheating, is a remarkable and pathetic scene. The story is a clean, bright, wholesome, thoroughly interesting romance. (BOWEN-MERRILL CO.) $1.50.

kept news stands on the Boston side of the North ferry, died at his home on November 2, aged fifty-seven. Mr. Barnes succeeded his father as a news dealer at the ferries, the first Barnes having also carried on the business a great many years. A widow, two daughters and one son survive him.

* * *

Benjamin B. Russell, a well-known subscription book publisher, of 57 Cornhill, Boston, died at his home on November 10, aged seventy. At one time Mr. Russell had a book and stationery store at 515 Washington street.

* * *

Frederick Warne at his home in London, England, on November 7, aged seventy-six.

Frederick Warne was the founder of the well-known English publishing house that bears his name. The business was started by himself, his brother, William H. Warne, who died in 1856, and his brother-in-law, George Routledge. Mr. Warne withdrew from the firm of Routledge, Warne and Routledge in 1865 to form the business of Frederick Warne & Co.

* * *

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From Times

Address Washington, D. C.

Date OCT 13 1905

EST 1884.

The Old Mission House at Mackinac is a hotel with a picturesque past and most interesting literary associations. The early French missionaries built it with their own hands as a home for themselves and their Indian pupils. All of the original buildings are in use today. The great brick fireplace still serves its intended purpose. The long, low hall where the voyagers hung their harvest of furs to dry is now the dining-room.

It was in this interesting inn, overlooking the glittering Straits, that Edward Everett Hale, with pencil on pad, began his immortal short story, "The Man Without a Country," and it was here that Mary Hartwell Catherwood, to whom the place is a second home, did some of the best work in her new novel, "Lazarre."

into the current and shouted: "Hi, there! Where are you going so fast, this time of night?" There was no answer for a minute, and then he knew he had got the very boat he wanted, for there came a great curse in Spanish John's big, roaring voice, and then he yelled: "Row,

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From Daily Times

Address Peoria Ill.

OCT 8 1901

Date

ESTA

MRS. MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

This talented woman, now a resident of Chicago, is recognized here as well as in Europe as one of the foremost novelists of our time. In her various works she has illumined the pages of history of Canada and the midde western states with characters truthful as they were historical, and at all times interesting. Indeed, some of her romances of the days of the French occupation, discovery and settlement might easily be read in conjunction with and aids to the understanding of the history of these sections. Her latest novel, "Lazarre," takes place in the early part of the nineteenth century.

clear and cool and the trav
direction of the expositio
the morning indicated a l
tendance. At ten o'clock
morning Gov. Richard Yate
panied by his staff, was es
the First regiment, Illinois
guard, under command of
B. Sanborn, from the Niag
to the Lincoln Parkway en
the exposition, where the members
of the Chicago city council joined
them and proceeded to the Temple of
Music, where the exercises of the
day were held. The temple was
crowded when Senator James W.
Templeton, president of the Illinois
state commission, called the assem-
blage to order.

After music by the First regiment
band, Bishop Samuel Fallows, of Chi-
cago, offered prayer. The remainder
of the programme consisted of an ad-
dress of welcome by John G. Milburn,
president of the Exposition company,
and response by Gov. Richard Yates,
of Illinois, and addresses by United
States Senator William E. Mason,
Lieut. Col. Frank O. Lowden, of the
First regiment, and Hon. Edwin A.
Munder, of Chicago.

TIME EXTENDED.

Brigands Said to Have Agreed to Wait a Month for Ransom of Miss Stone.

London, Oct. 8.—"It is reported
from Sofia," says a dispatch from
Vienna to the Daily Express, "that
United States Consul Dickenson and
an envoy of the missionary society
arrived there Saturday, intending to

cluding four husbands, five children
one sister and four members of diffe
ent families in which she was em
ployed as housekeeper. The last sup
posed victim was her sister, Mrs. Ann
Pugh, who died a week ago under mys
terious circumstances. An autops
performed at the request of Mrs. Wit
wer's mother, who came here fro
Detroit, is said to have disclosed th
presence of arsenic and copperas i
the stomach. Following closely upo
the death of her first husband, Fre
Schweger, came, according to polic

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From Inquirer

Address Rochester N.Y.

Date DEC 5 1891.

ESTA 1884.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood gives this humorous outline of her career in one of the November magazines: "I can't remember when I was born into a writing world, but do remember struggling to my feet with Dollard. A long period of toddling followed, diversified by many bumps. My dolls were a lady, a white islander, a buckskin darling named Tonty, a maid in armor named Jeanne. I built a mud village and called it Kaskaskia. I played chase Saint Castin, and liked to hear stories about Mackinac, or the swamp. All the time I grew with the spirit of an Illinois town." The "buckskin darling named Tonty" is the hero of Mrs. Catherwood's first success, "The Story of Tonty," which the publishers (A. C. McClurg & Company) are about to issue in a new and larger form, with a new introduction written especially for this edition by the author.

◈ ◈ ◈

"Lazarre," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is a stirring historical romance, through which their runs a charming love story. The interest of the tale is centered around no less person than the Dauphin, the son and heir of the unfortunate Louis XVI of France and Marie Antoinette. The book teems with vital action from cover to cover, the last page being read with a distinct feeling of regret, the same regret one experiences when parting from a dearly loved friend. The ups and downs of the Dauphin in France and America are followed with eager interest. The book is finely illustrated by Andre Castaigne. The Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, Ind., are the publishers.

Bulk of Property Is Left to Nephews and Nieces of the Deceased.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING TIMES.

CANANDAIGUA, Dec. 5.—The will of Mrs. Mary McKechnie, widow of the late James McKechnie, bequeathing property valued at about $100,000 has been admitted to probate in the Surrogate's Court.

Mrs. McKechnie made the original will Dec. 21, 1892, and named Orrin S. Bacon and her niece, Mrs. Mary E. Sayre, executors.

Both of the executors died, however, prior to the death of the maker of the instrument, and a codicil, dated Oct. 11, 1899, is attached, making J. Edward Dayton, a nephew, executor.

Mr. Dayton receives $20,000 of stock in the McKechnie Bank. Clarence E. Dayton, a nephew, receives $5,000, and Margaret J. Watson and Sarah A. Oldfield receive $5,000 each.

The residue of the estate, which would have gone to Mrs. Sayre, goes to nephews and nieces, under the pro-

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Date Dec 7 01.

Lazarre

"Lazarre," a romantic story, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, based on the tradition that Louis XVII. of France did not die historically in the foul prison of the Terror, but was spirited away to America, where he lived and died, a hero full of possibilities for the romantic historical novel.

884.

Of "Lazarre" the *Bookman* says:

"It is a curious mixture of Fenimore Cooper and Alexandre Dumas, of the primeval American forest and the perfumed French court, with a considerable dash of something that is feminine in feeling and expression thrown in. . . . Hairbreadth escapes, panel doors that open by hidden springs, and the like are not lacking. These matters, doubtless, have cost the author considerable thought and pains, but they are not the best-wrought things in the book. . . . What gives effectiveness to the book is a certain deftness of description which, when applied to the world of nature, lends atmosphere and mood, when applied to persons suggests character, or rather personality. . . . If Mrs. Catherwood has not displayed any great originality, she has, at least, made a book that is interesting from beginning to end, a series of varied and brilliant pictures, the mood of which haunts the reader's mind long after the volume has been laid aside.

Says the *Book World:*

A reading of "Lazarre" gives one the agreeable sensation of witnessing a romantic drama of great beauty, that touches life on many sides, but never hopelessly or by any appeal to the false or ugly, and that rises greatly to a climax at once adequate and satisfying. . . . This is not an historical novel, in the sense that has grown so tiresomely familiar of late—of a slight scaffolding of fancy, built around a stalwart nucleus of fact. The author has not followed servilely the familiar highways, but has plunged boldly into the wilderness after an obscure and shadowy figure.

The *Book Buyer* describes the heroine of "Lazarre" thus:

Eagle is a woman who knows how to cover her heart when she must, how to reveal it when she may, and Mrs. Catherwood has managed to give her "a nameless personal charm which must be the gift of the spirit."

midways are apparently here to stay. The people want them. Exhibits of machinery are surely less fascinating than tomtom and Turk, Zulus, Hottentots, Filipinos, German villages, panoramas, the "beauty" congresses. streets of Cairo, and the pervasive cries of the iron-lunged "barkers."

But the exposition business needs a Barnum—some genius of a showman

That is rather a sweeping indictment which President Schurman makes of the students of Cornell University in regard to cheating in examinations. In his annual report he states that the "honor system" has proved a failure, and that the students, when called upon to regulate the matter for themselves, have not succeeded in accomplishing any definite reform. The idea of being put on their honor appealed to the students at the start, but temptation soon brought a reaction toward evil ways. What are we to think? Is student honor such a sensitive quality that it cannot be exposed to daily use without the danger that it will lose its sensitiveness? The thought is certainly not agreeable; perhaps there is another explanation.

The reasons—pitiful though they are—for student dishonesty seem to lie in the attitude which the student unconsciously assumes toward his teachers. He looks upon them [illegible]

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From Democrat

Address Hamilton O.

Date Oct 9 - 1901

Another notable new book of fiction is "Lazarre," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The story is founded on the legend that the dauphin, who would have been Louis XVII., did not die in captivity. The boy is brought to America and, as the adopted son of an Indian, becomes tall and strong from the free life of the woods. He is recognized by a pretty French girl, finally learns who he is, and after a fruitless dash to France returns again to America. Love reigns alone in the happy conclusion of "Lazarre."

E [illegible] Y, 1884.

near the Columbian bridge, at a cost of $630 for the erection of a garbage crematory.

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From Pastor Lutheran

Address

Date Dec - 1901

ESTABL

"LAZARRE." By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.50.

An admirable romance based on the oft told story, believed by some men, that Louis XVI's son, the Dauphin did not die in prison during the French Revolution but was rather spirited away to the United States. Here he was placed in charge of a half-breed Indian and became known as Eliazar William, the French-Indian pronounciation of his first name being Lazarre.

Half-witted and broken down he reaches our country but soon regains his reason and learns his rank and position. He visits France and in Paris meets the Emperor Napoleon. While there he endures sore trials but soon returns to America and devotes his life to the welfare of the Indians. The action of the story is rapid and dramatic with many changes of scene and circumstance. The exquisite beauty of Lazarre dies in its sweet love-story which fills in the outline but it glows throughout with the color of life and reality. As the book has been so extensively heralded as *the* book of the year, one turns to it with a feeling of mingled apprehension and anticipation. Naturally some will not like the book, but by far the greater number will be delighted with its charm and genuinely enjoy its power and real interest.

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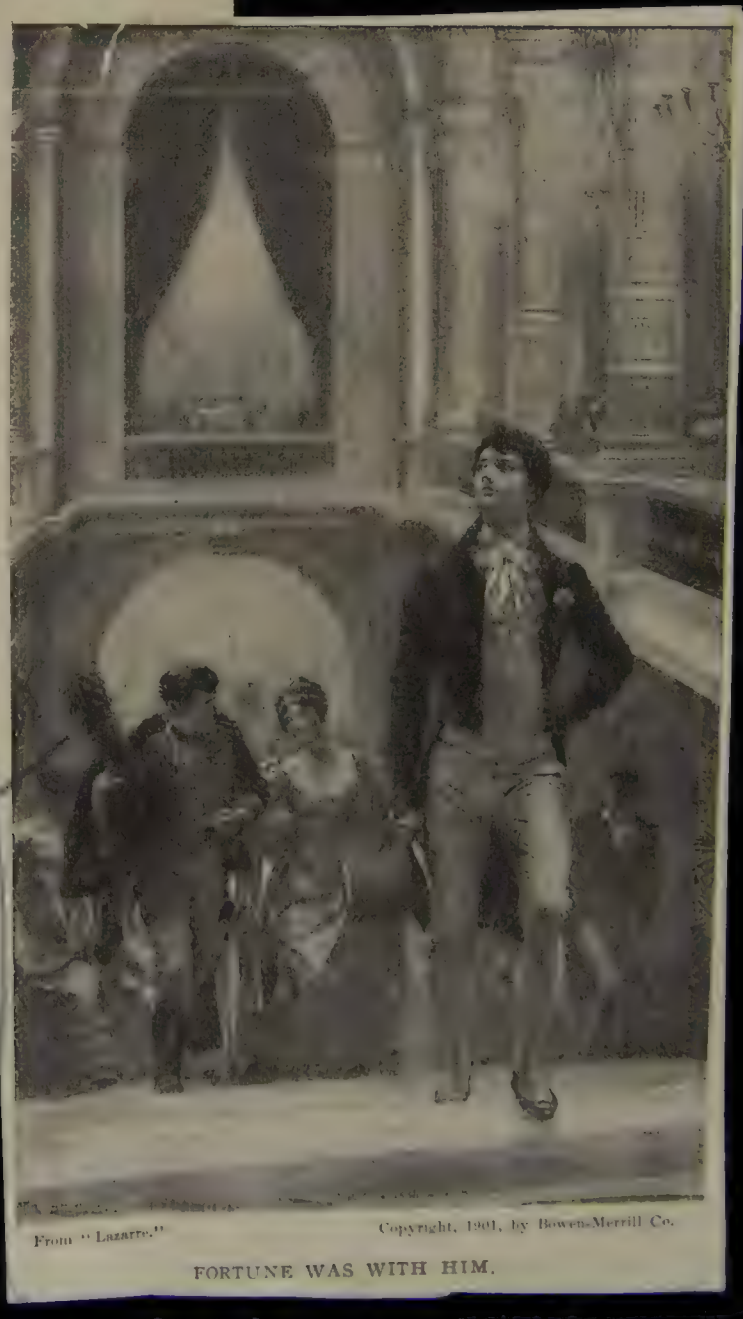
From

Address New York City.

Date

Lazarre.—A woman, and not a prodigy, but an experienced writer has written "the book of the year." This time it is a romance which swings into popularity because it is a good story, well told, and not by reason of flamboyant advertising, or judicious booming of tale and author. *Lazarre* is by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who has multiplied her readers by the thousands with this new story. It has the flash of steel, the ring of swords, the boom of cannon, the shouts of battle, the intrigue of statecraft—as vivid, as true as ever man put into vigorous prose. And it has rich heart interest—the flash of eyes, the low-spoken word, the whispered vow, the snap of repartee, the happiest sort of description—as only a woman can put these things on paper. *Lazarre* is woven around what many people consider a well-founded legend that the Dauphin of France, the eldest son of the ill-fated Louis XVI., did not die in prison, but was spirited to this country and ended his days here, after some romantic episodes in his life. "Mary Hartwell Catherwood," says the *Baltimore American*, "has written in *Lazarre* the best historical novel a woman has written in many years, and a vastly better one than most of the men have produced in the same time." (Bowen-Merrill. $1.50.)



From "Lazarre." Copyright, 1901, by Bowen-Merrill Co.

FORTUNE WAS WITH HIM.

From "The Fireside Sphinx." Copyright, 1901, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

Junk.—C. M. Clark Publishing Co. have found in Leon Lempert's *Junk* what they aptly describe as "a book to stagger sorrow." Its title is indicative of the hodge podge of its contents. The humorous verses and illustrations that make up this unique volume should give their creator a conspicuous place in the list of American humorists and cartoonists. Characterized as "pathetic and otherwise, but mostly otherwise," they touch upon varied phases of every-day experience and hit off amusingly popular foibles and interests. The catchy verses are accompanied by over one hundred grotesque illustrations attractively printed in colors, and no pains have been spared to express in every detail the laughter-provoking genius of the "instigator," as Mr. Lempert styles himself. *Junk* will undoubtedly be a notable factor in adding to the gayety of the present holiday season. The book has been recommended by the medical fraternity as a sure cure for "weeps." ($1.25.)

cess of the latter novel as written by Alice Pettengill, the blind girl in the New England story, and this is what he said: "The publication of *Blennerhassett* has been heralded by advance notices that appeared in the press during the month of October. These notices had been adroitly written. Political prejudices, one notice said, would no doubt be aroused by the statements made in the book, and one newspaper went so far as to publish a double-leaded editorial protesting against the revival of party animosities buried more than two generations ago. The leaven worked, and when the book was placed in the stores on the eleventh of November the demand for it was unparalleled. Orders came from all over the country for it, particularly from the State of New York, and the resources of the great pub
& Co. we
demand."
right with
publishers
to the de
he was co
and predi
in Ameri
Among th
few have
than *Qui*
ences wit
been so
Pidgin.
best New
local col
dramatic
portrayal
is likely
through

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Cutting from NEW YORK JOURNAL

Address of Paper

Date DEC 7 '01

"LAZARRE," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The story of the lost Dauphin." $1.50.

The son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette did not die in the Temple Prison, but was brought to America, adopted by the Indians and grew up healthy and strong, known as Eleazar Williams. Around this legend Mrs. Catherwood has woven a romance, brilliant, virile and convincing.

ESTABL... 84.

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From

Address CAGO

Date SEP 28 1902

The three new plays shown in Chicago this week were representative of three forms of popular theatrical entertainment at the beginning of the dramatic season in the year of grace 1902—the historical novel play, the genteel society play, and the comedy opera.

We find upon reference to Jenkins' Stage Dictionary (a valued work which has not as yet attained general circulation), the following paragraphs:

ORK, 1884.

The Historical Novel Play.—A dramatization of a title which has gained prominence in the best sellers of the week, costume, names of characters and closing paragraphs in best chapters are followed with more or less accuracy, plot twisted to suit demands of scenery and company, costumes and players chosen because of adaptability to certain effects, talks the melodrama, the scenery does not have to be of the sensational variety, though a few scenic passages are desired, last act sequence in scene and situation as first as desired necessary, and the arcs are generally formed with the idea of framing a picturesque climax. Considerable fighting and blood letting is frequently introduced, and the hero's claim on the future of the heroine is the dominant interest.

The Genteel Society Play.—Composed principally of dialogue, and generally prepared by an English author, who is more familiar with the right use so seldom heard in the polite world; not concerned too much than three people, here of sterling quality, heroine with a past of best on securing one, irritating third party who has asserted it would destroy heroine in her society, players invariably good players, and frequently good actors, costumes always worth a paragraph in society columns, scenic setting artistic, with conservatories opened, and one dinner scene in which fruitiness is displayed, redemption of heroine favorite theme.

The Comedy opera.—Has good parts for tenor, baryt ne a couple of sopranos, contralto and a soubrette comedian, opening chorus and final s written by composer, the remainder of the musical interpolated, chorus to be large, well-drilled, and costumed with all the extravagance. The backers will stand for seldom fancy, save in the way of up-to-date ramifications of the ten original jokes, scenery to basically known as standard, and embarrassment of comedian, opportunity for duets between tenor and soprano, and these for one song hit general scheme.

According to Jenkins, therefore, Mr. Skinner has not prepared "Lazarre" strictly according to rule; perhaps it would have been better if he had done so—playgoers are hidebound conventionalists with all their talks to the contrary. Melodrama has remained popular in this country all these years, simply because it has not altered in its general form. It is still a direct fight between vice and virtue, with the honors of victory carried away Goody Twoshoes. And romantic plays are but a higher form of melodrama.

Mr. Skinner has done well in many particulars. He has dramatized a well-sounding and reasonably popular title, he has made use of the best situations in the book, he has costumed and dressed his play scenically with good taste and liberality. But for the rest he has worked independently of established custom. His climaxes are not good save that closing the second act, he has substituted a duel of wits for the hero in place of a combat with rapiers or broadswords, and he has failed to accentuate the love interest between his hero and his heroine.

Such are the commonplace faults of "Lazarre." A romance-loving, hero-worshiping people care not how the noble young man eludes the palace guards and arrives in Russia with a big fur coat and an American Indian; they can even forgive an impossible scene with Napoleon, they will not question the marvelous intuition of a lad who, having lived from his eighth till his eighteenth year with the Indians, is enabled with two months' instruction to recall and vividly and beautifully describe the heartrending scenes of his youth. But they do demand that their hero walk to a complete success through the obstacles fate throws in his way, and the more heroically he accomplishes his journey the better they will like him. No matter how illogically he works to a purpose through three acts, he will be accepted. But when he suddenly veers in the fourth and wonders whether it has all been worth while, and finally decides to renounce that for which he has striven, without even the love of the heroine calling him back, they naturally refuse to be interested in him further.

But enough for "Lazarre." Plays may come and plays may go, but the actor goes on for many seasons.

...o is planning to buy a new walker
...et or evening wear will be doing
...e if she fails to inspect our superb
...ery newest ideas from every recog-
...rome n's millinery fashions. In fur
... there are exquisite creations in
broadtail, ermine and other furs
...t extensively this season. The dis-
...med hats alone will interest judges
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...endid value when quality of mak-
...ls and style are taken into con-

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...ed curtain Swiss, per yd..... 12½c

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From CHRONICLE

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Date

, 1884.

An attractive and interesting debutante of next week is Miss Naomi Catherwood, who is to be presented to Chicago society Saturday, Dec. 14, by her aunt, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and her brother, Robert Catherwood. The reception, which is to be held during the afternoon at the Metropole, is to be followed by a dance for young people in the evening. The assisting young women at the reception are:

Misses—
Elise Chew
Lucie Morris
Theodosia Kane
Helen Gilbert
Elizabeth Raymond of Evanston
Jean Kremer

Miss Catherwood is a Hoopestown, Ill., young woman, who has come to Chicago for the purpose of furthering her medical studies during the winter and, with her aunt and brother, is living in an apartment at 4852 Washington avenue. She is not only one of the prettiest of the winter's debutantes, but one of the most talented and winning, and her coming-out party is a matter of much interest.

ESTABLISHED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK, 1884.

TELEPHONE, 1118-18TH ST.
Intended for M. H. Catherwood

"O wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

HENRY ROMEIKE,

110 Fifth Avenue,

Cable Address,
"ROMEIKE," NEW YORK.

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From CHRONICLE

Address

Date

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood of 4852 Washington avenue will introduce her niece, Miss Naomi McCalla Catherwood, at a reception and dance Saturday evening, Dec. 14.

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THNast

Photostatic copy of a sketch found among papers of Mrs. Catherwood's. Feel sure this early sketch of Nast's was made at some meeting (dinner-party?) of the Indiana authors.

Mrs. Carrie Davenport

and

Mrs. Catherwood

"Give me my arrows and my bow"
Hiawatha
Oklahoma
1902

Windeatt

EUREKA BLDG.
155-159 W. MADISON ST.
CHICAGO.

1902?

One of last pictures

of

Mrs. Catherwood

Windeatt

EUREKA BLDG.
155-159 W. MADISON ST.
CHICAGO.